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Boswell

THE

DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1851

NEW YORK:

E. A. & G. L. DUYCKINCK, PUBLISHERS,
109 NASSAU STREET.

1851.

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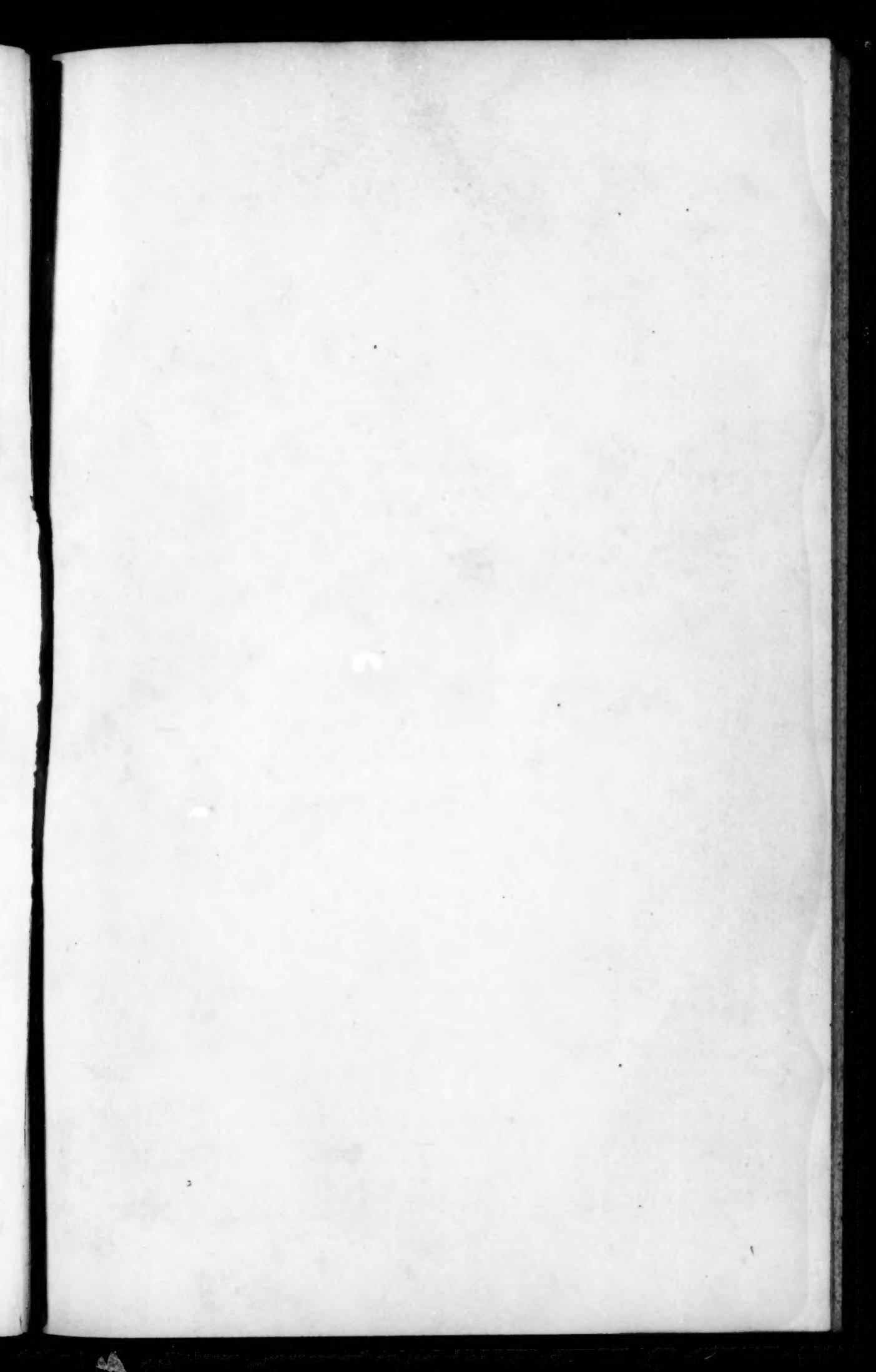
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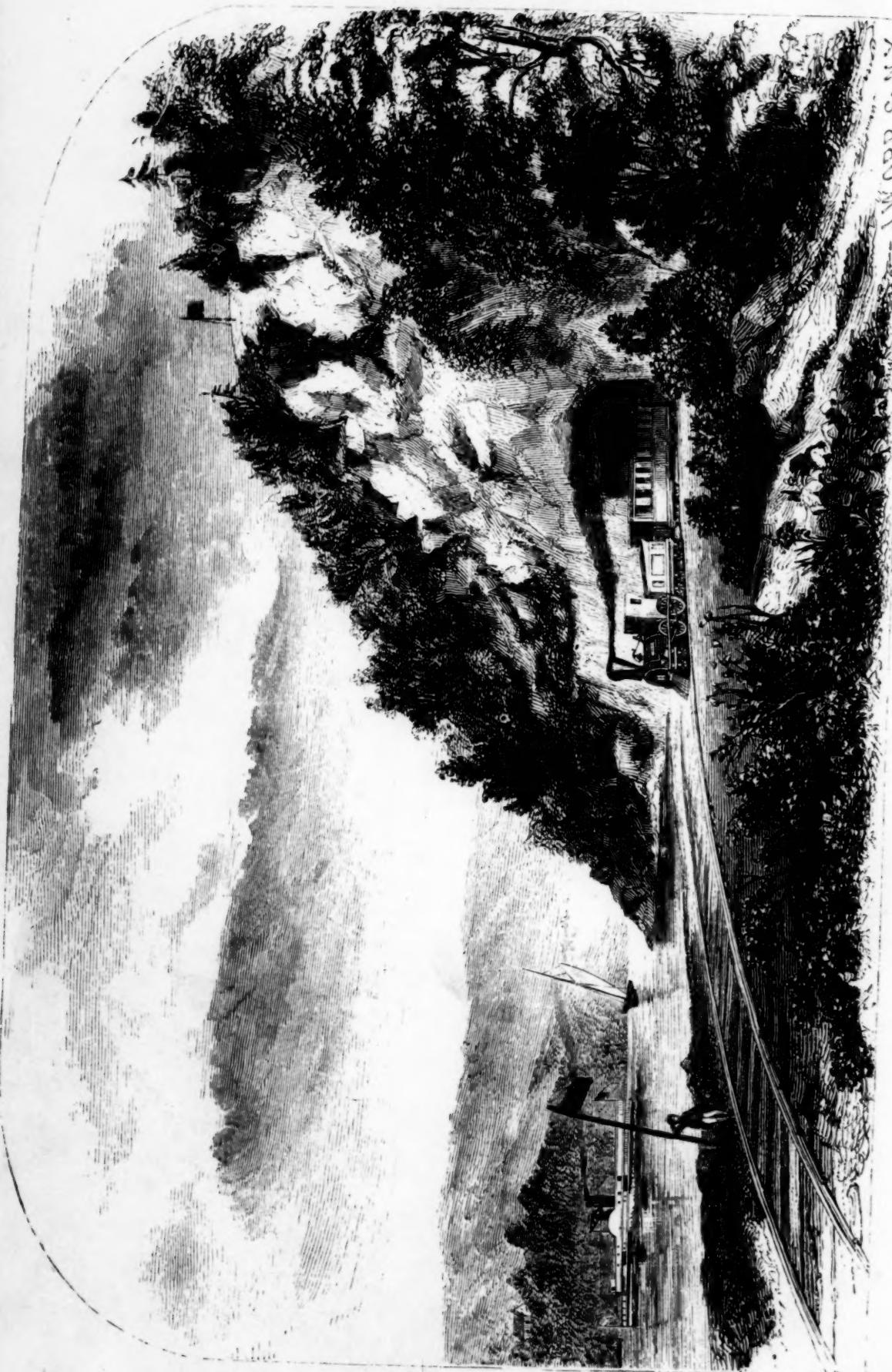
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1951



J.W. ORR SC.N.Y.



VIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER AT ANTHONY'S NOSE.

THE Frontispiece of this Number, is a sketch which cannot fail to interest all—as well from the natural beauty of the scenery, as from the hallowed associations connected with it. It was sketched from nature, expressly for Holden's, and engraved by J. W. Orr. Every one who has passed the spot, by railroad or on the river, will note the fidelity of the engraving.

The building of the Hudson River Railroad has modified, to say the least, the scenery on the east bank of the Hudson. Monsieur Anthony's profile, and especially Monsieur Anthony's nose, has suffered by all the blasting, and excavating, and tunneling for the iron track. And indeed things have very much changed since the days of Dolph Heyliger and Antony Vander Heyden. The number of witches has very much decreased, the "storm-ship" has not been seen for these many years, and the trip from the city of the Manhattoes, to the goodly town of the Van Rensellaers, Gansevoorts, and Rosebooms, will now be reduced from four days to as many hours.

In accordance with the spirit and progress of the age, we are bound to let the spirits of the past sleep in their inaccessible hiding places, and talk of railroads and tunnels.

The Hudson River Road is now in full operation between New York and Poughkeepsie, and will probably be completed to Albany by the end of the present year, 1851. Its total cost from New York to Albany is estimated at nine millions of dollars. This includes the expense of a double track from New York to Poughkeepsie, and of the depots along the road. The cost of *grading* the road from New York to Poughkeepsie, averaged in round numbers, \$42,480 per mile. Much of the road is built in the river on solid stone causeways, and between these two points there are no less than ten tunnels: one of these at New Hamburg is 830 feet in length. The one represented in the engraving at Anthony's Nose is between 300 and 400 feet in length. The expense of

grading the road from Poughkeepsie to Albany will be much less. It is estimated that it will average \$28,985 per mile. We are informed that no tunnel will be required above Poughkeepsie. One of 880 feet in length was contemplated at Judson's Point, six miles north of Hudson, but upon examination it is proved that this may be dispensed with, and indeed it would not in all probability stand if built, as the rock is a mixture of slate and graywacke, and liable to decompose upon exposure to the atmosphere.

The running time of the express trains between New York and Albany, will not be over four hours—and possibly may be less. This is an average of forty miles an hour. It is proposed to run thus express trains each day both ways, and four way trains. The locomotives on this road are the finest in the country, and ranging in weight from eighteen to twenty-two tons. The passenger cars are surpassed in convenience and elegance by none.

The rates of fare established for passengers have been on the scale of one and one third cents per mile, with the exception of the two months of January and February, when the rate was raised to two cents per mile. These rates are very low, and will command the bulk of travel. They are equivalent to two dollars through to Albany in summer, and three in winter. Most persons prefer to ride on a rail-road rather than on a steamboat, even if the expense is a little greater, and when the time of making the journey is one half, most of the travelling public will patronize the rail-road, though the fare should be double or treble that of the steamboat.

Thus are the facilities of intercommunication being rapidly and wonderfully increased. Distant points are brought in close proximity, and a vastly enlarged intercourse between the inhabitants of different sections of the country is promoting a sympathy of feeling, and a oneness of interests, which cannot but be promotive of intelligence, liberality and union.

M A R T H A H O P K I N S .

A BALLAD OF INDIANA.

BY THE MUSE.

[On the following page is published the beautiful poem of which this is the capital parody. Those of our readers who have already seen "Manuela" will not object to a re-perusal.—EDS.]

FROM the kitchen, Martha Hopkins, as she stood there making pies,
Southward looks, along the turnpike, with her hand above her eyes;
Where along the distant hill-side, her yearling heifer feeds,
And a little grass is growing in a mighty sight of weeds.

All the air is full of noises, for there isn't any school,
And boys, with turned-up pantaloons, are wading in the pool;
Blithely irsk, unnumbered chickens, cackling for they cannot laugh,
Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps the little calf.

Gentle eyes of Martha Hopkins! tell me wherefore do ye gaze,
On the ground that's being furrowed for the planting of the maize?
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have traced the turnpike's way,
Far beyond the cattle pasture, and the brick-yard, with its clay?

Ah! the dog-wood tree may blossom, and the door-yard grass may shine,
With the tears of amber dropping from the washing on the line;
And the morning's breath of balsam, lightly brush her freckled cheek,—
Little recketh Martha Hopkins of the tales of spring they speak.

When the summer's burning solstice on the scanty harvest glowed,
She had watched a man on horseback riding down the turnpike road;
Many times she saw him turning, looking backward quite forlorn,
Til amid her tears she lost him, in the shadow of the barn.

Ere the supper-time was over, he had passed the kiln of brick,
Crossed the rushing Yellow River, and had forded quite a creek,
And his flat-boat load was taken, at the time for pork and beans,
With the traders of the Wabash, to the wharf at New Orleans.

Therefore watches Martha Hopkins—holding in her hand the pans,
When the sound of distant footsteps seems exactly like a man's;
Not a wind the stove-pipe rattles, not a door behind her jars,
But she seems to hear the rattle of his letting down the bars.

Often sees she men on horseback, coming down the turnpike rough,
But they come not as John Jackson, she can see it well enough;
Well she knows the sober trotting of the sorrel horse he keeps,
As he jogs along at leisure, with his head down like a sheep.

She would know him mid a thousand, by his home-made coat and vest;
By his socks, which were blue woollen, such as farmers wear out west;
By the color of his trowsers, and his saddle which was spread,
By a blanket which was taken for that purpose from the bed.

None like he the yoke of hickory, on the unbroken can throw,
None amid his father's corn-fields use like him the spade and hoe;
And at all the apple-cuttings, few indeed the men are seen,
That can dance with him the polka, touch with him the violin.

He has said to Martha Hopkins, and she thinks she hears him now,
For she knows as well as can be, that he meant to keep his vow,
When the buck-eye tree has blossomed, and your uncle plants his corn,
Shall the bells of Indiana, usher in the wedding morn.

He has pictured his relations, each in Sunday hat and gown,
And he thinks he'll get a carriage, and they'll spend a day in town;
That their love will newly kindle, and what comfort it will give,
To sit down to the first breakfast, in the cabin where they'll live.

Tender eyes of Martha Hopkins! what has got you in such scrape,
'Tis a tear that falls to glitter on the ruffle of her cape,
Ah! the eye of love may brighten, to be certain what it sees,
One man looks much like another, when half hidden by the trees.

But her eager eyes rekindle, she forgets the pies and bread,
As she sees a man on horseback, round the corner of the shed.
Now tie on another apron, get the comb and smooth your hair,
'Tis the sorrel horse that gallops, 'tis John Jackson's self that's there!

MANUELA.

A BALLAD OF CALIFORNIA.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

FROM the doorway, Manuela, in the sheeny April morn,
Southward looks, along the valley, over leagues of gleaming corn ;
Where the mountain's misty rampart like the wall of Eden towers,
And the isles of oak are sleeping on a painted sea of flowers.

All the air is full of music, for the winter rains are o'er,
And the noisy magpies chatter from the budding sycamore ;
Blithely frisk unnumbered squirrels, over all the grassy slope ;
Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps the antelope.

Gentle eyes of Manuela ! tell me wherefore do ye rest
On the oak's enchanted islands and the flowery ocean's breast ?
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have traced the highway's mark
Far beyond the belts of timber, to the mountain-shadows dark ?

Ah, the fragrant bay may blossom, and the sprouting verdure shine
With the tears of amber dropping from the tassels of the pine,
And the morning's breath of balsam lightly brush her sunny cheek—
Little recketh Manuela of the tales of Spring they speak.

When the Summer's burning solstice on the mountain-harvests glowed,
She had watched a gallant horseman riding down the valley road ;
Many times she saw him turning, looking back with parting thrills,
'Till amid her tears she lost him, in the shadow of the hills.

Ere the cloudless moons were over, he had passed the Desert's sand,
Crossed the rushing Colorado and the dark Apachè Land.
And his laden mules were driven, when the time of rains began,
With the traders of Chihuaha, to the Fair of San Juan.

Therefore watches Manuela—therefore lightly doth she start,
When the sound of distant footsteps seems the beating of her heart ;
Not a wind the green oak rustles or the redwood branches stirs,
But she hears the silver jingle of his ringing bit and spurs.

Often, out the hazy distance, come the horsemen, day by day,
But they come not as Bernardo—she can see it, far away ;
Well she knows the airy gallop of his mettled *alazán*,*
Light as any antelope upon the Hills of Gavilán.

She would know him 'mid a thousand, by his free and gallant air ;
By the neatly-knit sarapé,† such as wealthy traders wear ;
By his brodered calzoneros,‡ and his saddle, gaily spread,
With its cantle rimmed with silver, and its horn a lion's head.

None like he the light riáta§ on the maddened but can throw ;
None amid the mountain-canons, track like he the stealthy doe ;
And at all the Mission festals, few indeed the revelers are
Who can dance with him the *jota*, touch with him the gay guitar.

He has said to Manuela, and the echoes linger still
In the cloisters of her bosom, with a secret, tender thrill,
When the bay again has blossomed, and the valley stands in corn,
Shall the bells of Santa Clara usher in the wedding morn.

He has pictured the procession, all in holyday attire,
And the laugh and look of gladness, when they see the distant spire ;
Then their love shall kindle newly, and the world be doubly fair,
In the cool, delicious crystal of the summer morning air.

Tender eyes of Manuela ! what has dimmed your lustrous beam ?
'Tis a tear that falls to glitter on the casket of her dream.
Ah, the eye of Love must brighten, if its watches would be true,
For the star is falsely mirrored in the rose's drop of dew !

But her eager eyes rekindle, and her breathless bosom stills,
As she sees a horseman moving in the shadow of the hills :
Now in love and fond thanksgiving they may loose their pearly tides—
'Tis the alazán that gallops, 'tis Bernardo's self that rides !

* In California horses are named according to their color. An *alazán* is a sorrel—a color generally preferred, as denoting speed and mettle.

† The sarape is a knit blanket of many gay colors, worn over the shoulders by an opening in the centre, through which the head is thrust.

‡ Calzoneros are trowsers, generally made of blue cloth or velvet, richly embroidered, and worn over an under pair of white linen. They are slashed up the outside of each leg, for greater convenience in riding, and studded with rows of silver buttons.

§ The lariat, or *riáta*, as it is indifferently called in California and Mexico, is precisely the same as the lasso of South America.

RANDOM THOUGHTS AND REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY ROSA CLOVER.

I WONDER if there are any of your readers, Mr. Editor, who do not love children? Some of them doubtless have no children of their own; perhaps they ought not to have; perhaps they will have some day; but I'll warrant there are not many who have not some such little scrap of human-nature to be interested in—some child, grandchild, sister's child, cousin's child, friend's child—some child who is sweeter, and more interesting, and more clever, than any child ever was before, (it is strange how many such children there are in the world), some dear little lovely cherub to cling around the heart, and make this world all the brighter, for that such a little sunbeam has found its way into it. Lavater says, "I desire to be removed at least ten paces from the man who does not love bread, music, and the laugh of a child." Now, as for the *bread*, I never yet saw a person who did not love it, as a little friend of mine said, "when he couldnt get cake;" as for the *music*, if a man is not born with a natural love of it, and a musical ear and taste, it is not his fault, and I don't very well see how he can help himself; but how can he help loving little children? "What! little dirty uncombed things, making the ducks their companions as they waddle through the mud?" No! my old, sour-faced bachelor friend,* but little clean, bright and happy faced children, do you love these? No! you "abominate the little pests," do you? Well, well, perhaps your time is coming. Oh, you need not turn up your nose, and shake your head, and look so incredulous; I have known one as neat and particular, and old maidish as yourself, who always had "a place for everything and everything in its place;" the wind never dared to disarrange his apparel or disturb his papers, and if the dust was flying about in all directions, no one particle of it ever dared to light on his nicely brushed garments or dim the lustre of his polished boots, and he came to this—listen!—he came to being led by the nose "whither he would not" by a little thing in frock and trowsers; he came to seeing his nicely embroidered slippers, which no one had ever had the audacity to remove from their own appointed place, tied to a string and made vehicles for the carting of gravel, and he saw it with a smile of delight; he came to making his bed nightly on bread crumbs, to which the famous beds

of dried peas whereon the martyrs are wont to do penance, can be no circumstance—(I speak from *experience* of the bread crumbs)—and all this he patiently endured. He too had hated children in the *abstract*, but then he had never had any of his own.

I always think when I see one who is not fond of *flowers* or children, (I would alter the aphorism thus, had I been Lavater), that there must be something wrong about him, and I could not make him my friend—I do not include here, those *very* young men with incipient mustaches, who deem it a compromise of that manly dignity, of which they fancy they are already in possession, to notice a child—this is altogether a fault of their age, or rather of their *youth*—they will get over it when they get to be men. I said, *flowers* or children. If you ride by a dwelling in the country, no matter how lowly or humble that dwelling may be, whether a cottage of clay or a hut of logs, and you see about it *flowers* bearing the marks of care and training, you may be sure that though the advantages of education, (I mean such as is derived from books in schools) may not there have been enjoyed, though outward polish may be wanting, there must be some natural refinement in the breast of that flower-trainer, and though the same thing does not hold good as to the presence of children, those young plants coming up around a dwelling, often unwished for and oftener *untrained*, yet if there are any in the dwelling who love them not, who delight not to listen to their innocent prattle and note their pretty ways, I say it again, about that person there is something wrong. I do not wonder that people dislike spoiled children; like all other spoiled things, they are exceedingly disagreeable, and I would keep farther than "ten paces" out of *their* way, if possible. But that they are spoiled is not the fault of the children, it is most generally that of the parent. I have seen a mother just spare the time to give her child a blow or a box on the ear, when a little wholesome restraint in withholding the cake or sweatmeats or confectionary with which its stomach is overloaded, would have prevented the fit of the sulks or of worrying which provoked the mother to give the blow. For my part, I do verily believe that with children, at least, the seat of the morals is in the stomach. If that is ill-used or overloaded, the temper is sure to suffer, and outward applications will be of no

* I am not here addressing the editor, for I know very well, that he is *not* a sour-faced old bachelor.

avail. Not that I do not think these necessary in some cases. I am not in favor of abolishing either capital punishment or corporeal chastisement—both I believe are great preventives of mischief, and we often find that there is no such sweetener of the temper as a little of the “oil of birch.” I can account for this on philosophical principles. There are some children who will keep up a continual fretting, enough to “wear away a stone,” when no earthly cause can be assigned, when they are in good health and nothing seems to be the matter, except that they *love* to fret. Now this shows inward irritation, and as a blister is externally applied to draw internal inflammation to the surface, so an outward application of the rod seems to cool this inward irritation, perhaps by very naturally changing the current of the thoughts and *feelings*: however this may be the tears are by this means, often changed to laughter, and the mourning into songs of joy. This is treating the disease after the manner of the old school practitioners. Some modern ones prefer to try sugarplums: all I can say on this subject is, the more homoeopathically applied the better.

It is all folly I know, for one mother to tell another how she shall govern her children. People lay down rules on this subject in books, as if there were not as many different phases of character, all requiring different treatment, as there are children in the world. Mrs. A. believes in “moral suasion” and thinks Mrs. B. very cruel because she sometimes punishes her children, while Mrs. B. thinks Mrs. A. is taking the sure course to ruin hers. Solomon says, “Spare the rod, spoil the child,” and Mrs. B. thinks Solomon was a wise man. Every mother’s system of management is a perfect one, and every other mother is in the wrong; so it is not a matter of surprise that there are so many good, and so many bad children in the world.

Did you ever notice what observing creatures children are? You think them busy about their play, or intently engaged with their books, and you make no difference in your conversation, on account of their presence. But by and by the whole of that conversation will be retailed to the listening ears of servants, or in their little plays will all be repeated, with themselves for the actors, and better acting often is not to be found on the stage or off. The fashionable lady’s manners are aped to the life—the dashing beau taken off so that he surely could never help recognising himself. Aye! my friend, you may talk over that secret of your’s, with your confident, using the most ambiguous terms you can select—that little black eyed boy of yours hears and notes it all, and forms his own conclusions on the subject too, and he is

getting ready to pour upon your astonished ear a volley of questions, such as only a child can ask, and any man will be cornered if he attempts to answer. Mrs. C. and Mrs. D. were once talking together in a certain city, (not a hundred miles from the one in which you reside, Mr. Editor), about their mutual friend, Mrs. E., of whom it was beginning to be whispered about that she was falling into habits of intemperance. Mrs. D. noticed that a little child of Mrs. C.’s who was present, was listening intently to the conversation, and checked her as she was about speaking of Mrs. E., by the significant remark, “Take care, little pitchers have long ears.” Mrs. C. took the hint, and intending to be very safe and prudent, she said, “They do say that Mrs. E. sometimes has a *drop in her eye*, and I am afraid it is so.” “Oh, there is no doubt of it,” answered Mrs. D. The child heard it all, and determined on the very first opportunity, to make her own observations on the subject. So the next time Mrs. E. called to see her mother, the child stationed herself directly in front of her, and fixed her eyes steadily on her face, from which she never once removed them, till at length the lady said, “My dear, why do you stare so at me?” “Because,” answered the child, “my mother and Mrs. D. said the other day, that you sometimes have a ‘*drop in your eye*,’ and I want to see if it is there now.” Of course the lady rose in high indignation, and all intercourse between the parties ceased.

I wonder if the Peace Society folks teach their children quietly to bear an injury without an attempt at defence or retaliation. I have often had doubts and difficulties on this subject, and should very much like to be enlightened by wiser and better heads than mine. One boy is oppressed by another on the play grounds: if he bears it quietly he is called mean-spirited, and this is the signal for farther oppression. “Give it to him *again*—he’s a non-resistant.” If he complains to the master, he is branded as a tell-tale, which puts a boy into Coventry at once. What can he do, what can you counsel him to do, but to take the law into his own hands and fight his own battles? Yet to those who profess to follow the gospel rules, there is the injunction, “If smitten on the one cheek, turn the other.” Perhaps I am wrong, but I never could teach a child quietly to bear abuse if capable of resisting it, or to stand by and see a small child oppressed by a larger one, without taking his part. One summer afternoon, not long since, some boys were playing upon a dock which runs out into our beautiful lake. They had evidently been swimming, as most of them were in the act of dressing. One little fellow was dressed, and very nicely dressed too, and he had got into a small raft and was paddling

about for his amusement, when the older boys began to throw stones into the water and drive him out from shore. The little raftsman was evidently very much frightened, besides which, every splash of the stones would throw the water up over his nice clothes, drenching him from head to foot. He begged them to stop, and they would pause till he had nearly paddled up to the dock, and then begin to throw in the stones and drive him out again. A gentleman who had just come in from fishing, observing what they were about, ordered them to desist from their cruel sport, and let the child come in, and stood by to see that he was obeyed. The little fellow stepped off on to the dock, wiped his face and his clothes, looked round him and stepped quickly up to the largest of his oppressors, who by this time was entirely dressed, and in very handsome clothes too. He was standing carelessly on the edge of the dock with his back to the water, where it was very deep, when the little fellow came up, and suddenly giving him a push with both hands in the breast, he went over backwards into the water, and for a moment was out of sight. What old non-resistant but would have echoed the shouts and laughter, and "Good for you!" which burst from the by-standers as the crest-fallen boy emerged from the Lake dripping like a water-rat.

How real are the sufferings of the children of the very poor—of the ill-tempered and hard-working or the intemperate and idle mother—of the mother who has no time to enquire into the rights of the matter when difficulties and contentions arise, no time to do anything, but slap right and left when things go wrong; no time to take the little grieved sufferer on her lap, and inquire into the cause of the trouble which agitates her breast—trouble as great to her as that of "children of a larger growth" to them. A little girl was drowned in our lake a few days since. She and her younger brother had been sent to the dock to gather chips: by some mischance the little girl's basket fell into the lake, and in stooping to recover it she lost her balance and fell in likewise. Her little brother saw her sink, and that she did not rise again, and he went and hid himself. Search was made for the missing children, but the little girl's body was not found for some hours, when the boy came from his hiding place, and was asked why he did not run at once and give the alarm: he said he did not dare to go and tell his mother, for he knew she would whip him. He did not know *why*; but he knew that whenever his mother had anything to trouble her, the child nearest to her at the time was pretty sure to have cause for trouble too.

This reminds me of another story of a

drowned child. It was a little boy: he was taken from the water, and the usual means resorted to in order to resuscitate him; his little sister stood by and watched with great interest, the proceedings of those who were attempting to inflate his lungs, and bring back life, by warming and rubbing his body, and at length she exclaimed, with great vehemence: "Oh, if Johnny ever *du come tu*, won't mammy give him a ternal licking!"

It is a constant matter of surprise to me, that parents are so careless, as to the selection of schools for their children. In many cases the choice depends upon the distance from home, or the price of instruction, with little inquiry into the fitness or qualifications of the teacher to whom the great responsibility of training a young mind is committed. She may be young and inexperienced, ill-tempered or partial; but the mother too often inquires not into these things; her children are away from home for a certain number of hours, and out of mischief; a delightful quiet reigns throughout the house, only to be disturbed when the whole troop come bursting in, noisier than ever, after their emancipation from school. Perhaps there is a tale of injustice to be told—a child was punished it did not know why; or put into a dark closet, when it was just *learning* to be afraid in the dark—for *very little* children are never afraid of darkness; it is only when they get old enough to understand the frightful stories told to them by servants or other children, that they must have a light or some one to set by them till they fall asleep. I remember very well the first school I ever attended. I must have been about four years old. My teacher's name was Miss America Muggs; there were only six scholars in the school, not one of them much older than myself; in the arduous task of educating these half dozen young disciples of learning, she was assisted by her mother, "Old Miss Muggs," as we always called her. She was a vinegar-faced old dame, with a loud, sharp voice, and a long bony arm, much given to shaking, as I have good cause to remember—my young joints having been nearly dislocated, and my first set of teeth well nigh shaken out by the frequent exercise of this, her peculiar prerogative. But how shall I describe my younger teacher's appearance? Have you ever seen a child put both little fingers into the corners of its mouth, and then with the forefingers draw down its eyes, thus flattening its nose and making itself most hideous in appearance? Now if Miss America had been suddenly transformed while thus practising upon her beauty, and, as a judgment upon her, been compelled to carry that face with her ever after, it would satisfactorily account for the most extraordinary disposition of her features. The

principal punishment in this school was the threatened advent of "Peggy," an ideal personage, as we afterwards discovered, owing her existence to Old Miss Muggs' lively imagination, but a vivid reality to us; who gave a blind assent to the "evidence of a thing not seen as yet," but which we were constantly expecting would "immediately appear" on the first derilection from duty. "Peggy," according to "Old Miss Muggs," lived in the garret, and wore a short gown and petticoat, and high heeled shoes, and a snob-cap, and always carried off naughty children—in other words those who did not observe to do all that "Old Miss Muggs" taught them. I can see her this moment as she was pictured to my youthful imagination, and can well remember how I used to think the beating of my own poor little frightened heart, when I was shut up in the dark cubbard, was the pattering of "Peggy's" high heeled shoes. The reward for good behaviour consisted in being allowed on Friday afternoon, to look in or through a long thing, which for want of a better name I shall call a telescope—whether in or through I do not know, as I never yet discovered anything in particular, though I tried it faithfully, (I think I must have shut the wrong eye, though I never could learn that my school mates were more fortunate in this respect than myself), but in which I always considered it my highest privilege to be allowed to look, inasmuch as it was a reward for good behaviour. As for "Peggy," I stood in bodily fear daily and hourly of her appearance: but one day when Old Miss Muggs was threatening me with instant ascension in the arms of the said "Peggy," to her domain in the garret, (my offence having been, as I very well remember, whispering to another little girl, that Miss America's hair which she was arranging in school, looked like a *cow's tail*)—and this respectful remark having been reported to the lady in question), a little girl, by the name of Jenny, who sat next me, after sitting thoughtful for a moment, raised her eyes to Old Miss Muggs' face and said, boldly, "I begin to think there is'nt any "Peggy." We all stood aghast at the child's temerity, in thus daringly avowing infidel sentiments, on a subject, of the truth of which we had none dared to entertain a doubt. Old Miss Muggs totally denied the right of private judgment in this case, and was an uncompromising enemy to free inquiry, and this young pioneer in the cause of emancipation from mental thraldom, after being well shaken, was placed in a dark cubbard and not allowed to look into the telescope for two weeks; but her courageous soul was not thus to be quelled—the spirit of inquiry had taken possession of her, and was not to be shaken out even by Old Miss Muggs' well-practised arm—and the first words the

young disbeliever said when brought by the old dame, from the closet, with the tears yet wet on her cheek, were, "If there is any 'Peggy,' why didn't she come and take me," and she boldly proposed an investigation of the facts in the ease, by asking to be taken up to the garret to see Peggy. We looked at each other with eyes which were beginning to open to the truth—"that was true—we had never thought of it before—if there was any 'Peggy,' why hadn't she sometimes appeared, to carry us off"—the leaven of infidelity had begun to work, putting our young minds into a great state of fermentation, and from that hour, faith in Peggy began to wax dim.

The only idea that I remember to have acquired from books while I was at this temple of learning, was that my teacher, Miss Muggs, the younger, had been discovered somewhere or other, by "Christopher Columbus, a native of *Genore*." I remembered his name very well, for my brother used to sing a song, one verse of which ran in this way :

" Oh Christopher Columbus,
A native of *Genore*,
Came all the way from Spain,
Across the briny main,
New countries to explore."

But there was one item in my newly acquired knowledge which puzzled me sorely, and as I never lost any information for want of asking questions, I soon attacked my Brother Phil on the subject. Phil was very busily engaged in making a boat, and whistling as he worked, when I broke in upon his occupation with the query, "Phil, what is the meaning of discovered?" Phil went on whistling and whittling, and gave no heed to my question till it had been repeated several times, with great importunity—then ceasing to whistle for a moment, he said impatiently, "Oh, it means found out for the first time." Well, well, my teacher had been found out for the first time, by Christopher Columbus, a native of Genore, but farther than that, I never advanced, and what she was found out in ever remained an impenetrable mystery to me. But this little school soon broke up under very distressing circumstances. Miss America fell in love with a gentleman who passed her house every day, and as she fancied, looked at it strong—paid her addresses, offered herself, was refused, and fell into a melancholy, which made the task of teaching irksome. If she survived the disappointment of her hopes, and is still living, and her eye should ever light on these pages, I hope she will forgive me for thus bringing her before the public. I have set down naught against her or "Old Miss Muggs" in malice; many pleasant hours have I enjoyed in that little school, and though the recollection of

"Peggy" still makes me tremble, I shall ever hold the telescope in grateful remembrance.

The next school to which I was sent, was that of a Mr. Tracy, who kept a school near us for both boys and girls, and never shall I forget the *mental* suffering I endured there. With him it was "a word and a blow." He came to the recitation with the ferule and the rawhide; the question was hurried on from one to another, no time for thought was given, no patience exercised, but when the recitation was over it was, "come out here, sir!" and then my young heart turned sick, and my blood would fairly boil with indignation. Oh, why were such men permitted to exercise their brutality upon the bodies and minds of tender children? I used to think (may I be forgiven for thus judging him), that if Mr. Tracy ever died, unless he did a vast deal of repenting first, he would surely go to the place where those, older than little children, are "beaten with many stripes." He never struck me a blow—indeed I was quite a favorite with him; perhaps because I was the youngest in the school, or because I was quick at learning, or more likely because he saw how terribly I was afraid of him—perhaps he did *not* see that I hated him with a mortal hatred. There was a girl in the school, of the name of Jemima. I think I have never seen any thing so ugly, that was not actually deformed, as this girl. Lines drawn from her forehead and chin to the tip of her nose, would have exactly formed the two equal sides of an isosceles triangle. Then she had small, twinkling, mouse colored eyes, light sun-faded hair, and a disagreeable mouth, though, as I remember it now, there was a vast deal of determination about it. Altogether, her appearance was decidedly repulsive. She kept aloof from the other children, being apparently sullen and unsocial, and was an object of especial dislike to the teacher. Whatever she did was done wrong; her lessons were never properly said, and even if she gave the right answer, Mr. Tracy never heard it right, and punishment was sure to follow. One scene I shall never forget, and how many more there are who would instantly remember it, could their eyes but light on these pages. One day when Tracy was in a particularly ill humor, he called Jemima up to him, and either with or without cause, was preparing to punish her. The ferule was in his hand, that frown which would have annihilated me, was on his brow, and he was endeavoring to justify himself in his own eyes, and before the school, for the deed he was about to commit by scolding at her loudly and furiously—when she very coolly drew from her pocket two percussion caps, laid them upon the stove, by which she was standing, and taking up the shovel, raised

it and gave them a blow, making them go off with a report like that of a pistol—electrifying the school, not more with the sudden and startling noise, than with the child's audacity in thus daring to call down upon her head or rather upon her poor hands, double and treble vengeance; and it came quickly. Never did I, never do I hope to see again such a personification of rage as that man was, as he seized the child, and with teeth set, face livid with passion, and hair fairly standing on end, he took her hand in his, placed it to suit him, so that the blows might fall upon the ends of her fingers, and then laid on the ferule with all his strength. And Jemima—talk of the Indian at the stake—but never was greater endurance of bodily suffering, without any visible manifestation witnessed, than in that child. I had seen this same man take a large boy by the hand and standing upon a bench, hold him off from the floor by the hand to which he was applying the ferule till the boy writhed, and cried murder, and begged for mercy, and then, when he was sent to his seat, his head would jerk spasmodically towards his shoulder for half an hour, while he shot angry glances from under his frowning eyebrows towards his teacher, and muttered with set teeth, the threats of vengeance he dared not utter aloud.

But that young girl stood with her arm extended, receiving those terrible blows upon the ends of her fingers, and never, except by a compression of her under lip with her teeth and a flushing of her poor, homely face, gave any sign of the agony she endured. When he had finished she went and took her seat, as if he had been only showing her how to do a sum. After school was dismissed, and she was taking her lonely way homeward, I could not resist the impulse to hurry on and join her—and as I did so, I said to her, "Jemima, have you no feeling?" "Yes," said she, "I have feeling here," showing the blackened ends of her fingers, for there was already a blood-blister under every nail, "and feeling *here*," pointing to her breast, "but *he* shan't know it." "But, Jemima, why *did* you fire off those percussion caps?" A quiet grin stole over her ugly mouth, the first I had ever seen there, as she said, "Oh, I knew it would make him *so mad!*" and she turned down another street. It was the last time I ever saw her, for to our great relief, she never appeared in school again. Long ere this, the law of kindness has begun to be the prevailing principle in our schools. The ferule and raw-hide are entirely dismissed, or seldom used, and teachers have learned that there is a better way of introducing knowledge into the heads of children than by beating it in. Were a teacher in these days, to exercise cruelty like that daily witnessed in the school of which I have spoken

spoken, I verily believe he would be treated to a coat of tar and feathers, and a ride upon a rail, and all the boys and girls would cry "Served him right."

But lest I should weary my readers with

my reminiscences, I will close the present chapter here, and if they like me well enough to hear from me again, I will give them some "reminiscences of my country home" in your next number.

A N N U A R Y .

BY ALICE CAREY.

Down the blue basement of the skies
October's mists hang dull and red,
And with each wild gust's fall and rise,
The yellow leaves are round me spread.
'Tis the third autumn, ay, so long,
Since memory 'neath this very bough,
Thrilled my sad lyre strings into song—
What shall unlock their music now?

Then sang I of a sweet hope changed,
Of pale hands beckoning, glad health fled,
Of hearts grown careless or estranged,
Of friends, or living, lost, or dead.
O, hope of mine, forever lost,
Your light still lingers, faint and far,
As if an awful shadow crossed
The bright disk of the morning star.

Blow autumn, in thy wildest wrath,
Down from the northern woodlands, blow!
Drift the last wild-flowers from my path—
What care I for the summer now?

And let me hear the owlets call
In answer to the battling rain;
In vain for me the ripe nuts fall,
For me the fruits are ripe in vain.
But wherefore should I sit and sing
Of griefs which none have known or shared;
The heart—what solace can it bring
When all its aching depths are bared?

And shrink I, trembling and afraid,
From searching glances inward thrown;
What deep foundation have I laid,
For any joyance, not my own?

While with my poor, unskillful hands,
Half hopeful, half in vague alarm,
Building up walls of shining sands
That fell and faded with the storm.

E'en now my bosom shakes with fear,
Like the last leaflets of this bough,
For thro' the silence I can hear,
"Unprofitable servant, thou!"

Yet have there been, there are to-day,
In spite of health, or hope's decline,
Fountains of beauty sealed away
From every mortal eye but mine.

Even dreams have filled my soul with light,
And on my way their beauty left,
As if the darkness of the night
Were by some planet's rising cleft.
And peace hath in my heart been born,
That shut from memory all life's ills,
In walking with the blue-eyed morn
Among the white mists of the hills.

And joyous I have heard the wails
That heave the wild woods to and fro,
When autumn's crown of crimson pales
Beneath the winter's hand of snow.
Once, leaving all its lovely mates,
On yonder lightning-withered tree,
That vainly for the springtime waits,
A wild bird perched and sang for me.
And listening to the clear sweet stream,
That came like sunshine o'er the day,
My forehead's hot and burning pain,
Fell like a crown of thorns away.

But shadows from the western height
Are stretching to the valley low,
For thro' the cloudy gates of night
The day is passing, and I go.
While o'er yon blue and rocky steep
The moon half hidden in the mist,
Waits for the hunting wind to keep
The promise of the twilight tryst.

Come thou, whose meek blue eyes divine
What love, and only love can see,
I wait to put my hand in thine—
What answer sendest thou to me?

Ah, thoughts of one whom helpless blight
Had pushed from all fair hope apart,
Making it thenceforth hers to fight
The stormy battles of the heart.

Who, as a burden, taking up
The destiny that sorrow gave,
Put from her, life's imbibed cup,
For the cold comfort of the grave.

Well, I have no complaint of wrath,
And no reproaches for my doom;
Spring cannot blossom in thy path
So bright as I would have it bloom.

THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD OF 1850.

BY URIAH H. JUDAH.

Such is mortal's fleeting breath;
Such is life, and such is death.

THEY have fallen! Nay, not fallen in the estimation of their countrymen—for their memories will ever flourish in grateful remembrance—but their names have been stricken from the roll of living greatness, and the tomb, that allotted tenement of mortality, has claimed its own.

Death, clad in his gloomy robes, has wandered in the midst of eloquence, of valor, of erudition, and of worth, spreading dismay around. Wherever he has roamed he has caused havoc. On the brow of talent he stamped his signet, and powerless became the lips of eloquence; he grasped the hand of the warrior, and closed his ears to the sound of the drum and the tumult of battle,

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

They have fallen!—but not until Fame had enrolled their names high, very high in her Temple, so grand and so towering—the names of Taylor, Calhoun, Elmore, Prentiss, King, Mason, Osgood, Fuller and Jones.

Twelve short months ago, and Zachary Taylor stood before the world as the illustrious chief of a mighty nation, blessed with the love and reverence of millions of freemen, and in the tranquil enjoyment of every earthly bliss,—a few more weeks glide away and become lost in the revolution of time, and all that is left of the President and the Hero, his dust, moves on to the last resting-place of mortality, in regal magnificence, ay! in more than kingly splendor, for his mound is honored by the poor and the humble, and moistened by the tear of affection.

O! after all the toils of war,
How blest the brave man lays him down!
His bier is a triumphal car—
His grave is glory and renown!

He has fallen! South Carolina weeps o'er the tomb of her most able champion, for the eloquent tongue of Calhoun will no longer lisp the accents of beauty and sublimity; to-day he reposeth placidly amid the hallowed precincts of the earth, and no voice but that of God, can rouse him.

Death! thou "lovest a shining mark," for Elmore, the talented and distinguished, hath fallen at thy mandate.

Sergeant S. Prentiss has fallen! A brilliant light has been quenched, and the Pleader has carried his cause up to that Tribunal from which there can be no appeal.

And, couldst not thou spare for a little longer, one whose age is as nothing before the great Jehovah? Why blunt the point of *her* eloquent pen, and why hush the kindly throbings of *her* noble heart? In thy roamings, couldst thou not find some humbler victim of thy wrath, than Margaret Fuller? Ah! thou must fulfil thy mission, ordained by Providence, until the stars shall grow dim with age, and yon glorious luminary of day sets in eternal darkness!

Go then and pluck the bloom from the rose in its sweetness and its beauty, and scatter to the air its richest perfume; strike down manhood as he launches his frail bark on the eventful waters of life; and when the great warrior returns from the ground of his exploits, covered with glory, conquer him, oh spoiler, and hold him thy prisoner!

"The hero, the statesman, his journey is done.
All his cares now are over, his last battle won;
Now sweetly he rests from his sorrows and fears,
And leaves a proud nation in sadness and tears."

They have fallen! Great intellect or renown, or elevated station could not save them from the worm, for it was written "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Man, no matter how brilliant his career, or how dazzlingly splendid his talents, *must*, in process of time, be encircled within the limits of a little spot of earth:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Sleep on, noble dead of 1850! Sleep on in your last rest, and mingle your dust with the free soil of Columbia, in the hallowed graves where Americans have laid you. Sleep on, while in the inmost recesses of our hearts, your names are cherished!

ZOOLOGY.

STUDY OF MAN—THE SYSTEM—RANK OF MAN—HIS GRAND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY PROF. C. DEWEY, LL.D.

TAKING up a popular work on Zoology, the other day, I was led to examine the classification and descriptions, and to admire the multitude of objects on which the attention of the learned and curious had been fixed. I had passed over the rank assigned to man, and fixed my thoughts on the animals of such various forms, appearances and habits. As Audubon's plates of animals were at hand, I was able to apprehend some particulars which would not otherwise have possessed equal interest.

I wished to study man *scientifically*, and to be able to trace out his place and characters in the system. I studied him in the author, as I would any animal unknown to me. For he was treated as an animal, a mere animal, and described in the language appropriated to animals,—I will not say, fitted to *other* animals, though this is strictly true, for I had imbibed the notion strongly that man is not precisely an animal, and no more, and that even the heathen world had often given him a grade far above animals. Some strange impressions came over my mind, and some singular conclusions arose before me. In order to place others in a similar condition, take the system and follow it till you can locate and describe man.

In zoology you will find all the animal creation arranged under four great divisions.

1. Vertebrata, which have a spinal column.
2. Articulata, having an external jointed skeleton.

3. Mollusca, or the shellfish class.

4. Radiata, having a radiated structure.

These names seem not to be judiciously selected, as the 1st division has articulations or joints as well as the second, the former being internal.

Man is obviously in the first division, and is so far associated with the elephant, hog, deer, ape, tortoise, hedgehog, peacock, crow, sparrow, fish, &c.

The vertebrata are then divided into,

1. Mammals; 2. Birds; 3. Fishes; 4. Reptiles; and 5. Insects.

The *mammals* are distinguished by viviparous young, nourished by the breast of the mother.

Man then will be found in the first of these last divisions, *mammals*.

Proceeding to examine this division, which contains such a multitude of animals, sub-di-

visions are necessary. These must now be traced to find the place of the being you are investigating. The acuteness of the eye of the naturalist, and the ingenuity of his distinctions become palpable. To proceed.

Mammals are distinguished into three subdivisions:

1. Unguiculated, which have nails on their fingers or toes.
2. Ungual, which have hoofs; and
3. Nectapode, or Finfooted.

The *Unguiculated* contains man, who is associated of course with the lion, dog, squirrel, monkey, &c. Still this subdivision is too general, and must be divided.

The unguiculated are arranged in two classes.

The Toothed and the Toothless.

The first of these includes man, and distinguishes the teeth into the *incisive*, the *canine*, and the *molar* or grinding tooth, all of which belong to man, while some of the toothed are destitute of one of these three kinds of teeth.

Here again, man is ranked with the monkey tribe, the lion, cat, bat, hyena, &c.

You now come to the *orders*, a division which associates the animals of kindred characters. An *order* includes a single genus, or two genera or more, having a kind of family relationship. The orders are designed also, to hold such a consecutive series as shall express the closest relations, so far as they can be ascertained.

Order I. Bimana. Two-handed.

One genus, *Homo*, and one species, *man*.

The description of the genus contains the characters of the species.

Order II. Quadrupana. Four-handed.

This includes the Simiae, or apes, orangou-tang, &c., in their several genera and species.

The system need be followed no further, as the rank and name of the animal examined has been ascertained. We see that in a system of Natural History, elaborated by the investigations of the most intellectual of the species, man is classified and described as a mere animal. He is placed at the head of the animal kingdom, because he takes naturally an erect position from his peculiar structure, and possesses hands only on his superior extremities, while the organization and function of the two pairs of extremities are materially different. Who will not exclaim, in pursuing

the natural history of our race, *Zoologically*, "what a wonderful creature is man!"

In this system, also, the dignity of man is to be discovered by the order of animals to which he is most closely related, and with which the system associates him. These are the *monkey tribe*. This is glory enough for one system.

It is certain that in the reputable systems of Natural History, man is ranked and described as an animal. In all these systems, such is the fact. There is no exception. You are an animal, and there is no mistake.

The highest and noblest endowment of man is his *moral power*—his moral sense, which is not found in any degree, in any other creature of earth. In the system of zoology there is no allusion to the possession and exercise of this power by man. It fails to give true and adequate descriptions of the head of creation.

The next noblest power of man is that designated in intellectual philosophy by the term reasoning, where real demonstration is pursued. Not a trace of this power has been discovered in the mere animals, or in any creature of earth, except man. By this power, the wonderful results of the exact sciences and of philosophical induction have been achieved.

Articulate language is the third grand characteristic of man. By this, man is removed from all the brute creation. His value is beyond estimation. No system of zoology treats of these characteristics of man, or alludes to them as a part of their special object. Hence, Guizot declared, "There is an impassable chasm between the animal and the man." As a man, who would not loathe such an arrangement and classification of the lord of creation? Is there not a reasonable and strong demand for a change? If you so determine, more anon.

LET ME BE.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

LET me be, I'm tired and weary,
Overburthen'd much with care;
Dark my Future looks and dreary,
Not a single star shines there;
Days of Childhood, fast you faded,
Days of Youth, ye faster flee,
Days of Manhood, sorrow shaded,
Pass more slowly—let me be.

Let me be, no common sorrow
Wounds my heart and weighs me down,
Each day brings a sadder morrow,
Bids me wear a thornier crown;
Dark Despair sings in the distance,
Daily, nightly, unto me;
Ah! I'm weary of existence,
Very weary—let me be.

Let me be, sweet; do not wound me
With thy words of Hope and Love,
Denser shadows loom around me,
Darker grow the skies above;
Flies the shuttle, Fate is weaving,
And the sable web's for me,
Welcome aught that gives the grieving
Rest unbroken—let me be.

Let me be, my heart is breaking
With intensity of woe,
All the words of love you're speaking
Bid my tears the faster flow,—

I have drained Life's bitter chalice,
On its dark and stormy sea—
Launched my bark and fortune, Alice,
But to perish—let me be.

Let me be, or change the theme, love,
Speak of all my summer friends,
Falser than to ice the beam, love,
Winter sun a moment lends;
In the hour of danger flying,
Ever, as we saw them flee,
One by one they've left me sighing,
Sing of them, or let me be.

Let me be, or back to childhood
Bring me on bright Fancy's wing,
To my own home, by the wildwood,
Decked with all the flow'rs of Spring;
Yet not there, the thought is madness,
There, too, all are changed to me,
They have left me in my sadness,
Speak not of them—let me be.

Let me be, Life's sands are falling,
What is life that I should keep?
And I hear my Maker calling
Often when you think I sleep;
It is well, love, with the spirit,
God will guard it peril-free,
But the thing of little merit
Earth gets back, love—let me be.

A SKETCH OF NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

G. O. A. HEAD, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER I.

GUSTAVUS OCTAVIUS AUGUSTUS HEAD was his name. The idea was not borrowed from D'Israeli, either; for long before "Coningsby" was written, the twins saw the light, and were christened Gustavus Augustus and Augustus Gustavus.

Augustus Gustavus—"the youngest," people called him in spite of themselves, he was so puny compared with the other—had little enjoyment of his brief span. Bruised in his face and eyes by the close, bony hand of his brother-twin, forestalled in his meals, persecuted, in short, in all manner of baby-ways, he just moaned and pined; and in a month after the christening, he lay as still, transparent and beautiful as a thing of wax, in a drawer of the parlor-secretary. The still-weak, bowed and pale mother sat bending over the drawer, the limp little hand lying in hers, and her tears dropping every moment on the pure, soft muslin that robed him.

People came from far and near to be present at the funeral; to see the fellow-creature that was so tiny and so beautiful; and, as they looked into the coffin upon him, they no longer dreaded death, the features were so peaceful, so heavenly! They thought it good, —especially the sick, the aged and the weary, thought it good—that he had died so early; that he had gone *home*, and not a single stain upon his spirit.

Gustavus Augustus went on through the months, "beating the air," scrambling, crying like a wild thing one moment, and smiling from ear to ear in the next, "vomiting up every *thing* he ate," his nurse was accustomed to say, when he was very young, and yet growing like a weed in June; not as most babies grow, plump, soft and round; but long, bony and sinewy; with a wide mouth; wide, flat cheeks; sharp, protruding chin; and grey, restless eyes. Still he was an agreeable boy, as he grew older. He had such spirit! He dashed with such utter unconcern through difficulties;—to serve himself or another, it made little difference which. He had such generosity; giving the last toy, the last bit of fruit or cake to the poor boy who had nothing, who looked on his possessions with longing, and yet without trespassing in the least; but showing no mercy to him, who, having enough of his own, was yet a niggard and a beggar. He was so easily aroused to anger, especially

by untruth, or unfairness of any sort; and yet so quickly appeased; making no direct apologies for his abusiveness while angry, but showing by his overflowing kindness, that he was sorry for his fault; and, oh, so anxious to make amends! His eyes filled with tears, his voice was husky, and he overloaded you with gifts and loans, until he saw that the trouble had passed; and then no creature was so grateful, and happy, and *noisy* as he.

Yes; it must be owned, that there was never such a noisy boy. He almost distracted his mother, who was never strong again, never really like herself, after giving birth to the twins.

Visitors laid their hands on his long, straight locks and said, "what is your name, my little man?" "Oh, it's 'Stavus 'Gustus,'" in the most careless of all tones, answered he, as he quickly slipped from under the hand and bounded away to his sports. These were always of the most noisy kind.

"Gustavus, don't make such a noise!" said his mother to him one day. "Do keep a little stiller! can't you, when mother's head aches so bad?" She began in an impatient tone; but the boy met her glance with such an altogether honest, well-meaning face, he was so clearly unconscious of the noise he was making, and, besides, it was so clearly impossible for him to live without making a noise, that she ended with a faint smile.

"I'll be just as still as I can, mother, any way," said he, tiptoeing softly up to her side, and speaking in whispers.

"That is a good boy!" she answered, smiling and kissing him.

"See what a lot of horses I've got, mother! One, two, three, four; just as many as father's got, aint it?"

"Yes; but be careful and not bruise the chairs. I don't like to have you use them for horses very well, you bruise them so!—They have had more hard rubs" she continued, turning to her sister, "they have been injured more since he was old enough to play with them, than with both the other children; and I used to think Jerome very rattling." She finished with the loudest voice she could command; for, already, Gustavus was back with his horses. He was seated in the easy chair; that was his carriage. He held the long, listing reins, and by jerking them and driving his feet against the pair nearest his seat, kept them all in noisy commotion.

"I declare, I can't have it!" exclaimed his mother, dropping her work in her lap, and turning to her sister. "He must go to school to-morrow, storm, or no storm."

"Go ahead! go ahead there!" shouted Gustavus to his horses. Mrs. Head was in despair; her sister only laughed. Full of vigor and activity herself, going from one piece of work to another, so that there was nowhere to be found another house so well-ordered and well-stored as her brother-in-law Head's, she loved the dashing spirits of the boy, the strength, the headlong impetuosity of will and limb.

"Well, he is a boy, you know, Paulina," said she, her eyes lingering with pride on Gustavus's open, manly face. "One can never expect boys to be so still as girls."

"But Jerome—"

"Oh, I know Jerome was different. Our father used to say that he was born a Christian; and I believe he was. This, I must confess"—screaming that she might be heard above Gustavus, "I must confess that Gustavus has little of the Christian about him.—Gustavus, dear! do make a little less noise!"

"Well, Aunt Sarah, I will," with the same honest tones and looks as before. "See my horses, Aunt Sarah! See them, mother! Go ahead there, you four horses! go ahead!"

"He meant to mind me," plead Sarah, in reply to Mrs. Head's deprecating look. "But he has such spirits! I think he is a great deal like me. You know our mother used to say that I was never still a moment when I was a child; and, now that I am a woman, I am sure I could hardly be more unhappy in any situation than I am in idleness."

"And I—I just long every moment to be still; to have it still near me, so that I can rest;—especially since the twins were born. Before that, it was different; I was more like the rest of our family. Six years," she added, musingly, and with her eyes turned away to the drawer of the secretary, which had lately been moved into the sitting-room to make way for a sofa in the parlor. "It will be six years to-morrow since they were born."

"Yes; but it does not seem so long," answered Sarah, quickening the movements of her needle. "How fast the years go as one grows older! It really seems to me that I accomplish nothing in them."

"You do accomplish a great deal," replied Mrs. Head, abstractedly, and with her eyes still on the drawer. "How beautiful he was, as he lay there in his grave-clothes! It was so peaceful and still! I love to think of it. I don't think, although it is almost six years since, I don't think that an hour passes, when I am awake, that I don't think of him, and see him before me, as plainly as when he lay there in that drawer. It seems strange to me; but, Sarah, it is true that I have more happiness

in him than in any and *all* of the living ones; he was so dear to me in his suffering and utter helplessness! *He* never willingly gave me a single trial; and he was so pure! I gave him back without spot or blemish, you know; and this is a great thing."

"Yes, a blessed thing! a blessed thing!" replied Sarah, with filling eyes. "I think it a blessed thing to be a mother, if the little one does go right away to God as Augustus did. It draws us all nearer to Him, Paulina, knowing that already our pure one is there waiting our coming—I say, waiting our coming; I speak as the world speaks, as if not until death, we can go to God. But, Paulina, we know that we can go to Him at any hour and find him."

"Yes, and find rest in Him. And we can find it nowhere else, Sarah. We *know* this; for we have money, more of it than we know how to use; we have friends, nobody has better friends; we have a home of plenty and every means of earthly comfort; *you* have health; I have had it until within these six years; but how worthless it all is, if God's smile is not upon it! how empty and cold it is in our hearts, if He does not come in and fill them with his love! I tell you, Sarah—but, Sarah, I wish *you* would speak to Gustavus. He is so noisy! I can't make him hear me, if I attempt it."

"Go ahead, Buceph!" Gustavus was shouting. "Go ahead, Alex! go ahead, Brom, and all four of you. Mother," bolting out of his carriage and up to his mother's side. "Did you ever think how it is about 'go ahead'?"

"Yes, my son, I have thought about it often," replied Mrs. Head, smiling in his eager face.

"Well, I mean, did you ever think—let me print it out on my slate. Hurra! where is my slate? Here 'tis on the table! there, Aunt Sarah! I've dragged your work off with it. I didn't mean to."

"No matter this time; only, the next, be a little more careful. Now let us see what it is about 'go ahead'."

"I'm going to print it out here on my slate, and see first if it ain't just as I think it is." And straightway he was sitting on a footstool, from which—without knowing what he was doing—he had pushed his mother's feet. He bent low over his slate, thrusting his tongue now into one cheek, then into the other, tipping his head on one shoulder, and on the other shoulder. "Gosh! I've got it!" he shouted at last, lifting his slate vigorously aloft, flourishing it in the air, and stretching his arms and legs.

"Don't use that low word so much, Gustavus!" expostulated his mother. "I can't bear to hear you."

Gustavus listened with his honest, open face close to hers, wondering what harm there could possibly be in that one word, it did him so much good to speak. "Well, I wont any more, mother—if I can help it. I don't think I can, though, any way. See, mother, see, Aunt Sarah," added he, lifting his slate with movements like lightning, first to one, and then to the other; tumbling over their feet in his eagerness, and entangling his own in their skirts. "See! I've got it all printed out here, G. A. Head. I wish I had another name that begins with an O., to put in there. Oh, I wish I had! What is there, Aunt Sarah, that begins with O."

"Octavius," replied his aunt.

"Octavius! So it does, if I live! Mother! let me be called Gustavus Augustus—Oe—what is it, Aunt Sarah? What is all of it—the whole name together? Gustavus—"

"Gustavus Octavius Augustus Head," replied Sarah, herself stumbling a little over the long, rough names, to the no small amusement of Gustavus. He laughed, he sprang from one to the other with his "Let me, mother, let me aunt, Sarah!" threw out his long slender legs, until at length they were actually twisted together, and he fell headlong on the floor. Mrs. Head screamed with affright; but before she could reach him, he was on his feet again, laughing at his mother's terror.

"I declare, Gustavus, you will frighten me to death!" said she.

"You mustn't be frightened. You must laugh always, as Aunt Sarah does; for nothing ever hurts me, let what will come; does it, Aunt Sarah? If I tumble, I'm up and running again, as quick as that," turning his bony hand.

"Gustavus, how you grow!" interposed Mrs. Head, taking hold of his jacket sleeve, and trying to draw it down into the neighborhood of his hand. "Look, Sarah!"

"Yes, he is a tall boy."

Gustavus liked Sarah, for saying that of him. He was in a hurry to be a man; "in such a hurry he didn't know how to wait," he said to his mother and aunt.

"Well, you should at least learn to keep on your feet and walk straight, before you are a man," said Sarah, laughing again at the recollection of his awkward prostration, and brushing from her black dress the dust his shoes had left there.

"I don't know about that, Aunt Sarah. I like to tumble down. There's real fun in it, and being on your feet going again so quick! I like it." He went away to see to his entangled reins as he concluded. His mother and aunt looked at each other. "And I imagine he will always like tumbling down," laughed Sarah, "for the pleasure of coming

to his feet again. He has the true Yankee recklessness, the true Yankee perseverance; and—"

"Come! say, mother! may I be called *that*," interposed Gustavus, returning upon them. "What is the name, Aunt Sarah? Say it to me once more, just once more; and then I know I can get it right. I always can, after I've tried a few times, Gustavus—"

"Gustavus Octavius Augustus Head," explained Sarah.

"Gustavus Octavius Augustus Head," repeated the boy, with erect head and a clear tongue. "May I, mother?"

"Just as your father says. Go to the store and ask him. It has done raining, I believe."

"Hurra! go ahead!" he shouted, as, settling his cap by the way, he sprang out of the room, through the yard and across the street, to the store. Sarah was still laughing at his awkward leaps, his swiftness, and likening him to a cat, when—"Go ahead! father says, yes!" he shouted through the door he had opened just far enough to show his grey eyes twinkling there. "I'm off! I'm going into the factory to tell 'em all about it there. Father said I might, if I wouldn't try to use the wheels and such things for horses. Ha, ha, funny, ain't it, both of you? I'm off!"

Mrs. Head began giving him charges about being careful in going near the machinery; but he was already in the yard. She rapped on the window with her thimble, and he stopped short; with his feet braced against the gate.

"Be careful in the factory! be very careful!" said she.

"I shan't be careful, mother," he replied in tones particularly respectful. "I never am careful; and I never get hurt."

Mr. Head came in soon after.

"Did you tell Gustavus he might—might add to his name?" asked Mrs. Head.

"Yes, I don't care how many names he has."

"But the initials—"

"Ha, yes! this is what I like," replied Mr. Head, laughing and snapping his handkerchief at the kitten. "I like the idea. There is force and originality in it. And he was so bent upon it! I will never deny him any such little thing, that he happens to set his mind on."

"But, then—what do you think about it, Sarah? Would you let it go so?"

"Yes, I would. As George says, I like the spirit of the thing. At any rate, it is of no consequence any way, at present. We can wait and see what he himself has to say about it, when he is twelve years old."

"Yes; so we can," gently acquiesced Mrs. Head.

"Yes; we can wait!" said Mr. Head, whirling quickly, to leave the room. He paused with his hand on the door-knob. "We can let it go," added he. "It is one of those trifling matters that can take care of themselves, and are not worthy to be troubled about." He fixed his somewhat stern, yet cheerful glance on Mrs. Head's face, which was now bent over her work; and continued, "I don't think it worth while to contend at all with the boy about such trifles. If we do, we make them important matters in his eyes; we pin him down to useless, nay! to absolutely hurtful chaffering, hesitation, weakness, doubts, and make a girl of him." He started and gave the door-knob a nervous jerk. "We can see, all of us, that this will never do for him. Jerome may stop to inquire and study, his bad health makes it necessary and right for him; but Gustavus is to be a man of business! He must be allowed to go ahead, with his eye steadily on one point."

"And this?" inquired his sister-in-law.

"Is money, to be sure; power; what else should it be?"

"Oh, there is already money enough," she replied, seeing that he waited to hear. "And, besides, I don't think it will agree with him at all, setting him off in life, in full chase for wealth, or for any one thing. I have thought a great deal about this," she added, looking Mr. Head steadily in the face. "And I am convinced that he should be kept quiet. *He* should be the student, and Jerome the man of business."

"Jerome the man of business!" repeated Mr. Head, with gestures of impatience. "He has neither strength nor energy for this."

"He will get them both with air and exercise. But shut away from these, bending his weak spine over his books from morning till night, and from one year's end to another—you had better think more of this, George; and—"

"Haven't I thought? don't I know what is best? I know that Jerome can never have the strength and perseverance to arrange our business, already so extensive, and becoming every day more so."

"He has perseverance for his books, certainly."

"For his books! Yes! But what are books? what is it to him to sit and study them? It is a pleasure, an easy, comfortable life, in comparison with that I have laid out for Gustavus."

"I am sure you always say your hardest days are the stormy Sabbaths, that you spend at home reading. You are always saying—'Ha! I must get out into the air! Ha! I must stir myself about something!' I will leave it to Paulina?" Now they all laughed together; but Mr. Head was not convinced.

Sarah was idly contending with him; for she knew that his purposes were never affected by words of another.

"Because it is my habit, my nature to stir, to live a great deal in the open air," he replied at length.

"It is every one's nature," replied Sarah, with slight impatience in her tones. "It should be every one's habit. Especially it should be the habit of such as Jerome."

"If it were every one's habit, where would be our scholars?"

"Every man should be a scholar, every man a worker."

"But our professional men?"

"Yes, well, Gustavus should be one of these. He is strong; he can bear study; he can thrive with a much smaller amount of air and exercise than Jerome requires."

Mr. Head laughed, said, "Nonsense!" and opened the door to go. "It is well you women haven't the reins. You would make queer work of it."

"It is a pity we women and you men don't let the reins go, altogether; and allow our sense and judgment to work unitedly, taking counsel one of another. We should then have better doings."

Mr. Head was already opening the door to go. He laughed in a manner which plainly said—

"Oh, you silly woman! Every word you have said, from beginning to end, is nonsense."

Sarah understood it. "I have been speaking words of truth and soberness," said she. "But because—because you are a man, and I am only a woman, you will never believe it."

They bowed to each other smiling through the already half-shut door; and Mr. Head went.

"You had the last word, at any rate," said Mrs. Head, smiling in Sarah's excited face.

"Yes: and this is all the man will concede to us, or, at least, many men, and among these, George. He is as respectful and kind as any one can be, who is so strictly arbitrary as he is; but, after all, we women are merely articles of household convenience and comfort, with him."

"Oh, he respects us; he respects *you* very much," replied Mrs. Head, meekly.

"Very much, considering that we are women, I know. Still I never speak a word of sense and reason, unless the word happens to chime in with his own sentiments. If a man were to say to him all those things that I do about Jerome, he would do something else but laugh at it, as if they were the silliest things ever spoken. But no one says a word; that is, in the right direction; while his pre-

ceptor, boards of visitors, Mr. Lane, Dr. Stowe, and every one interested in education, and in Jerome's progress, is spurring him on with their praises, with letting him see what great things are expected of him in the future; how it is confidently hoped that he will come off with innumerable honors, and finally take his station in life among the Lights of the age. All these praises, and congratulations, and hopes are, from time to time held up before George too; and he, who, as we know, never cared for books himself, never would study, is yet full of enthusiasm over Jerome's promise. This Jerome knows. He almost worships his father, and would study himself out of the world to give him pleasure and pride in his excellent scholarship." The smiles were all gone from Sarah's face now. She looked troubled and anxious, while Mrs. Head bent with a silent, thoughtful face over her sewing.

" You think, then, that Jerome studies too hard?" replied Mrs. Head at length, looking up from her work.

" Yes, indeed! Yes, indeed! Early in the morning, all day, and into the night, he studies. He can take no time, he thinks—and I can see that his father don't like to see him taking time—for playing at ball, for running, and for other boyish sports that would be so good for him. They don't see, and George won't be told, that these sports would clear his brain, and strengthen him; and that, in reality, he would gain time by them. I think you should say something, Paulina. You never do; and you are his mother, as near to Jerome as George is."

" Yes; I know it, Sarah. But I never like to interfere. I always think his father knows best. He is so strong and well! he sees through everything so clearly! while I—"

" While you, my sister, in your weakness and pain, are a better judge than any one else, of what Jerome can do and what he cannot."

" Perhaps so; but, Sarah, I can't interfere!" replied Mrs. Head, with such a helpless, deprecating look, that Sarah urged her no farther.

CHAPTER II.

THE throng of teachers and pupils came pouring from the academy yonder in the grove. Jerome, and his sister Jane, two years younger than he, were among them. Jane was a healthy, gay creature. She came bounding, with a single book in one hand, and her bonnet, held by the strings in the other. When she came along opposite the store, she saw her father through the open

door; and shaking her finger at him with an air of sportive defiance, she walked slowly backward toward the gate leading to the house, until her father started after her, until he was half-way across the street; and, then turning, she flew through the yard, the hall, and into the sitting-room, just as her pursuer was able to lay his hands on her shoulders. The girl was in such a glow! so fresh, so lovely! it was a delight to them all, seeing her dance around the room, occasionally provoking her father to a pursuit by catching hold of his ear, his hair, or his coat-skirts. She stopped short, at length, and threw her bonnet on the carpet, and her book on a table.

" There goes my bonnet!" said she, bowing to the circle, " and there goes my Bolmar-Perrin!" bowing, but rather ungraciously, to her book. " I hate it, father! I hate French! I don't want to study it. Mother! I don't want to study French!"

" You must, child! All young ladies should understand it; and you know Miss Stowe said you will acquire the accent easier now, than when you are older."

" Ah, dear! Well, then, I must drop English. I get miserable lessons in it."

" Cannot you study a little harder, then? It will never do, certainly, for you to drop the English. Will it, Sarah?"

Sarah answered quietly, that she thought it would not.

" Well! I can't study so many things," taking up her fables and throwing them farther from her. " I hate arithmetic! I never have a lesson in it that is worth anything: you may ask the preceptor if I do, father." The girl laughed; but she pouted also, and her eyes were full of tears.

" Well! well, my daughter!" said Mr. Head, good-naturedly, and patting her cheek, " you may let arithmetic go then, for the present, until your French and English come easier. Do what you can with your English; and don't give up the French! stick to the French, Jenny."

With a satisfied air, Jane left the room to take care of her book and bonnet.

Jerome came in languid and out of breath. Letting fall his load of books on a table, near the sitting-room door, he stretched the arm on which they had been piled, with gestures of pain, and sank into the nearest chair. His father looked down on him without speaking. Mrs. Head scanned his face, to see if there were any tokens of the injuries that Sarah had been apprehending; but she could see none. He was pale, thin, out of breath; this was all natural for him, however, she thought; he always had been so. It was natural for him—of late; Jerome was like her; Gustavus was like his father; Jane, like her Aunt Sarah.

Sarah, meanwhile, after glancing at Jerome's face, and at his pile of books, sat busily sewing, listening to his quick breathing, her heart aching with pity and foreboding. "Why do you bring so many books, Jerome?" she asked, at length.

"I am on the recitation seat nearly all the time in school-hours. I must get more of my lessons at home."

"But those two great Lexicons—" said she, with a shudder.

"I need them both; Homer went off badly, today. I must do a great deal better to-morrow; and we are to be ready with forty lines of Virgil, the first thing after prayers, to-morrow morning."

Mr. Head listened with pleasure. He exulted in the busy life of his son, in all this learning, this "Homer," and this "Virgil." He liked the sound of the thing! there was something grand, something sublime in it.

"But here is another," said he running his fingers over the titles on the back of the books. "Here is something else. Eu—what is it? Oh, Euclid: yes, yes!"

"Yes. I don't generally bring that home; but, some way—my head aches considerable, lately. It isn't exactly clear after the morning. Our lesson in Euclid isn't long; but it comes the hardest to me, of anything I have to do; so I shall bring my book home, and have that, the first thing in the morning."

"Yes; a good plan," answered Mr. Head, nodding several times. "Yes; you had better do it. The anniversary will soon be along; and a good many are expecting a great deal from you. Your Uncle James said, the last time I was in Boston, that he thought he should be up. I hope he will come, his head is so full of their grammar schools and their high schools in the city, he evidently thinks no one here can be equal to Alonzo, because he has always had the advantage of their famous school-system. I just told him to wait. I knew if he came up here, he would see that there is such a thing as learning, out of Boston." He concluded with an excited, and somewhat impatient tone.

The sensitive Jerome caught his emotion. The veins on his forehead filled, and a purple flush passed over his features, but was succeeded by a look of excessive pallor, and of discouragement. It was unperceived, however, by all but Sarah.

"At any rate, I think Jerome should not always be carrying, back and forth, such a heavy pile of books," said she, speaking with her characteristic decision.

"Oeh!" replied Mr. Head, lifting them. "Gustavus could carry them from here to the academy and back again. It is no more than a quarter of a mile. You don't find them very heavy, do you, Jerome?"

"Why, I can lift them easy enough," said Jerome, blushing and hesitating; "but some way—"

"Some way they are a real burden to you—" interposed Sarah.

Mr. Head turned now to Jerome, to hear what answer he would give. But he only bent his head, without speaking. "Oeh! Sarah," said Mr. Head. "You and his mother would make a girl of him."

Again the veins filled on Jerome's forehead; but still he was silent; and so was his mother. He left the room in a moment, and Sarah saw that his eyes were full of tears.

This is what you are always saying, George, that we would make a girl of the boys!" said Sarah. "It is your stereotype answer to all our reasons and requests. But think of it! think if it is a good thing for one who walks so little as Jerome does, and who is not strong, always to have his arms pinned fast to his chest by a pile of books, as heavy and as clumsy as he can carry. I tell you, I was not at Miss Willard's Seminary two years, without knowing something about the weight of books, something about what it is to bend over them hour after hour, sometimes in success, sometimes in discouragement; nor without knowing how good it is to walk off with the shoulders back and the arms swinging freely at the side. You are laughing at me, George, as you always are! You laugh at everything I say!"

"It is impossible to avoid it. You waste so many words on—pardon me, sister-in-law—but you waste such eloquence on such trifles."

"Trifles! Why, then, do you favor Jane at the asking, if it is such a trifle what your children want and need?"

"Oh! Jane is a girl! Girls are never expected to set a river on fire. They get married, and their husbands carve the way for them; while boys can do no other things than making their own way. They must get money, positions. Don't you see the difference?"

"Yes—I see the difference," answered Sarah, taking up her sewing, with a tone and look as if she were heartily tired of the discussion. "I see a great many things in this world that I do not find much pleasure in seeing; and I shall see a great many more, if I live long, no doubt."

Mr. Head pinched her ears, first one and then the other; pulled her curls out of symmetry, made horrible faces at her, and threatened to kiss her, if she did not show him one of her smiles; but she sewed industriously on, unmoved by the pinchings, the grimaces and the threats; so that, at last, he was obliged to go off thoroughly crest-fallen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"MOVERS" IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

ANY month of the year, in passing through South Western Virginia or Eastern Tennessee, you may meet the huge and heavily-laden covered wagons of the country, filled with emigrants, the children of the soil, seeking new homes far away. In the depth of last winter I came upon a family among the mountains, where something like a northern winter is known; the father was on the ground in the wet snow and ice, urging on his horses over wretched roads, and the cumbersome wagon creaking lazily along. "An odd time to be moving, isn't it, stranger?" he called out. "How far do you go, my friend, in such weather—not a long journey, I hope?" "Oh," said he, "over in Kaintuck, about sixty miles further, I reckon." By such modes of travelling thousands have changed their homes every year. Every variety of condition in life is to be encountered on the road, but especially those on whom the world has not smiled. They are the hardy descendants, many of them, of the early Scotch and Irish settlers of this mountain region; and the peculiarities of that frontier and comparatively rude state of civilization, are far enough from having vanished to this day. Their ancestors fought well, as King's Mountain in North Carolina, and the fierce fight victoriously maintained there, against British valor in the Revolution, bears witness. At this time these mountaineers are essentially a military population. Naturally they have steady sense and acuteness of mind, and particularly shrewd at a bargain. Their learning is seldom such as is seen inside of school-houses; it may not even include an ability to read and write; but they are pretty good judges of a stump speech, of a sermon, or of an argument at the bar; from these is drawn their education. They are moreover good horsemen, marksmen, and hunters, and capital judges of horse-flesh and stock in general; but the men, at least, are not remarkable for agricultural industry, for the patient thrift and the intelligent skill that make the successful farmer. They are squatters rather than farmers. It is certain at least that very considerable tracts in the mountain districts of Carolina and Tennessee have been occupied and cultivated in no other way, and the rightful owners of the soil have found it difficult and hardly profitable to dispossess those occupants.

Mark the courteous manners even of the lowest and most ignorant; there is a frank, ready, and kindly address, seldom seen in the same class elsewhere. Withal, the sallow, gaunt visage of poverty and sickness is too

often to be observed. Some are not too proud to ask an alms as they go on their way. I met a family group near the Cumberland mountains this summer that had travelled on in sickness and feebleness, one hundred miles on foot, and one of the boys asked for money to buy some coffee for his sick sister. The poor girl was borne along in the arms of her mother. "*He*," said the wife,—meaning her husband, "*he* would not take a house or live in one, lest he should have to work." At the next cabin in the woods I called for a moment; "your money will go for liquor," said the man of the house, "I know such movers right well." "Perhaps not, my friend: they may be very honest folk, and at any rate the will and the effort to help them in their want does me some good."

Families make these journeys in ponderous wagons, closely stowed with all sorts of culinary apparatus, when they have it, or perhaps in lieu of this, a man or woman of African descent is lodged among the other household stuff, the sole indication of wealth or station on the part of the family that is moving. Some are tramping on foot, the men stepping off straight and erect like Indians, with trusty rifles slung at their backs. At night they camp out in a wood, or under a big tree by the road-side, heap up a huge fire of logs, prepare corn-cakes and bacon for supper, tie up their horses fast to the waggon, and soon all are stretched out seeking rest for the night. This is the life of great numbers for weeks together, and the weather is so mild during a large part of the year as to make this pleasant. There is an independence about it that has a charm, and there is good in it, also, for the pilgrims, of a higher kind, if their travels are not protracted too far, or pursued too long; they shake off the effects of poor training and unfortunate associations at home; they develop new resources, impart new energy, and are often the beginning of successful and honorable endeavor. Among their rich neighbors these persons had been neglected, and to some extent depressed and kept down. They were not wanted as neighbors, and were not cared for; they grew up untaught and ignorant. They knew the road to the great man's door in their vicinity, and in some parts could hardly tell another road but the one to mill. Even the negroes looked down in scorn upon "poor white folks." Their houses were the rude log cabins of frontier backwoods life, sixty and seventy years since, when the Indian was still powerful, and spread over the land. Two rooms is

A Cradle Song.

a large allowance in such establishments, each consisting of a square "log-pen," plastered more or less thoroughly at the interstices with the strongly adhesive clay of the country, but few attempting to exclude the air, or starlight: to have them quite close, were it practicable, is not considered healthy. Those who lived year in and year out, contentedly in such tenements, have the same Anglo-Saxon blood coursing through their veins, that beats proudly in the hearts of the wealthy and the great; and, what is better, they possess the mind, and sense, and re-

solved will of the same bold race. Leaving behind them their old homes in the upper country of the Carolinas, in Georgia and Tennessee, they go, a small part of them to Texas, and to Mississippi; they, chiefly, have settled Arkansas and Missouri; there they rise to affluence, in real respectability and consideration; and their children rank often among the truly eminent and noble of the land. From this stock have sprung senators and statesmen whom the whole people have delighted to honor.

M Y S I S T E R ' S P E T .

BY C. R. COWLES.

THEY tell me, gentle one, that thou
Hast locks of auburn hair,
That cluster round thy baby brow,
So beautiful and fair;
And sweet thy lisping cadences,
So full of infant glee—
Oh! may'st thou ever be thus fair,
My pretty Lizzie Lee.

I would that time might ever leave,
Thy cheek its roseate hue—
I would a tear might never dim,
Thine eye of heavenly blue;
That every harsh, ungentle tone,
To thy young heart should be,
Attuned to sweetest melodies,
My gentle Lizzie Lee.

I would that Time on golden wings,
Should measure forth thine hours,
And scatter in thy future path
Only its shornless flowers—
That Hope's sweet, trembling petals ope
Unfadingly for thee,
And teach thy heart to look to Heaven,
My lovely Lizzie Lee.

And if the darkness dim thy way,
Remember how the light
Of Heaven, can make the cloud appear,
So beautifully bright.
And if the stream of life to thee,
Dark shadows erst should wear,
Look in their depths, sweet Lizzie Lee,
The stars are shining there.

A C R A D L E S O N G .

BY FANNY GREEN.

MAY fond arms, and true bosoms, ever open to receive her,
The sweet blossom of a Love-Rose, our darling little Eva!
Her eyes look forth like dovelings, in their soft and tender light,
With the brightness of the morning, and the shadows of the night.
Around her infant loveliness, O could I weave a charm,
That might circle her with blessings, and keep her from all harm,
Though beyond a sea of dangers, it were guarded in its bower,
I would fearlessly press through them, to pluck the magic flower,

Which, bound upon her bosom, implanted in her life,
Might live in all her being, with the fairest blossoms ripe;
But no spells that cope with Destiny, to human art belong;
I have only prayers and blessings, and I weave them into song—
The gems love fused into her life, and on her bosom set,
Will be to her in every change the truest amulet.
I pray that no rude spirit may ever come to grieve her,
The cherub of our Eden-home, our precious little Eva!

USES AND ABUSES.

BY UTOR NON ABUTOR.

No. III.—ON THE EARS.

“Having itching ears.”—PAUL.

SUCH ears must be a very uncomfortable appendage. Itching causes uneasiness; it diverts attention from more important matters; it keeps one rubbing the parts affected, though it only exasperates the difficulty it is intended to remove. And only think of full grown men and women rubbing their ears, when they ought to be calmly listening to the various voices addressed to them for their instruction and guidance! Will they be likely to receive a correct report? Will they hear patiently? Will they act considerately, with their ears itching all the while? Will they not inevitably make fools of themselves? And if this itching, both as to its cause and continuance, be the fruit of their own choice, have they put away childish things? Have they such ears, as the Creator originally gave? Are they *using*, or are they *abusing* them?

These are rather grave questions; perhaps among the 30,000 readers of this Magazine, there may be some who will regard them as entirely out of place in such a work. But no; every sensible reader will say—“no; let us have some of the symptoms of such ears, that we may know whether or not we have the same disease; for it is not merely to amuse a vacant hour, that we have taken Holden’s, but to straighten what is crooked in our manners. So give us, in few words, the *pathology* of this disease; and we will read and inwardly digest it, as best we can.” Very well. Would that we could write what is worthy of so sensible a *demand*.

The difficulty, of which we treat, lies deeper than the outward ear. Ears, that *are* ears, obey the dispositions of the heart. We hear what we like to hear; and from what we dislike, we turn away. We are good or bad hearers; or rather, we use or abuse our ears, according as we are good or bad in the temper of our minds. A man’s ears are very much as he thinketh in his heart. An itching there for what is idle, vain, or wicked, will communicate itself to the ears. Now for a few illustrations.

We caught our “help” the other evening listening at the key-hole of the door, leading into the drawing-room. Now although it was plain enough that she had itching ears, yet it was equally plain that there was an idle or wicked curiosity at the bottom. It was no part of her duty to hear what conver-

sation was going on in the drawing-room; but her ears itched so badly, by reason of a perverted taste, that she could not quietly perform the duties of her own sphere, and so she must needs put her ear to the key-hole aforesaid. How like a fool she felt, when caught in the act, revealing, as it did, a diseased mind! Her mortification was great, though we have no evidence that it reached and killed the disease itself.

There is also a maiden lady in our village, whose manner of life has given us many an illustration of the nature and effects of itching ears. Precisely what her age is, this deponent saith not. She was reputed to be at least thirty years old, twenty-five years ago. But it is not her *age*, but her *ears*, that we are concerned with now. And these are certainly remarkable for their capacity—taking in with the greatest ease any amount of scandal, and seeming to expand so as not to lose a word. You can hardly go into the street during any hour of the day without seeing her. Her half-opened mouth, as she passes along the streets, and her dilated eyes, and prying ears are wonderful to behold. “Any thing new?” is the question deeply impressed upon her pinched-up face. We often see her asleep at church, while the eloquence of truth and rhetoric is trying to lead her into the paths of righteousness. But you shall sooner catch a weasel asleep in sight of a mouse, than Miss — within ear-shot of any scandalous story about her neighbors. She will take it all in and more too, as well to gratify her love of gossiping, as to meet the demands of her itching ears. The history of this woman’s doings, in consequence of the disease in question has never been written. No man can do it perfectly. And yet there is not a family in our village, but could furnish many materials, each confirming the other, and all together sufficient to make the largest book ever published, and the greater part of it would consist merely of *illustrations of the effects of itching ears!* Verily it is a great disease.

But it is not confined to maiden ladies of a “certain age;” nor are all these affected with it. Many of this class are an honor to humanity, and to their sex. Let Hannah More appear as an example. But as their position often gives them more leisure; as

they have not the care of a family on their hands, they are peculiarly liable to catch this distemper, if they have little or no love for reading, and general usefulness. There are men also, busy men, who spend very much of their time either in hearing, or telling some new thing, and who are affected by this disease in all its forms. And here let a few examples be given.

In our village, there are six or seven churches, and the people are somewhat remarkable for their church-going propensities. All this is certainly well, as the practice tends to refine and elevate our fallen humanity. But although every one of these congregations has a minister of its own choice, and each claims that its own is the best, still they are all troubled more or less with persons, having itching ears. Let it be hinted that Dr. Moonshine or Mr. Wildfire will hold forth in a certain place on the Sabbath, and you will see that many among us are laboring under this distemper. The number of empty pews, to which our ministers have to speak on such occasions is enough to freeze up the flow of feeling and eloquence, which in other circumstances is generally full and unobstructed. There is a minister in a neighboring town who is accustomed now and then to take advantage of this mania in the public mind for the purpose of filling his church with hearers on Sabbath evenings, as well as for the purpose, let us hope, of doing greater good. He has only to give notice from the pulpit during the day, that he will lecture on some odd or unusual topic in the evening, and he is sure to rob other churches in order to fill his own. Among these notices, the following may be taken as specimens of the whole. "With the leave of Providence, I will preach this evening on the parental relationship of the impenitent." When the time arrived, he found his church crowded to its utmost capacity; and there, for the purpose of keeping those, who had itching ears, playing yet longer around the bait, as well as to gain time for a more thorough preparation, he rose in his place and said, "that as the subject was very important, demanding more time than he had yet been able to give to it, he had concluded to defer it to another occasion, and would therefore this evening preach on the duty of immediate repentance." And so, after filling his church by this means for two or three Sabbath evenings in succession, the discourse was at length pronounced on the text—"Ye are of your father, the devil, et

cetera." On another occasion he gave notice for a similar purpose that he should preach in the evening on the subject of "Christian courtship;" and again his house was filled with men, women, and children, on the tip-toe of expectation, eagerly desirous that their itching ears should get a thorough rubbing. Whether they did or not, the writer has not been informed.

One of the effects of this distemper in our church-going communities is a frequent change in the ministry. Itching ears cannot long be satisfied with what Lord Bacon calls, "a large, round-about sense." The *whole* counsel of God, exhibited in its due proportions, and pressed upon the conscience with the burning words of truth, is sure to exasperate, if it does not cure, this morbid humor in the public mind. Would you believe it, when our minister preaches to us with great force of argument, and power of illustration, these men are full of impatience and anger. They have no ears for such thoughts: much less a purpose to reduce them to practice. What they demand is a discussion of topics, which shall gratify their itching ears—some new things, or some favorite idea, which, though it seems to them all important, is yet of no value, except as it is made to occupy merely the place due to it among other, and related ideas, which, out of that place, is positive error. And hence, although our minister is a studious man, and has a well balanced mind, and pours forth well formed conceptions on the Sabbath, often with great zeal and energy, yet because he does not, and will not gratify this vicious taste, he is said to be "behind the age"—"not up to the times," and measures are already taken to send him away, and to call another man, whose preaching it is hoped, will soothe the uneasiness and irritation caused by itching ears in the congregation. And so, as the inevitable consequence of this disease in the pew, there must be a swift succession of preachers in the pulpit, and a failure also among Christians to be rooted and grounded in the truth.

But it is time that this article were brought to a close. It has merely described one feature of this distemper; yet if it shall lead the reader to reflect sufficiently in order to know the state of his own mind, and his own habits of hearing, and then shall dispose him to set resolutely about correcting what is wrong, and confirming what is right in his own practice, its great object will have been accomplished.

A VISIT TO BEMUS' HEIGHTS.

BY MARY M. CHASE.

MY DEAR A. D. W.:-

As I hung idly on the barn gate five minutes ago, watching the threshing machine whirling forth a tornado of grain and straw, and enjoying the golden glow of the sunshine, I thought myself very happy, and wished it would always be a bright autumn morning, and that I might never have anything to do but lean on that creaking gate, and listen to the loud hum of these machines, that were to be threshing peas, and oats, and broom-corn, forever. It was rather silly, but about as sensible as most earthly wishes. Then I thought of you, just at this hour crossing the South Ferry with two or three hundred anxious, hurrying people, not ten of whom but were so absorbed in business as to be quite unconscious of the glory of the morning, and I wished you could be transported in a breath from that great, weary city, to wander at will, idle, without care or aim, a whole golden autumn month in the blessed country.

Business! Hateful word! Yes, it is quite as wise to swing on a barn gate, as to vibrate with the pendulum polities, or be swayed to and fro with the fluctuating tide of commerce.

I think you have never been on these celebrated heights, so rich in interesting localities, and the scene of so many heroic deeds. From the window where I sit, I look over those fatal plains where the army of Burgoyne were encamped for the first and last time on the soil of New York. Under yonder pines the tent of the General was pitched. From those green swells he beheld the increasing forces of the "Rebels" sturdily keeping the southward way, towards which he had resolutely set his face. Alas! for those unfortunate men whom he had led into that terrible snare. It must have been a pitiful sight to see those poor fellows who had nothing to lose or win in the battles they came to fight, far from their country, in a wild and unknown land, surrounded by enemies, every one of whom had a private wrong to avenge, who knew every deadly hollow in the woods, and watched the fords of that beautiful river that flowed fetterless along the way they longed to go! What bitter reflections were in that camp—what heart-breaking thoughts of "dear old England," and homes soon to be made desolate by the news of defeat and death, which they knew must go to them! There must have been prayers, and tears, and repentance in many a heart. I hope there were, and that Heaven was merciful.

Oh! dreadful days! when the women reaped the standing grain because the men were gone to the uncertain battle—when the young and agile girls climbed the highest hills to watch till the smoke blew aside, and then returned to tell how it fared at the fight—and the old men fired by the sound of the distant artillery, buckled on with withered hands the rusty swords, with which in early days they had pursued the French and Indians back to the Canadas, and sallied forth to give their feeble aid to their sons and-grandsons. May those pleasant fields never be wet by the red rain again!

The plough often turns up "some poor fellow's skull, that fell in the great victory;" and sometimes fragments of decayed arms, and bullet, rifle, or cannon balls, hallowed to us now, as having been the successful instruments of our vengeance. As the owners of the soil participated in those thrilling events, and after all was over, returned to their homes, bringing with them the dreadful story, it is easy to obtain a full and reliable account of the movements and position of both armies, from those whose parents or friends witnessed them. One of the best *cicerones* in the world is Joseph Walker, an aged man, upon whose farm some of the most desperate fighting took place. In walking over the ground with him, and listening to his historical and legendary lore, the whole scene seems to rise before one's eyes like a picture. "There," he says, "Morgan's riflemen came up, Indian file; there were the British lines, by that house; yonder was Burgoyne's head-quarters, in that pine wood; on this spot they fought hand to hand, and cannon were repeatedly taken back and forth; over that ridge the British charged, and the Americans, as they came up, swept them off like a hail-storm."

Such simple explanations on the spot, are worth more than a volume of descriptions. He tells how the British General, hoping to retreat, went to inspect the rapids, at Schuylerville, which are fordable in summer. But Gen. Fellows had been despatched to the other side, with fifteen hundred men to guard the ford. An officer observed to Burgoyne, "Do you see who are there on the other shore?"

"Yes," said he, gloomily, "I've seen them too long!"

Too long, indeed, had those resolute men hung upon his steps. He left nothing undone to save his army, but the retribution of years

was at work, and "God for the right," made the weak strong.

Where will you find more enthusiastic patriotism than on the wide-spread-battle-fields of Saratoga—men whose boyhood was passed under the roofs of those voluntary soldiers of their country, learned the word in their first lisplings. As long as the dwellers on these beautiful heights, in felling the forest trees, strike the axe often into the imbedded bullet, or in ploughing, cast up the broken bomb-shells and whitened bones, or with the hoe, rake out of the furrow, the rusty gun-lock and gaily-wrought, though tarnished buckle, they will not forget what a dear price was paid for America's freedom. The children who now roll those old grape-shot and cannon balls for playthings, will not be likely to hold lightly the fame of that land for which these were the ransom. Let the deeds of those days never be forgotten! Much as I, a disciple of Fox and Penn, deprecate war, dreadful as the very word is to my ears, I should not deserve to sit thus peacefully on this ground, in the still sunshine, did I not acknowledge that in that long strife, the God of Battles did indeed stretch forth his right arm! Let those days ever be remembered! Not in exultation, not without pity and sorrow, but with gratitude to that power which gave the race to the feeble, and the battle to the weak, which bade the elements aid them, till it might almost have been said as of yore, "The stars in their courses fought against" the invader. We better know how to prize this blessed peace, when we think of what our Fathers suffered.

Worthy Farmer Walker has quite a collection of relics from his fields—skulls, the larger bones, &c., which the curious like to obtain. His son has a sword which was taken from a Hessian, at the battle of Bennington, and afterwards used at the battle of Bemus' Heights. It is a long, slender crooked blade, without the least pretension to ornament, encased in a coarse black leather scabbard—an ugly looking thing to see held over your head. At Farmer W.'s you find a record of the names of visitors to the ground, containing some interesting autographs. I noticed the other day, John Quincy Adams, a clear, accurate signature, though evidently written by a hand tremulous with age; Joseph C. Neal's, light, graceful and flourishing; and Fanny Crosby's, the blind poetess. A number of names were registered there of English travellers, but I fancied that I could discover in them all, an ungracious stiffness, as if the writers had recorded them sorely against their minds.

Probably the most interesting collection of revolutionary relics belongs to Samuel G. Eddy, of Stillwater, in this county. Among them is the sword of General Philip Schuyler,

a brave and gentlemanly, though neglected and ill-used man. Had he possessed less modesty, his claims on his country's gratitude might have been better understood. But in those days, patriotism, courage and self-sacrifice were too common to call forth great admiration, and as General Schuyler quietly retired to his beautiful estate, after the war, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, he was well-nigh forgotten in the crowd of great men, though remembered here with affection and respect. His sword is very different from the short straight blade now used by American cavalry; I should think it is full four feet long, curved as a scythe, the handle of black horn or fine wood, well-worn, with some simple brass ornaments. The sheath is of common leather, and very much worn, as well as the belt, which is merely coarse white webbing, such as is used for surcings.

The same gentleman has a number of Indian arrows, with sharp, flint heads and feathered tips, a fragment of the plank on which General Frazier* expired, stained with his blood, and many other interesting remains of the "war times."

When Gen. Morgan Lewis, who was in the battle with Gates, visited the scene of their former triumphs, a few years since, he pointed out the very spot where General Frazier fell. He was standing under a basswood tree, at the time, and by his personal bravery and influence encouraging the thinned ranks of the British to a new charge, when Col. Morgan called one of his celebrated riflemen to him, pointed Frazier out, and said, "Mark that man! He is a host." The demi-savage, panther-like backwoodsman crept near, the unerring rifle was aimed, and the bravest and best-beloved of the English officers rolled on the sod. Many, even among the Americans charged Morgan with cold-blooded murder, but it was all murder that day. That tree is gone, but from its roots has sprung up another, from which many carry away leaves and branches in remembrance of the lamented Frazier.

Green wave thy boughs above the pleasant meadow,
Soft the wind whispers through thy trembling leaves,
The grass untrampled grows beneath thy shadow,
On yonder slope thick stand the harvest sheaves.

Not thus that day when with prolonged vibration,
The hills gave echo to the cannon's roar,
As the great heart of a long outraged nation
Burst with its throbings the strong bands it wore.

As well the reed might stem the mountain torrent,
As well the rush hedge in the panther strong,
As well the leaf might turn the ocean current,
As seek to clasp again the chain of wrong.

* I use the customary orthography of the word, as I heard it spoken at Saratoga.

Woe ! for the true men with the recreants blended,
No time was there for charity or choice,
In one vast storm the hail of death descended,
And pity wept not, mercy found no voice.

Prone at thy base, among the sorely wounded,
That lay unconscious of the battle's yell,
By faces steeled to deadly work surrounded,
A shining mark, the gallant Frazier fell.

Though Fate enrolled him with the hated foemen,
His name shone ever as a pure, brig'g star,
And sorrow moved those stern and rugged yeomen,
That such should be the cruel trap of war.

Wave on, green tree, above that field of slaughter,
Living memorial of the noble dead ;
The priceless blood that drenched thy roots like
water,
That dreadful hour, was not all vainly shed.

For freedom's light in that dark moment dawning,
Hath spread a brighter day across the earth,
And we walk along in the right glorious morning,
And bless the goodly land that gave us birth.

My dear A., was there ever such weather ? Yes, you say, every Indian summer since the creation. But to me, present pleasure or present pain seem always more intense than any that have gone before. I am certain, at least, there never was a lovelier fall. I have been out in the rocky woods almost daily for a month. At first there were only golden-rods, asters, wild sun-flowers and cone-centred rudbeckias for an excuse ; then came a profusion of berries, not edible, to be sure, but very beautiful. I found the elegant scarlet drops of the dogwood, the great crimson bunches of spikeward berries, the black clusters of the Jacob's ladders, the double squaw-berry, the shining purple umbels of various viburnums, and the magnificent racemes of the red actaea, or necklace weed. The fruit of this plant is a milk-white berry, like a great bead growing on a short, blood-red pedicel, many of which are arranged on a main stalk, of the same color, looking very like the ragged coral necklaces that children wear. I also gathered stalks of large blue berries, whose name I did not know, and some of a bright orange, of the shape of rose seed-vessels, and as large. It was a pity my pretty collection would fade. Then the nuts commenced to ripen. I love to gather hazel-nuts from the low bushes, and in the evening sit down to pull off their rough, acid coats. They grow abundantly on The Plains. Acorns for B.'s pet squirrel I have treasured up, have helped bring home butter-nuts to dry on the shed roof, and some hickories, but I cannot guess how many chesnuts I have picked up. Was there ever anything prettier than their bright, glossy brown cheeks, as they peep out from the dried leaves ? I was out early this morning, to seek them at the farther end of the farm, beyond the swamp. A wild, rioting autumn wind roared

through the wood, and shook the chesnut tops till the fruit rattled around me like hail. I was distracted to know where to gather first. Sometimes they crashed so loudly in their fall, I thought persons were coming through the woods, and raised my head to see who they were ; sometimes the wind died away, and all was still, till, having gathered strength by its brief respite, it would come storming up the hill, driving the clouds of withered leaves before it, and sweeping the ground as clean as if the housewife's besom had passed over it.

How strong such a wind makes one ! It is pleasing to one's pride to stand so still and firm, and see the straining, groaning forest rocked about, the loose twigs and ripe foliage whirled high up in the air, to feel one's garments tugging at their fastenings to get away, and yet the individual *me*, a separate, superior creation, cares not a whit for all this rout, but rather grows stronger in purpose and power.

I think the squirrels and their kindred have enviable times now. What a merry thing it must be to steal one's cheeks brim full of corn, and then scamper home on the fence to hide the treasure, and return for more !

I have been reading Dr. Aza Fitch's History of Washington County, whose darkly wooded hills and mountains form such a long stretch of beautiful scenery on the other side of the river. Next to the massacre at Fort William Henry, he relates nothing so thrilling in the catalogue of painful events, as the story of that ambuscade into which Colonel Ephraim Williams and King Hendrick led twelve hundred men, and where they both fell with numbers of their followers. "A large portion of these troops were from Western Massachusetts, and there were few families in the district but mourned the loss of relatives or friends, cut off in the 'bloody morning scout at Lake George,' as this encounter was familiarly distinguished."

Here are a few lines I scribbled on the back of an old letter the other day, after reading this sad narrative :—

Lake George's waves were flashing,
A hundred years ago ;
The clouds before the morning wind
Went drifting still and slow ;
The deer drank from the mossy marge,
The wild bird sang aloft,
And pleasant woodland chirrupings
Filled up the pauses oft.

But soon a brighter gleaming
Shone out along the shore,
And louder music stilled the birds,
And swept the waters o'er ;
Gay plumes came dancing down the wood,
The clarion and the fife
Roused up the echoes of old days,
To brief and stormy life.

A Visit to Bemus' Heights.

The white man trod the forest,
With a stern glance in his eye,
And the Indian with his cat-like pace
And tomahawk went by.
But ere the wild bird sang again,
Or the red deer drank once more,
The bravest of that band were stretched,
Stark on Lake George's shore.

In hushed and deadly ambush
The wary foeman lay,
Behind the rocks and ancient trees
That bordered all the way,—
They rushed upon them as the lynx
Leaps from his mossy lair,—
The Frenchman's shout, and the savage yell
Went up upon the air.

The even came on stilly,
The night-stars rose and set,
And many a pale and lifeless form
By the pitying dews was wet;
But none came to the burial
Save the gaunt wolf and the fox,
And the catamount that smelt the prey,
From his dark den in the rocks.

There was wailing on the mountain,
There was sorrow in the vale,
When those who fled that awful morn,
Came back to tell the tale.
In Berkshire's pleasant fields of green,
By Housatonic's tide,
For her lover wept the maiden,
For her bridegroom wept the bride.

O'er the Mohawk's rushing waters,
A piercing death-cry sped,
When the tribes heard at the council-fire,
Their mighty king was dead.
The falcon eye, the panther limb,
The eagle heart no more
Shall lead the Iroquois—he sleeps
Upon Lake George's shore.

'Twas told in savage legend,
'Twas sung in English tongue,
How like the deer in huntsmen's toils,
They took the brave and young.
It fired the heart to vengeance dread,
When rang the battle shout,
And Massachusetts ne'er forgot
That "bloody morning scout."

I have been to visit Mary Maxwell, one of the few now living, who bore a part in the events of the Revolution. She is nearly ninety-six, quite vigorous in intellect, and with hearing and sight almost unimpaired. The scenes of her youth are yet fresh in her memory, and she will give a clear account of such transactions as she witnessed. She says that three days before the arrival of the British, messengers were sent from Albany to warn the people of their approach, and offer them protection there. Before her family had time to make preparation for flight, their house was visited by seven Indians, part of that predatory van-guard of savages which preceded Burgoyne's army. They ravaged the little dwelling, plundering it of all they could carry off, and terrifying them by an awful pantom-

ime, representing how they had scalped the settlers on the frontier, and how the poor wretches contorted their faces in agony. After satisfying themselves with such like exhibitions, they departed, taking away the farm horses. Unable now to transport their few valuables, they hid themselves in a dark hollow in the woods, for two days and nights, when a wagon came up from Albany and brought them away. Very soon the British were encamped near that spot, and there was hard fighting all around and within the harbor they so lately left. When the battle was over, they returned, but to find their house pillaged of everything moveable, holes broken in the walls to admit the passage of fire-arms, and the whole floor covered with blood, as well as the ground around it. Many of their neighbors and friends had fallen, the British had cut the grain and consumed the harvests on all sides; a dark and comfortless winter followed, but they were too patriotic to regret that which they had lost in so noble a cause. The eyes of the aged narrator sparkled with the fire of youth as she spoke.

I have been down in the field with B., cutting broom-corn with a sharp knife. I have helped make scaffolds or racks to dry it on, in the barn, over the horses, and piled it up there in light, fragrant layers. When dry, I have sorted, sized and made some of it into half-a-dozen well-proportioned brooms. Actually made brooms! It is really a very pleasant employment, and I don't know of any way of earning one's bread, that I should prefer to it. It took me some time to learn to shave down the "brush" with the knife in my left hand, but not so long as one would suppose I was a little troubled to get the "shoulders" just even in size, and was hardly strong enough to squeeze in the requisite number of "wrappers," but I succeeded at last, even to the very pretty "braiding," and driving the "staple" secure. Dear me! wouldn't you have laughed merrily to have seen my hands fitted with the great black leather "palms" laced over the back, sewing my brooms with a needle six inches long! When I had proved that the same mental and physical gifts which qualify a person for the useful and onerous task of *using* a broom, were sufficient to enable one to *make* it also I gave up my manufactory. Is it not delightful to feel that one can do whatever any one else can?

I might tell you of the many pleasant drives I have had here, and how admirably Prince and Cate go in single harness; I really meant to enlarge on the merits of Pedro and Carlo, B.'s clever dogs, but the length of my letter admonishes me to bring it to a close, and the warm sunshine and beckoning trees call me away to the chesnut woods. Adieu.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Truth Stranger than Fiction : A Narrative of Recent Transactions, Involving Inquiries in regard to the Principles of Honor, Truth and Justice, which obtain in a Distinguished American University, By Catharine E. Beecher. Boston : Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Of this book, it has been our purpose to give a full description and review, but the letter* of Miss Beecher which is subjoined, presents a history of it so complete as to require no addition. Miss B. requests the conductors of the press to publish this letter, and thus give a widely extended notice of the book. We are happy to comply with her wish, because we are sure that the *principle* involved in the difficulty of which the book treats, is one in which *all* are personally and deeply interested. There is, throughout the land, an outrageous recklessness in regard to the injury of character. Slander is fostered, in some measure, by the license with which the characters of candidates for office are discussed, it is winked at by the church, it is submitted to by the defenceless, and public sentiment needs to be quickened in regard to its criminality.

Moreover, we would say that it is our strong *impression* that, in this case, slander has been circulated and has gained credence, and that Miss Beecher is doing a deed of noble self-sacrifice and moral heroism, in entering on the defence of her friend. This impression has been made by the tone and argument of the book itself, and by the silence of the parties implicated. We wish that all our friends would read the book and judge for themselves. They will find it exceedingly interesting, to say the least.—EDS.

PERMIT ME, through your columns, to ask the attention of the conductors of the Public Press to certain facts in regard to a work of mine, entitled **TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION**.

The following are the circumstances which caused its publication. A licensed Preacher of the Gospel recently connected with the Theological Seminary of Yale College, put into circulation a gross and disgraceful charge against a friend and former pupil of the writer; one which was not only destructive to the lady's character for modesty, truth and honor, but which, *whether true or false*, made it imperative, according to the rules of social and ecclesiastical morality, that the author, by his own showing, should be excluded from the

society of gentlemen, avoided by ladies, and ejected from the pulpit.

Possessing agreeable social traits, and a fortune, which he spent freely for the enjoyment of his friends, this young man succeeded in so enlisting, not only his companions, but his Theological Instructors, that, by circulating his story, they made themselves so amenable to the charge of *slander*, that they were obliged either to acknowledge themselves in the wrong or to maintain that the accusations against the lady *were true*. They choose the latter alternative, and thus, though still claiming to be friends to the lady and her family, they became the indorsers of this calumny, and it was speedily circulated all over the land *as so indorsed*.

The brother of the lady then demanded of the ecclesiastical body which had united with himself in licensing the young man, that he should be called to account on the charge of "calumny, falsehood and conduct dishonorable to the Christian ministry."

This body included the Theological Professors implicated, and thus, being judges in their own case, they succeeded in obtaining a majority of *one*, which, while conceding that there was *no proof* of the calumnious charges, affirmed that the author of them was *not guilty* either of falsehood or conduct dishonorable to the Christian ministry. The minority, consisting of the ex-president of the College and most of the *parochial* clergy, these last also being, with one exception, the former pupils of these Professors, entered a protest against these proceedings, and as there was no higher tribunal of appeal, no method of ecclesiastical redress remained.

This renewed indorsing of the calumny by so many distinguished clergymen, after a professed investigation, was published, not only in the secular and religious papers, but in *private circulars* sent to ladies and clergymen all over the land, in which the *lady's name appeared in full!* As a matter of course, her profession as a teacher of ladies was ended, and herself and family publicly disgraced. There was no remedy for this wrong, no way of restoring her character and her profession but to do what was done in publishing the book referred to. Nothing was needed but the *truth* as therein set forth, to prove the lady not only immaculate in all the points where she was assailed, but that she is entitled to rank as a distinguished ornament of her sex and her country.

Inasmuch as the renewed indorsing of the calumny, and the greatly increased *publicity* were owing to the brother's attempt to sustain

* This letter first appeared in the N. Y. Tribune.

the honor and purity of the ministerial profession, the book was addressed to clergymen, with the hope that *in some way* their influence might avail to redress the wrong, and the circulation of the book was purposely limited. Had this hope been fulfilled the work could have been suppressed.

But failing in this, it was well understood that a party which had not scrupled to crush one woman, rather than to acknowledge themselves in the wrong, would attempt the same course toward her defender. And thus it has come to pass, that the leading educators of one sex are arrayed against two ladies who are among the leading educators of the other sex, and these are the principles at issue between them.

On the part of the ladies it is maintained, that attacks on female character like those involved in this case, *are to be resisted*; and that submitting in silence is treason to delicacy and honor; a triumph of cowardice over the modesty and dignity of womanhood; making it certain that base men will thus be encouraged to take every cruel advantage of confiding and delicate women, and then seek to secure impunity by threats of *falsehood and publicity*, as was done in the case in hand.

On the contrary, the gentlemen assumed that it is indecorous and in "bad taste" for a lady, or her friends, to do anything but submit in silence to such attacks on her character, whenever any man shall find it for his pleasure or interest to assail it.

On the side of the ladies it is claimed, that it is inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and a Christian, and especially of a Christian Minister, to make such attacks on a lady, and that the author of them should be banished from the society of honorable men and women, and banished from the pulpit. Their opponents maintain the opposite opinion, and are now employing their personal and official influence, and the connected influence of our largest University, to sustain the social and clerical position of the author of such an outrage on female character and sensibilities.

On the part of the ladies it is maintained that the *circulation of unproved charges* against persons of fair reputation is *slander*, demanding both social and ecclesiastic reprobation, while their opponents practically hold the position that men, at least in reference to ladies, and where civil law does not protect, are under an obligation to *prove* any slanderous charges they may choose to circulate.

It is certainly proper that such allegations as these against gentlemen who for so long a time have held so high a place in public confidence, should be slow in gaining credence;

especially when it has been maintained that the parties thus implicated would present another view of the case. But about half a year has now elapsed since the book was issued, and it has finally been conceded that these gentlemen have no counter statements to offer. This, of course, establishes the truth of the representations contained in the book by the best possible evidence. As the only remaining resort to those in the wrong, *private* methods have been adopted to throw discredit on the book and on the motives and conduct of its author, while expensive means have been employed to induce editors *not to notice the book*. Among other unjustifiable methods, certain persons, professing to be personal friends of the author, have addressed editors, representing that her family and friends disapprove of the publication of the work, and that it would be a favor to the family if editors would refrain from noticing it.

It is this step which has led the writer to this appeal. And here she would state that, soon after her father and brothers had read the book, she received assurance from them that they approved of the step she had taken, while all the clergymen, ladies and personal friends, whose opinions are most valuable to her, have been unanimous in their expressions of approbation.

It is believed that there are few newspapers in this nation which have not some readers who have heard the *false* representations in regard to the book, its subject and its author. All that is now sought for a defense is, that *the book shall be read*, and that for this end it shall be put in circulation by the methods employed to disseminate the falsehoods and calumny.

The grand difficulty in the case is that the interests of Yale College are so involved that its friends have been sorely tempted to yield to the Jesuitical principle, that it is better for one or two women to be sacrificed, than that so important and beloved an institution should suffer.

Against this false and fatal eloquence, the writer appeals to the chivalry, the honor and the justice of her countrymen. In this period of the world no lance can be laid in rest for the defense of an injured lady. But those who wield the Pen and control the Press are much more powerful defenders; and to them, especially, the appeal is made to protect the weak against the strong, the oppressed against the oppressor, and the innocent against the guilty. And as the most effective mode of securing what is desired, she asks that *this article may obtain an insertion in their columns*. Very resp'y,

CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

ПАСХАЛЬНОЕ БЛАГОУЧИЕ



REV. THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D. D.

PULPIT PORTRAITS.

XXXVIII.

REV. THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D. D.,
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

DR. SUMMERS, the Editor of the Sunday School Publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is a native of Dorset, England, where he was born in 1812. In 1830 he came to this country, and became a communicant in the Methodist Church. He is indebted to his own persevering efforts for the eminent place he holds among his brethren. He is said to have commenced life with very restricted means, and that the perusal of the memoir of Samuel Drew, the author of the work on the Immortality and Immateriability of the Soul, who was reared to the same trade which Dr. Summers followed in early life, so roused his soul with a worthy ambition that he abandoned his work-bench and devoted himself to the ministry. He commenced his professional labors in 1835, and joined the Baltimore Conference in 1840. In 1840 he offered himself as a missionary to Texas, where his name is honored and his labors will be long remembered. After serving the church in that capacity for four years, he joined the Alabama Conference, in which he holds a distinguished position. In 1845 he was elected to represent that growing and powerful Conference in the Convention which organized the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and had the honor of serving the convention as secretary. The next year he was a member of the General Conference held at Petersburg, Va., by which body he was appointed Assistant Editor of the Southern Christian Advocate, and chairman of a committee to revise the Hymn Book. To his fine taste, extensive research, and unremitting labors, the church is mainly indebted for her "poetical liturgy," a collection unrivaled in excellence and beauty. At the last session of the General Conference of his Church, Dr. Summers was elected Editor of the publications in the Sunday School Department, upon which labor he has entered with unsurpassed energy.

Dr. Summers' appearance in the pulpit is impressive. A physiognomist would pronounce him a highly intellectual man, from the contour of his face and head. Dignity and simplicity are blended in his features. His prayers are fervent, and simple, embracing all the leading elements of public prayer—adoration, confession, thanksgiving, supplication, intercession. Its cast of expression is

frequently borrowed from the admirable language of the liturgical service of the Church of England. One will hear no word or phrase that betokens the slightest approach to undue familiarity with the dread Searcher of hearts; no attempt at high-flown thought or swelling words. In substance, as well as form of expression, it will be eminently edifying, rich, copious and devout. The lessons are read in no slovenly, indistinct manner, but with an impressiveness which seems to bring out new beauties from the sacred page. He reads the hymns with an emphasis that shows how fully he enters into the merits, and appreciates the beauties of sacred poetry. Familiar with the whole subject which he has studied, *con amore*, for years, his selections are always judicious and appropriate.

His choice of a text indicates a mind which is wont to take a larger circle than that commonly embraced in the beaten track of pulpit performances. There is a body of subjects which may be considered stock-texts. We have listened to respectable preachers for a year together, who never announced a text which one had not heard previously preached from, and not unlikely again and again. They were all the time bringing out of the sacred treasury, "things old—" rarely or never, "things new." Their preaching never exhibits the freshness of minds vigorously at work, making new accumulations to an old stock, sweeping out into a wider orbit of thought. One carries away the impression that the preacher has been traveling over this ground for years, until he has come to dread the face of a new text; and in nine cases out of ten, the impression would be correct.

After announcing his text, Dr. Summers will lay down some general principle, the germ of the subject he intends to develop. Or if the text needs to be guarded by modifications, or limited in its range of application, this will be carefully stated and duly set forth in the preliminary remarks which introduce the main points to be discussed. If the subject does not require a formal introduction, no strength is spent in importing one from a distance. Thus is avoided the bane of many a discourse which goes through a tedious round of irrelevant or common-place remark, to the detriment of what is to follow—a mere tax upon the hearer's patience. The salient

points are seized upon in a masterly analysis which aims always at exhausting the meaning of the text. You see at once that careful and patient reflection in the study has fully digested the subject. Every thing is in its place, and a methodical progression of thought carries you on, step by step—the foregoing principle, illustration, or line of thought preparing the way for what is to follow. This is the true soul of method; and method the combination of unity with progression, says Lord Bacon, levels on the intellectual field the dwarf and the giant.

And, *par parenthese*, can too much stress be laid on the importance of method in a sermon, when it is acknowledged to be the first and highest merit in every department of thought, in the whole economy, indeed, of native and domestic life? "What is it that first strikes us" says Coleridge, "and strikes us at once in a man of education, and which among educated men so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind? Not always the weight or novelty of his remarks, nor always the interest of the facts which he communicates; for the subject of conversation may chance to be trivial, and its duration short. Still less can any just admiration arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases; for every man of practical good sense will follow, as far as the matters under consideration will permit him, that golden rule of Caesar's—*In solens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evitare*. The true cause of the impression made on us is, that his mind is methodical. We perceive this in the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, flowing spontaneously, necessarily from the clearness of the leading idea, from which distinctness of mental vision, when men are fully accustomed to it, they obtain a habit of foreseeing at the beginning of every sentence how it is to end, and how all its parts may be brought out in the best and most orderly succession."

We consider it one of the distinguishing traits of Dr. Summers' preaching, that it fully satisfies the conditions of philosophical method. We remember to have heard the elements of an admirable sermon thrown off by him impromptu, in an exhortation delivered after a fifteen minutes discourse by a young minister who was evidently laboring under considerable embarrassment. Our friend was in the pulpit, and closed the service. The exhortation was twice as long as the discourse, and was delivered in language which might have been transferred to type without alteration. So fine was the analysis, so striking and beautiful the thoughts, that we supposed at the time it was a subject on which he had thoroughly prepared himself for some former pulpit effort, but learned afterwards that he had never preached from the text. This com-

mand of clear and rapid thought is an endowment of great value and singular importance, to a minister who is liable to be called on at a moment's warning. We once heard a distinguished presiding elder, one of the ablest men of his conference, say, that a Methodist preacher ought to be able to preach to a strange congregation at any time, after four minutes' notice. He evidently referred, however, to the re-production of some sermon with which the preacher's mind was familiar. No one insists more strenuously on careful previous preparation, than the subject of our sketch, or more steadily attends to it in his practice. This is done sometimes by writing his sermon in extenso—most commonly by elaborating an analysis; frequently by a mere mental process of examination into the leading elements of thought embraced in the proposed subject of discourse. No use is made of the manuscript at the time of delivery; not a solitary sentence will be preached in the words found on the paper; not a moment's labor is devoted to committing it to memory; the preacher goes into the pulpit uncommitted to any arrangement of words, and is perfectly free to use whatever language the inspiration of the time and occasion may suggest.

To one trained to extemporaneous speaking, it is by no means difficult to clothe his thoughts with appropriate expression, provided he is master of his theme, and has clear and copious ideas. "To have something to say," is the first requisite for saying anything well, according to Sir Walter Scott. Literary tastes, various reading, a profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, a familiar acquaintance with the "old men eloquent" of the English theological school of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, combined with the intellectual vigor which subjects to the mind's crucible the golden productions of the past, sends out a bright, fresh coinage, bearing the signatures of its own sovereignty,—these are the sources, which in Dr. Summers' case supply him always with "something to say" which is well worth hearing. He is thoroughly Wesleyan in his theological opinions, a safe guide through the perplexities of metaphysics, and always practical in his teachings. His preaching is eminently earnest, full, instructive,

"Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires."

His style is at once simple, beautiful and appropriate.

His delivery, after he gets fully into his subject and has warmed with his theme, and particularly if that theme is of an awakening or exciting character, is apt to exhibit too much *abandon*. The action sometimes becomes vehement; the key-note gets a little too high; and the machinery jars by the rush

of a too rapid movement. Unlike many others he preaches best when the excitement is a little below the maximum point, and when he retains a complete mastery over voice and action. We have thought that sometimes an excess of emphasis is a drawback upon the effect of his discourses.

In private life Dr. Summers is a delightful companion—well informed on all subjects, fluent in conversation, ready and happy in repartee, cordial and constant in his friendships. A man of truly devout spirit, stainless in integrity and honorable sentiments, he endears himself most to those who know him best. His height is an inch or more under six feet. In person he is thin, with an anti-aldermanic girt of waist. He has an amiable, expressive face, with an intellectually marked forehead. He is happily married, and enjoys in a rare degree the blessings of domestic life.

From a sermon by Dr. Summers on "Retribution for the Sins of Youth," we extract the following concluding paragraphs:

"Inflicted penalties vindicate violated precepts.

God's government needs vindication. Without looking into any part of his administration, reason might teach us that the Judge of all the earth must do right. Without citing particular instances, or specifying illustrative facts, we might rest assured that God cannot look with the same feelings on the saint and on the sinner. He cannot treat them alike. But we do not always look at this subject in the light of reason, so as to justify the ways of God to man. We allow our minds to be perplexed by the moral phenomena which are continually arresting our attention. We see but little difference in the external fortunes of men, viewed as good and evil. God seems to be as little a respecter of characters as of persons. He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Indeed, the unprincipled and vile not unfrequently seem to "prosper in the world" as if they were the special favorites of Heaven. When revolving these mysteries of Providence how natural to endorse the exclamation of the psalmist, "Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency!" A bare reference to a "judgment to come" would, we admit, reverse such a conclusion. It is certain that we shall then "discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not." But in the meantime, when we behold sinners transgressing with apparent impunity, we are tempted to exclaim, "Where is the God of judgment?" We seem to want a present assertion or display of His vindictive justice. Without this we can scarcely support our faith in the rectitude of his government, or

rest perfectly assured that its issues will be just and right.

All the interests of religion, all the dictates of reason, all the sentiments of nature, favor a present interposition of Divine power in vindication of Divine justice—"so that a man shall say, verily, He is a God that judgeth in the earth!"

That vindication is furnished by God. He has no more left his justice without witness than he has his mercy. True, the retributions of time are not like those of eternity. The former are partial, the latter will be plenary; the former are obscure, the latter will be obvious; the former are reversible, the latter will be remediless. But there are retributions, real and Divine, in this life, as well as in that which is to come. And, as you have seen, my brethren, they are sometimes terribly severe. When administered, they furnish an awful vindication of the character and government of God.

What a lesson is this for the young.

Can there be a more fearful warning, a more forcible caution to abstain from sin, than that which this subject administers? "Be sure your sin will find you out." It cannot fail. The patriarch uttered the vehement wish: "O that my words were now written! O that they were printed in a book!—that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!" But he was far enough from wishing his sins so recorded; yet we hear him exclaim, Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth. Such writing can never be erased—such registers are eternal: "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond; it is graven upon the table of the heart." The record may be obscured for a time, but the light of nature, of Providence, of the Holy Ghost, of conscience, shall shine upon it, and show that it is there. And this discovery is only the anticipation of that day, when the fires of the judgment shall flash upon the soul, and every syllable shall appear fresh and distinct as when recorded by the finger of God!

Such reflections as these should deter you from sin. Let there be no iniquities of your youth to be the inheritance of your riper age. Youthful sins spring from inadvertence: the lessons of this discourse should teach you prudence. Youthful sins spring from frivolity: this subject, properly studied, will teach you seriousness. Youthful sins spring from wilfulness: a meditation upon their consequences will teach you docility. The sins of youth are committed with the expectation and promise of future repentance—dangerous ground! preposterous course! The repentance which you have in reserve, in all probability, will never be exercised; but if it should be the

retribution which we have been considering is inevitable—in some other of its forms it must take place. No repentance, no forgiveness, can indemnify your loss: no repentance, no forgiveness can extinguish your regrets. The dictates of religion agree with the principles of philosophy, in making an eternal distinction between innocence and reform.

The iniquities of your youth, will, in some sense, be yours forever—you will "possess" them as an eternal inheritance. You may renounce them, but they are yours. They may be forgiven, but they are yours still! It was a true penitent, a pardoned sinner, a "man of God," who said, "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee; our secret sins in the light of thy countenance."

GREETING TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY SIGMA.

AWAKE! the "happy New Year" 's come !
Welcome it, thou rising sun ;
Bend to meet it, vaulted sky,
Greet it, all ye stars on high ;
Breathe upon it, zephyrs free,
Dance in concord, crested sea ;
" Skip like Lambs" ye " little hills ;"
Pour your music, running rills ;
Let all nature join to cheer
The coming of the glad New Year !

Ye who yet to guidance cling,
Ye who sport in " life's green spring ;"
Ye who joy in manhood's might,
Robed in fortune's rosy light ;
Thou whose days are well nigh numbered,
Whose " silver cord" will soon be sundered ;
Maid and matron, old and young,
All who have a heart and tongue,
Rich and poor and bond and free,
Hail the New Year, full of glee !

Ye whose hearts by grief are wrung,
Whose harps are on the willows hung ;
Whose flowers are blighted by the blast ;
Whose hopes lie withered in the Past ;
Thou to whom the world looks cold,
Whose treasures rot beneath the mould ;
Hide thy griefs within thy breast,
Snatch from them one hour of rest ;
Child of sorrow ! greet the year,
Free from trembling, free from fear.

Thou whose cup with joy runs o'er,
Blest in basket and in store,
Greet the New Year with thanksgiving,
Join in praise with all the living :
Ye whose laugh has not been hushed ;
Ye whose hopes have not been crushed ;
Ye who've never lost a Mother,
Father, Sister, Child, or Brother ;
Greet the New Year full of glee,
In thanksgiving bend the knee.

With freshened hope and gushing joy,
Let all their lips in praise employ :
Let Heaven hear the voice of prayer,
For grace that only comes from there ;
Whate'er the heart to hate would move,
Be quenched in overflowing love ;
Let every passion, all unrest,
Ne'er be admitted as a guest ;
Let peace this day in union bind
The broken fragments of mankind.

Let home receive the absent ones,
The grey-haired sire embrace his sons,
The mother, with a mother's joy,
Clasp to her heart her long lost boy :
Let cares be buried in the past
And quiet joys for one day last :
Let all be fresh and pure and bright,
Beaming with the New Year's light ;
While wishes for a happy Year
Fill the Chorus, swell the Cheer !

And as the heart with joy o'erflows,
For all the good that Heaven bestows,
Oh ! let our sympathies embrace
Each portion of the human race :
And let us all sincerely pray
That God would haste the blessed day,
When Tyranny shall lose its might
And wrong shall yield before the Right,
When " peace on earth, good will to men "
By angels shall be sung again.

Then all Old Years of sin and sorrow
Shall yield before the brighter morrow,
And the happiest, best New Year
That brings no sigh and starts no tear,
Will rise "with healing in its wings"
To usher in the King of Kings,
—A NEW YEAR that will have no end,
THE NEW YEAR OF MILLENNIUM !

New York, January 1st, 1851.

MYNHEER JOHANNES SCHMIDT'S TRIP ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

BY B. BLANQUE.

[The first part of the following sketch was published in the December number of 1828, but was never completed. In consequence of many urgent solicitations, this is republished, and the history of Mynheer Schmidt's eventful career will be carried through to a conclusion.—Eds.]

MYNHEER JOHANNES SCHMIDT, when at the age of generally called maturity, determined, despite the admonitions of his friends, to visit America. He did visit that land of milk and honey, and—but we'll see what he did while here. Like other distinguished foreigners, he resolved to write a book; and on the morning after his arrival, commenced a terrific tirade upon America and her institutions, and the vice and vanity of the great metropolis, as developed in his ride from the ship to his hotel. The article, if finished, would doubtless have incited a war between Germany and this unfortunate country; but luckily his stock in trade was exhausted before he reached the second page. After ascertaining the best method of examining the internal resources of the country, which information he gleaned from a young gentleman attached to the steamboat interest on the North River, he concluded to proceed to the magnificent city of Harlem, situated on the river of the same name, about eight miles from New York, and inspect its public buildings and places.

His young friend volunteered to call a cab to take him to the depot of the railroad, and almost coterminous with his offer the cab drove up to the door. It was not what might be designated a stylish cab, but, as the steamboat devotee remarked, "it was a cab as was made for use, not to look at." Mr. S., after looking through the door-window to see if he had forgotten anything, proclaimed himself



READY FOR A START.

The young man upon the box had apparently been watching with a sick person the previous night, for his eyes were terribly inflamed, his gait feeble and unsteady, his voice incoherent and weak, and his language peculiarly indicative of a disordered mind. In fact he was compelled, after mounting the box, to "go around the corner to the drug store and get some eye-water;" after the application of which he seemed somewhat better, and able to assume the reins of government.

In half an hour everything being ready, they prepared to go.

The cabman and horse, after a long consultation, during which various inducements were held out to the latter to move, without any effect—he merely answering nay to all propositions—at last came to blows. The horse, being of an amiable disposition, and not wishing to have any words on the subject, very peaceably laid down till the other's wrath should subside, and it was only after a violent remonstrance from three policemen and a continual use of numerous two-inch plank, that he was reinstated to his former position in society. Suddenly, as if to assure them that he was willing to accede to their wishes, he started off very rapidly, and after following a track which might consistently have been laid for the letter Z, managed to check very materially the progress of a cab proceeding in another direction. "They met, 'twas in a crowd," and exemplified, pictorially,



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Without waiting to hear the opinions of the gentlemen in the other cab, though they were personally directed to himself, the cabman applied the lash to his now furious steed, and

immediately commenced the Utopian task of annihilating space. Away sped the infuriated beast—onward and still on he kept his course over cobble stones as well as coblers, wooden blocks as well as blockheads, Russ pavement and rusty pavement, till his mission below, like Time's, seemed endless. At last, however, he came to a stand—an apple and confectionary depot on the corner of the street, and like John Van Buren, Mike Walsh, and Gen. Leslie Combs (we mention all names as we are perfectly non-committal in politices), took the stand for a nock-down argument so materially, that the vender presented spoilation claims to the driver. His sudden pro-pulsion against an iron fence having now effectually stopped his gait, he presented to view a truthful picture of



DOWN AT THE MOUTH.

But it was only for a moment. With an energy peculiar to strong minds and energetic animals, and particularly noticeable in eccentric authors and able-bodied circus horses, he, like a quadruped Phoenix, rose from the ashes, and signified by actions, rather than words, his intention of making a day of it, and proceeding on his journey. But here he calculated without his host. The partially-inebriated gentleman upon the box, having been at first thrown into a doze by the gentle undulating motion of the cab, was, by the unexpected recontre with the iron fence, brought to a sense of his "peculiarly perplexing predicament." With cabman-like instinct, he saw that a check upon his rein would be of no service to him, (Louis Philippe had experienced something similar, attended with no beneficial results,) and he boldly resolved to put his shoulder to the wheel and stop the revolution instanter. No sooner said than done. Before the horse could recover from the shock occasioned by the little *emeute* between himself and the fence, he seized him by the head, and, while the animal was vigorously persisting in his endeavors to run upon the bank,



PRESENTED HIS CHECK.

It was duly honored, very much to the relief of Mr. Johannes Schmidt, who was now gesticulating violently, and with outstretched arms endeavoring to save himself.

"Sare," said he to his young friend upon the box, who was consoling himself with a huge quid of tobacco as a sort of *quid pro quo* for his exertions in the cause of his passenger, "sare, what for you lift de diable in dis man-nare? I wish, sare, to be rode upon the rail, and sale insiste upon your driving dis animale at de very top of his speed."

"Well, old feller," said Jehu, quite composedly, "don't fret about it, for we'll be in time. This 'ere hoss, owing to the recent troubles in Ireland, and the great scarcity of provisions in consequence of the famine there, isn't in quite as good working order as usual. But the suppression of the recent disturbances in Europe having rendered the money market easier, provender, as a matter of course, will go down, and then you know there is, according to Mr. Greeley and other reformers, a good time coming."

To say that this was all *Dutch* to Mr. Schmidt would be wrong. It was all *English* to him, and the consequence was he didn't understand a word of it. But finding that his remonstrances were of no avail, he quietly settled himself down in his seat and stoically resolved to bide his time. Mr. Schmidt was unquestionably a philosopher. His friend on the box was decidedly a humorist, and where humor and philosophy go hand in hand there need be no fear for the result.

It would be useless to trace out the route our two heroes followed on the way to the depot. It would be folly to follow them in their sinuous windings through lanes, courts, high ways and by-ways. The ambitious spirit of the juvenile Jehu prompted him to undertake the accomplishment of impossibilities and drive a four wheeled carriage over a portion of the street subject to repairs. The consequence can easily be foreseen. The impetus acquired by a very swift gait was insufficient to carry them safely over the Rubicon, and the animal of course



PROVED A DEFAULTER.

Here we would pause a moment, but that the horse anticipated us by doing the same.

Like or unlike Napoleon, (we forget which just now, but it makes no difference, as probably all the readers of Holden will know,) he had advanced to a position without calculating upon a retreat, and consequently remained perfectly impervious to every citation of the driver to proceed. Go on he could not, go back he would not, and the very natural consequence was he remained *in statu quo*, staring danger in the face. Like the western settler upon uninhabited land, he at last *squatted*, very much to the discomfiture of the driver and positive ill will of the unfortunate Schmidt.

As the novelists say, the rage of Mr. Schmidt is easier imagined than described. With a very perceptible determination of blood to the head, he addressed his young friend on the box in a strain of jocular rage, not calculated to cement the bonds of friendship between them.

"Sare," said he, "you be one vere big, big-vat-do-you-name de animal with de long ears—donkee, ay, de donkee, and I vill ave de satisfaction."

The imperturbable youth turned slowly about, "more in sorrow than in anger," and calmly replied, "My friend, I easily discern that you are an outsider. With all due deference to your distinguished position in society, allow me to remark that your remarks exhibit but a partial acquaintance with the English language. Under those circumstances, total silence, which would render you oblivious to comment, should be your choice."

"I no comprehend vat you mean," retorted

Mr. Schmidt, "but vill you drive me to de vat-you-call-'em de top of de road."

Only one way of escape remained to them, and that was quickly decided upon. The youth, having taken the horse from the carriage, undertook to back the latter out of the difficulty, and Mr. Schmidt volunteering to lead the mercurial animal out, they were soon under way again. Afar off in the distance was seen the splendid depot of the road from Harlem, (*as a perspective view*), and the sight was a grateful one to their eyes. Suddenly was heard the deep tones of the bell telling them that the hour for the departure of the train was near, and the sound infused new energy into their movements. Away sped the horse, away sped the jovial youth upon the seat, away sped Mr. Johannes Schmidt, with double, ay, treble the speed of the cars themselves. Old gray-headed men, pale cheeked girls and ruddy youths fled before them like brick dust before the wind, and ere the horse-power of their locomotion was ready for a start they triumphantly drove up to the door. Their goal was reached but only by the



MOST STRING-ENT MEASURES.

THE PULSE OF LIFE.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

THE low, soft pulse has a murmuring tone,
That speaks from out the heart;
A gentle whisper scarcely heard,
But is of life a part.

What meanings lie in every stroke
That measures out our years,
Fraught with the secrets of the heart
Of rapture or of tears!

When anguish with its heavy weight,
Lies on the burdened soul,
The muffled throb denotes its date,
As drum the funeral roll.

And when love's secret power is there,
Touching each trembling string,
The pulse flies swift as dart through air,
And soft as gentlest wing.

When firm in love of right, it moves
With a beat full and strong—
To Fear and Danger—oh! what power
To hold the pulse belong!

It has its thrill for every hope,
Its throb for every woe,
Its fluttering for the wildest joy,
The human soul can know.

A silent Index of the heart
True as the hands of Time—
The same of life—its latest spark
Is pulsed by its last sign.

What Volumes could it oft disclose,
Shut from the human eye—
'Tis only God who moves it knows,
Its secrets with Him lie!

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Life, Here and There: or, Sketches of Society and Adventure at Far-Apart Times and Places. By N. P. Willis. New York: Baker & Scribner.

Rural Letters and other Records of Thought at Leisure, written in the intervals of more hurried Literary Labor. By N. P. Willis. New York: Baker & Scribner.

There is no one, we may safely say, who does not relish the writings of N. P. Willis, from the most accomplished, refined and fastidious *litterateur* down to the person of fair intellect and of ordinary appreciation. The exquisite nicety of his taste, his infallible judgment concerning what is or is not precisely appropriate, the surpassing delicacy, with which he will touch the chords of the human heart, the accuracy of his discrimination in character, the power and beauty of his illustrations, and joined to all these a certain practical good sense, which detects all shams and discerns the genuine, cannot but charm all those who have sufficient cultivation to appreciate the higher order of literature. Yet the writings of Willis are strangely different. There are certain characteristics of style which mark them all with the signature of N. P. W.; but the undercurrent of sentiment is so diverse in different articles as to seem irreconcilable. Take, for example, the two books whose titles head this page, "Life, Here and There," and "Rural Letters." The latter comprises the Letters from under a Bridge, Glenmary Poems, Invalid Rambles in Germany, &c. The former is a collection of tales, which, for the most part, have already been published, representing real life in different phases, under different forms, and in different grades. It is not all fact, neither is it all fancy. The author says that the characters are all drawn from life, and several of them are portraits, done with studied faithfulness, of men and women, whom he has had the opportunity to know.

The Rural Letters are *pervaded*, we may say, or many of them are pervaded with a pensiveness—amounting almost to seriousness—of a most beautiful and tender character, manifestly resulting from the benign influence on the heart of cherished affections and some melting sorrows. The dedication to his daughter Imogen is one of the most exquisitely beautiful productions ever penned in the English language. And the farewell to Glenmary breathes a touching sadness, which steals into one's heart and melts it into outgushing sympathy; and it tells such a tale of love for Nature, of the keenest enjoyment of her beauties and the noblest appreciation of her ennobling influence, that the soul is moved to the depths by its perusal. And so we might enumerate other passages, all evidencing a hearty sympathy for the good and true

and pure, and a healthy pulsation of the strong heart, that prompted those beautiful utterances.—But very different are some of the stories in the other volume before us! The gentle sadness, the winning pensiveness are gone, and a certain artificial and hollow-hearted gaiety has taken their place. Nature, beautiful and truthful Nature, with her trees and birds and flowers, the trees and birds of Glenmary and the flowers on the little grave "in the shady depths of the small glen, the spot sacred to love and memory," are dead—forgotten, and a selfish, superficial worldliness is before you, mocking you with an assumed cordiality of manner that chills, and a recklessness that alarms.—There are tales in it of such a character that during their perusal one perceives a conviction coldly creeping into his heart, that gross pretension conceals most despicable hollowness throughout society, and involuntarily one feels less faith in virtue. Yet this is not so much the fault of the author as of the kind of life he describes. He introduces you into the circle of fashion, of pleasure-seeking, of gilded selfishness, and you see it as it is. His descriptions are true to the life; they could not be more so—and the life he describes is seen to be, as it is, selfish, superficial, treacherous. It is well to have that department of social life revealed to one's view; and no one can do it like the master hand of N. P. Willis. Yet one must be guarded lest the impression received of the hollowness of fashionable intercourse be transferred to all social life.

To much of "Here and There" these remarks do not apply. There are passages of a bewitching fascination; there are illustrations that impress you as unequalled in any book you ever read; there is humor that *stays by* you, and keeps you in a pleasant, laughing mood for hours; and of both books we may say, that while they contain tales of entirely opposite characteristics, incongruous and irreconcilable, yet they both abound in gems of thought, illustration and sentiment.

The Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In 2 Vols. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

Madame De Stael, in Corinne, sets forth the intimate, perhaps necessary connection between deep, dark sorrow, and the best and bravest intellectual strength, by the following beautiful illustration. "Are not the Heavens more beautiful by night? Thousands of stars shine in the kindling sky which is an azure desert during day. Thus do the gathering of sorrow's shades over the firmament of mind, reveal innumerable thoughts, half lost in the full daylight of prosperity." The poetry and the life of Mrs. Browning are a striking ex-

emplification of this truth. She has suffered deeply and searchingly, and out from the depths of her sorrow, her soul has spoken, and a world has turned a listening ear to its earnest utterings.

The poetess herself recognized this truth, when she says, that the object of poetry is "to vindicate the *necessary* relation of genius to suffering and self sacrifice;" and in the preface to her poems, she remarks that they "were not written because there is a public, but because they were *thought and felt*;" as she expresses the idea in another place, "My poems, while full of faults, have my *soul and life* in them." So was it with Milton. Not only was the world all dark to his external sight, but the gloom of sorrow, brooded over his soul. Yet with it all his genius seemed to receive a new life, and a higher power. And indeed there is a certain similarity between the poetry of Mrs. Browning and Milton, hardly describable, but so distinct as that one reminds of the other. Her poetry is all serious; much of it religious. It is of the earnest, dignified, genuine character which commands profound respect, while it stirs a strong enthusiasm.—None of it is frivolous—none of it superficial.—Some may feel a lack of a gushing spontaneity, a glad, fresh, inspiring liveliness, and may be repelled by a certain stateliness of style. But liveliness is too common to be greatly missed, and dignity, depth and elaborateness too rare not to be greatly prized.

C. S. Francis & Co. have lately published Mrs. S. C. Hall's Domestic Tales, in a neat duodecimo of 200 pages, containing the Merchant's Daughter, the Curse of Property, Bear and Forbear, Lost Beauty, Madelon, the Private Purse, Cleverness, the Governess, Turns of Fortune, All is not Gold that Glitters, There is no Hurry; also in a separate volume the first five of these tales; How to win Love or Rhoada's Lessons; Mary Cherwell's very felicitous moral tales, entitled the Old Oak-Tree, the White Pigeon, the Schoolfellows, Frederick Sedley's Holidays, Cousin John's First Story—Hero, Cousin John's Second Story—Flush and Rover, the Revengeful Indian, Emily Maynard, Henry Morton, Agnes and Her Pets, The Sisters; all included under the title of "Happy Hours, or The Home Story Book;" "Stories about the Instinct of Animals, their Characters and Habits, by Thomas Bingley," which are very interesting; and the tales of Hans Christian Andersen, the wonderful Danish story teller. Those stories delight everybody—the young, because of their charming, simple nature, and their flavor of fairy land—and the old, because of their beautiful thoughts and words so full of pathos and living truths hidden under the guise of childish tales. Our readers of last year will remember a portrait of Hans Christian which appeared in the July

Number, and an extract from Mary Howit's translation of his Autobiography. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, but he has made his *country* famous by his own world-wide popularity.

The Life of John Randolph of Roanoke. By Hugh A. Garland. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.

In regarding a biography, the great question to be settled at the outset is, whether the author possessed the proper facilities for his work. Perhaps this may be said of every book, but in the case of most, the question can be determined by *internal* evidence. One can judge of poetry by reading it, who cannot write a line of it. Is it poetry or is it not? so of fiction, so of mechanics, so of philosophy. But in the department of biography this is not so. The narrative may be very interesting and very brilliant and very full, but is it *true*, and if true, is it the *whole* truth? Who can determine this, except one competent to write the biography himself? This is especially the case with respect to the biography of John Randolph, because of the multitude of sayings and doings popularly ascribed to him, many of which are apocryphal. As he himself said, all the bastard wit of the country had been fathered on him. Hence it is with satisfaction we observe that Mr. Garland has set forth his claims to write a life of Randolph. They are founded, 1st. On the fact that when a youth he frequently heard Randolph speak under most favorable circumstances, was educated in his district, and saw him among his constituents. 2d. Because he has been thrown into the circle of Randolph's most intimate and confidential friends. 3d. Because all the evidence, which was very full, taken in regard to Randolph in the great trial when his will was contested, has been put in his hands. 4th. Randolph's personal friends have afforded him every assistance, in the way of personal narration and the furnishing of correspondence; and 5th. The author has had free access to the library of Congress, the files of the Richmond Enquirer, and to other valuable published documents. This evidence stated by such a man as Hugh A. Garland is certainly satisfactory. We welcome the work with pleasure, and hope to transfer to our columns extracts from it at some future time.

Jamaica in 1850: or The Effects of Sixteen Years of Freedom on a Slave Colony. By John Bigelow. New York and London: George P. Putnam.

This work has interested us exceedingly as being a most discriminating investigation into the causes which have led to the prostration of trade and agriculture in an island which was formerly one of the most productive in the world, and a clear conclusive statement of the workings of certain causes which promise to restore the ancient prosperity. Mr. Bigelow has distinguished himself during his

connection with the Evening Post as a writer of rare force and efficiency. We regard him as one of the best newspaper writers in the country, and by this epithet we pay him the highest compliment. Rare and varied endowments are required for the successful conducting of an influential Paper—Sound judgment, rapid apprehension, vigorous thought, and a nervous, condensed and pointed expression are among the essential elements.

Grahame: or, Youth and Manhood. A Romance.
By the Author of "Talbot and Vernon."

This work has been published this season by Baker & Scribner, and is, we understand, widely popular.

Poetry for Schools: Designed for Reading and Recitation. By the Author of "American Popular Lessons," "Primary Dictionary," "Classic Tales," etc., etc. A new and revised Edition, with additions. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis.

The title of this work sufficiently vindicates its character. Compilations like this are always interesting and valuable, and calculated to inspire in the youthful mind a desire to read and know more of the authors of whose works he here catches glimpses—a desire which will be gratified by consulting their unabridged productions.—The selections that make up this volume do not in all cases ascend with the dictates of our taste, but they could hardly be poor, gleaned as they are from Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, &c., and our American poets, Bryant, Hallock, Longfellow, Willis, &c.

First Greek Book; on the plan of the First Latin Book. By Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M. A. Carefully Revised and Improved, by Rev. J. A. Spencer, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.

The "Arnold Series," of which this volume forms a component part, are very popular, and deservedly so, among teachers. They are more systematically arranged, more full and thorough than others. It is agreeable also to observe the progress that is being made in the style of publishing school books. This, for example, is printed in a very excellent manner, on fine paper, in clear type, and with good binding.

India and the Hindoos: Being a Popular View of the Geography, History, Government, Manners, Customs, Literature and Religion of that Ancient People; with an account of Christian Missions among them. By F. De W. Ward, late Missionary at Madras, and member of the "American Oriental Society." New York: Baker & Scribner.

This volume is another evidence of the immense incidental good the Christian missionary is effecting in his additions to the geography, history and science of the world. We may safely say that no class of people have so increased the stock of in-

formation concerning foreign lands as our missionaries. Sent forth with the torch of the gospel to dispel the darkness of heathen lands, they have reflected back to the country of their birth a flood of intellectual light that demands the gratitude of all educated minds.

In this work Mr. Ward presents the information concerning India, accumulated during a vigorous observation of ten years. He treats fully and accurately of its geography, natural productions, history, government, literature, religion, the peculiarities and condition of its people, and the present state of Christian missions within its borders. The book is well printed in clear type and embellished with a good map of India and several lithographs, illustrative of the customs of the Hindoos.

A Peep at the Pilgrims in Sixteen Hundred Thirty-Six. A Tale of Olden Times. By Mrs. H. V. Cheney. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A cursory glance at this book is all the attention that we could bestow; and this has inclined us to regard it as a tale of much interest. It is published in good style by the enterprising firm who are now issuing the admirable "Boston Edition" of Shakspeare.

History and Geography of the Middle Ages. For Colleges and Schools. By George Washington Greene, author of "Life of Gen. Greene," "Historical Studies," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.

Prof. Greene has entered upon a work which has needed to be done by somebody for this long time—and that is to prepare a series of Histories calculated for the students of academies and colleges, and promotive of a love for historical study. The book before us is a translation of a popular French work which has passed rapidly through several editions.—It contains, in addition to what would be distinctively called the history, a synchronic table which is full and complete, genealogies of the sovereigns of the different races, chronological series, and valuable analytical summary at the head of each chapter. The work is comprised in 450 small octavo pages.

The Artist's Chromatic Hand-Book. Being a Practical Treatise on Pigments: their Properties and Uses in Painting. By John P. Ridner. New York: George P. Putnam.

All, who know Mr. Ridner entertain no doubts in regard to his singular capability for the preparation of such a work, and his personal popularity will not be likely to prevent them from expressing their convictions.

Mr. Ridner's place of business is in the American Art Union Building, No. 497 Broadway, and we cordially commend his articles both literary and pigmental to our artist-friends.

The Night Side of Nature; or, Ghosts and Ghost-Seers. By Catherine Crowe, Authoress of "Susan Hopley," "Lilly Dawson," "Aristodemus," etc. New York: J. S. Redfield. Boston: B. Mussey & Co.

After all the investigations, discoveries and sciences of the last century, the fruits of an activity of mind greatly quickened, there still remains much that is mysterious, much that is unexplained. There is a "night-side of Nature," and the stars that twinkle in it seem as yet but to reveal the unpenetrated darkness. Yet there is hope that some progress is making towards a better understanding of that department of natural phenomena of which this book treats. In the mind of every one, we think, there is a suspicion, ill defined though it may be, yet acknowledged to oneself, that there is *some* truth in apparitions, second-sight and fulfilment of dreams, that there is a reliable essence, a genuine fact, underlying all the mysterious, ill-authenticated stories of ghosts and ghost-seers, of remarkable presentiments and portentous visions. In some this suspicion is developed into a fear that there may be truth in them or a desire that there might be. A few, and those not superstitious or unenlightened, have full faith that there is a great department of truth yet undiscovered which is to be gained through the gate of dreams. This is a strange age—an age of marvel, of unrest, of wonderful discoveries and unforeseen accomplishments; and it is well for every one to have an hearing ear, and an open mind. If all that is narrated concerning the night-side of Nature is false and fabulous, investigation will not injure us while it will dispel the fog of error, and if perchance there be truth where some have only looked for delusion, it is sad to turn away and lose it by inattention or skepticism. Let us regard the new theories and professed discoveries with patient attention, for thereby error is overthrown and truth is established. And we should bear in mind that "it shall come to pass afterward, that your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

This book presents a large amount of anecdotes, concerning dreams, presentiments, wraiths, haunted houses, apparitions, and so forth, which are certainly very curious; and many of the anecdotes are established by what seems indisputable evidence.

Music: As it was, And as it is. By N. E. Cornwall, M. A., Rector of Trinity Church, Fairfield, Conn. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.

This work of 140 pages, seems to us well elaborated and thorough. The history of music, from the earliest days, evidences a good deal of research. The tone of the work is philosophical as well as historical. It is instructive, without being specially

brilliant. It comprises treatises on the Past Progress of Music, the Present State of Music, the True Standard of Modern Music, the Proper Style of Sacred Music, and the Due Performance of Sacred Music.

Numa Pompilius, Second King of Rome. By the late Chevalier De Florian, Member of the Royal Academies of France, Spain, etc. Translated from the French, by J. A. Ferris. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

We are not familiar with the writings of Florian, but Mr. Ferris says that they "are universally admired by all who have read them. Their style is that of graceful simplicity, with elegance, delicacy of sentiment, and purity of language. They are often poetical in spirit, and in sentiment present a reflection of his own pure heart.

"Numa was written to show to Louis and the French nation a pattern monarch; to illustrate the relative duties of prince and people, of protection and subjection, with some of the leading motives of action which ought to govern the conduct of a king and his subjects.

"In its design and execution, it resembles more nearly the Telemachus of Fenelon than any other work; and yet there is no such pursuance of identity in the plot or machinery as to carry a semblance of plagiarism.

"There is no good reason why a work of such interest as Numa should longer remain a sealed book to three-fourths of our population. It can hardly fail to please them, and will soon be found to contain 'much wheat with little chaff.'

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

No. 27, contains the play of Troilus & Cressida. As we have often said in substance before, the Boston Edition is the edition of Shakspeare. Its letter press and engravings are really refreshing by their beauty.

A Concise Practical Grammar of the English Language, with Exercises in Analysis and Parsing. By J. T. Champlin, Professor in Waterville College. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A new grammar may be wanted—we cannot say. Those who think one is, will be gratified by the present publication.

No. 2 of "The Green Hand, a short yarn," is published by Harper & Brothers, of which No. 1 has been noticed in our columns.

History of Madame Roland, by John S. C. Abbott, is published by Harper & Brothers. This is the best of the series that we have examined. It embraces the most interesting events of the French Revolution, and is full of suggestive descriptions. The portrait of Madame Roland is very superior. The engravings and letter press are excellent.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"**V**ERY late," is it? "Yes, very late; it's 12 o'clock and I'm off. So said, a moment ago, the one who at present officiates admirably as our "chum." He had been nodding a farewell to the fire-grate, to us, and to the world in general for some minutes, when he concluded a particularly impressive jerk with the above brief statement of facts, and with the implied advice that we ought to follow his example, left for the region of sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. Yes, we ought to be "off" too, but then these "small hours" are so very pleasant, and many a night do we indulge ourselves in the enjoyment of their delicious quiet—why should we not to-night?

"It's 12 o'clock." Yes, another day has dropped into the engulfsing Past and a new day has come to the world freighted with new labors and struggles, and joys and sorrows, and hopes and plans, and discomfitures and victories. We "know not what a day may bring forth," but we know in general that it will bring sorrow to some, joy to others, toil to most, success to a few, disappointment to many, and the end of days to those on whom the sun has shone for the last time. Ah! how little do we know of all the experiences, of thrilling interest that this day will develope in each human life! It makes one's heart beat quicker to brood over the possibilities that may be bound up in the dark, dread Future; but there is a charm in musing at the close of a day's experience, for, thank Heaven! there are many in this world, wretched and fallen as the world is, who cannot look back upon a single day that did not send at least one beam of bright, warm sunshine into their souls, that did not contribute at least one precious joy to the garner of treasured memories. We, dear reader, are among that number—both of us, are we not? Yet there is mingled sadness in the musings on a day that is past. There might have been more good accomplished than has been accomplished, even by the worthiest of us. There was one sunny word unspoken that might have been spoken, was there not? There was one deed of thoughtful kindness undone that might have been done—at least one. We all might have been more wide-embracing in our sympathies, more gushing in our affections, more faithful in our duties, calmer amidst annoyances, braver amidst discouragements,—happier, 'hopefuller,' better, every way—might we not? And there is that good resolution, made at the opening of the day, which has not been kept. Ah! it is sad to think that another is added to the neglected duties that lie gathering dust in the forgotten corners of one's determination.

This death of the old day and birth of a new one

reminds us that what we are writing now will stand at the commencement of a new year in our "Editor's Table," holding the same relation to it in time that this hour does to the new day, and that now if ever is given the privilege of wishing our readers "A Happy New Year." Yet a little figuring on the part of any one will disclose the fact that this must have been written somewhere in the month of November, 1850; and it seems too bad to welcome the New Year so joyously and put off the Old Year so readily, when this latter personage is yet so hale and hearty. It's a moral anachronism, and we can't consent to it! Even now he is alternately blustering and wailing at our possible hard-heartedness. We heard his rebuke from the chimney-top, and now he is scowling darkly through the window-pane and rattling the sash to startle us.

Yet what we have written on the close of the day is applicable to the close of the year, and when, on the night of the 31st of December, you, dear reader, are watching the coming in of the New Year, when in silence your are musing, perhaps in sadness—it may be, in deep and tearful sorrow, for few of us there are who will not have an aching void that the loss of some dear friend has left behind—perhaps in gushing thankfulness that the near and dear ones are all spared—perhaps in humble penitence for the many, many sins that have clouded last year's record—perhaps in forebodings on the Future—perhaps in brave hopes and firm resolves and valiant thoughts—whether it be with any or all of these that your soul is full at that time, you may know that there is one in this wide world who is wishing you, with all his heart, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

....There is one subject upon which we flatter ourselves that we are capable of giving valuable advice—one upon which we have long wished to address our friends; one of great importance as connected with health, happiness and usefulness, though concerning which most people, and especially educated people, are strangely ignorant—we refer to the subject of GYMNASTICS. As our advice will be in the form of the narrative of a personal experience, we would ask the favor of dropping the screen of an editorial "we," and standing forth on the platform of individuality represented by the personal pronoun "I;" and I trust that my friends will exercise charity for this act of apparent egotism, though of real necessity. The deep interest I feel in the subject, as connected with health, has alone induced me to describe briefly my own experience in gymnastics.

Three years ago last summer the writer of this

article was a miserable invalid. He was pale, thin, dyspeptic, desponding, and generally uncomfortable to himself and his friends. His chest was sunken, his posture stooping, and his gait listless. This unfortunate state of things was induced by a sedentary life and too close application to books and the writing-desk. *Six weeks of out-of-door exercise in the country wrought some improvement, and if it could by possibility have been continued might have restored vigor; but writing and study must be resumed, and it was a problem how at the same time to recover and retain health. In this emergency the advantages of the Gymnasium were set forth to me, and I was lead to join the one of Charles F. Ottignon, in Canal street. I spent about one hour of each day in the exercises and followed them with a bath. They consist in ascending a ladder with the hands in different ways, pulling and raising weights, turning the body in rings suspended from the ceiling, throwing the body along parellel bars, and by a variety of methods carrying out the fundamental plan of bringing into full and thorough play and severe tension each of the two hundred and fifty-seven pairs of muscles in the body. At the same time I was practising myself more or less, though with no great regularity, in the "breathing exercises," recommended by the vocalist Russell and the physician Fitch.*

My muscular strength began to increase immediately, and so steadily, that for months scarcely a day passed that I did not accomplish somefeat impossible to be done the day before. Digestion improved in the same ratio, and soon became perfect. The rich color of health came to my cheek and elasticity to my step. My weight also rapidly increased. When I commenced it was only one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. At the end of three months it was *one hundred and sixty*. In one

fortnight I gained twelve pounds, or one each day, "Sundays excepted," and really it was an exhilarating pleasure to bring down the scales to the tune of one additional pound at every visit. (I made a present to my landlady in consideration of this circumstance.) In less than a year my chest had increased in size by actual measurement nearly five inches.

The difference in the amount of literary labor that I was able to accomplish during the first winter's attendance at the Gymnasium as compared with the previous one was remarkable. Previously I was exhausted by ninety minutes of continuous writing, but now I could and have composed for *ten* hours with scarcely an interruption to the motion of my pen. My gymnastics cost *time*—nearly two hours of solid time out of the business part of the day, but I found it good economy to spend them in this way, as I could accomplish as much in eight hours as before in twelve. And, more than this, my "*animal spirits*" became so exuberant. Joy and hope took the place of gloom and despondency. Existence itself—the mere consciousness of being—was a delight—a luxury, and I felt when walking an almost incessant impulse to *bound*, from the simple excitement of perfect health. And only six months before life had been a burden: with sluggish step I had dragged myself about, while a settled foreboding of evil lay cold at my heart.

During the past three years the usual course of perfect health has been interrupted only when I have neglected the Gymnasium, and by one slight attack of a contagious disease. My experience is not an isolated one. I could multiply instances of the most striking restoration of health, of elasticity of mind, and removal of nervous debility consequent upon faithful attendance at the Gymnasium.

I recal now the case of an acquaintance who had been attacked with bleeding at the lungs, and was about going South as a *dernier ressort*. He was persuaded to try the Gymnasium, and though considered a confirmed consumptive, he went to work, improved daily, and at the last account stood as fair a chance for good lungs and a long life as any of us. I would also refer to the case of a lady-friend who was suffering from general debility, and moreover was subject to sudden *faintings*, about which there was no affectation. With scarcely a second's warning and without apparent cause she would become completely unconscious. These increased in frequency until she and her friends were thoroughly alarmed, but could find no remedy.—She was at last persuaded to attend the Gymnasium, and came to New York for the purpose.—In a few weeks the faintings ceased altogether, and in three months her health was so improved that she surpassed most ladies in vigorous appearance and in muscular and mental elasticity.

*These consist in inhaling pure air steadily and deliberately, until every air-vessel of the lungs is filled to its utmost capacity, and then expiring it as slowly as possible, taking care at the same time not to use the chest as a bellows, but to keep it out firm and full, and supplying the vacuum, caused by the expiration, by raising the diaphragm. Many perform this exercise with the assistance of a tube made for the purpose. I did not use one, but gained the object by contracting the muscles of the throat, in which there is the additional advantage of strengthening the vocal organs. This is the course recommended by Russell. A goose quill, cut at both ends, makes as good a tube as any, only it does not *cost* quite enough to be fashionable. In commencing these breathings almost every one is made faint; but this effect is soon overcome. Their power to increase the capacity of the lungs is truly wonderful.

I have no doubt that almost all cases of consumption, nervous debility, dyspepsia, and the theological bronchitis might be prevented and many of them cured by this course. There is no need of going to Florida, or Hayti, or Europe, for health—only go to the GYMNASIUM. We would appeal to young students, especially to collegians, to ministers, and to all those who lead sedentary lives, to think on these things." Ye who have a slight "hacking" cough, or a miserable digestion, or an occasional headache, or a feeling of lassitude, and lack of energy, bear in mind that the cough may become consumption, the indigestion dyspepsia, the headache fever, the lassitude uselessness, and each and all an early death—and that these may be cured by vigorous gymnastics, you spared to your friends, and a violation of Nature's laws not result in a "mysterious dispensation of Providence." You can have health if you will have it. Will you not take the comfort of having it? And to my readers of the gentler sex, I would respectfully but earnestly advise attendance at the Gymnasium. Ye who are pale and stooping, and miserable and "nervous," who are losing the bloom of youth at twenty-five, and becoming prematurely gray at thirty, you will find exercise the best of cosmetics. It will restore color to your cheek as well as roundness to your form, and happiness to your heart, too. What say you to throwing back your shoulders, loosening the corsets, inflating the lungs, working at the Gymnasium, and becoming healthy and robust like the women of England?

The clergy of the land especially should turn serious attention to this subject. They need, more than any class, the exercise and recreation which the Gymnasium affords. There is in my mind's eye now a young minister, with whose friendship I am favored, who needs precisely this and nothing else for his temporal salvation. He wishes to do much good, and he studies hard and preaches well. But he is beginning to feel "Mondayish," and before long he will feel *Tuesdayish*, and then he will need the tender sympathies of the female part of his congregation, and finally he will ask for a dismission on the ground of ill health, and that is the last that will be heard of him.

In conclusion, I would remark that I have attended Mr. Ottignon's Gymnasium, No. 15 Canal street, because I deem it unsurpassed by any. Mr. O. is generous in his dealings, thoughtful in his attentions, and unwearied in his kindnesses. His establishment is more largely patronized than any in the city, as indeed it is the oldest. Mr. O. has lately opened another one at 598 Broadway, and is employing a Professor of Gymnastics, for the instruction of regular classes, who is an artist of the first order. He has also formed, we are most happy to hear, a class of ladies. His rooms are fitted up with every facility and convenience, not only for

exercise, but also for bathing and dressing, and his terms are very reasonable.

But, one of my friends in the country remarks, "All very well, your notions are good, you live in New York, and can attend Ottignon's Gymnasium—but what shall I do? there is no Ottignon with his ladders, and spring boards and parallel bars and ropes, and baths, and excellent instruction, here in the country." I say to such an one, get a gymnasium built in your place. If you are unable to do it yourself, club with twenty others, and then the expense will bear very lightly on each. One of the twenty will volunteer to come to New York, and see Ottignon's as a sample. The cost will be as nothing, compared with the loss by the sickness from which it may save you. And what shall we say to the lengthening of your life ten or twenty years?

And is it not the duty of every college corporation to erect a Gymnasium, with gymnastics a part of the regular course of education, and if possible employ a Professor of the art? It is estimated that about one out of every hundred of young men in our colleges dies each year. Most of their lives might have been saved by proper bodily exercise. The "mens sana" is regarded, but the "in sano corpore" is woefully neglected. Would we not all "rejoice more for that one saved, than for the ninety and nine?"

H. F.

....If there be any season of the year when those innocent denizens of the deep, oysters, are particularly "good," it is at this holiday time, the very depth and centre of winter. We own a "feeling," amounting to a decided *penchant* for shell fish "of that ilk," and we are almost ready to avow ourselves proselytes to the faith of that philosopher, who traced the human race from its present proud eminence, back and down to its origin in a bivalve; whence by gradual encouragement and gentle solicitations to progress, it has emerged till it actually returns to "plague its inventor" and becomes a paradoxical Saturn, devouring not its children, but its ancestors. There is a sympathy between man and oysters, that seems to imply, if it does not express, something in the way of "relation," stronger, more intimate and less selfish, than that generally existing between the eater and the eaten. There is a love for, and delight in oysters, so general and universal, that it seems to indicate a bond of union, and a link of fellow feeling, less carnal and sensuous than that ordinarily existing between the appetite and its satisfier. We are not prepared to say how long a time would be required for an oyster to grow to the full estate of a perfected "human," or through how many ages the progressive development must go on, ere the ultimate result was effected, and the shell was exchanged for a "free stone front above Bleeker," and the thin mem-

brane now protective of oyster delicacy, for the "fall and winter styles of 1850." We cannot say how many cycles would revolve, ere the bivalve forgot the music of the ocean's constant song, and attuned his instructive ear, to the voice of the vast organ in "Trinity," or how many transitions he would pass through, or how many transmutations meet, ere he found himself in his own box at the Opera on a "Subscriber's night." We can not resolve these doubts, nor could we positively define the degree of intelligence with which he would exercise the elective franchise, nor can we assert his probable position upon the Pelagian controversy. But we will turn from this wild speculation, to a certain heresy that is obtaining credence in some quarters. It has been said by "one of old" that "the ostrich is the stupidest of birds, the ass of beasts, and the oyster of fish"—to so much of this, as is applicable to oysters, we enter our protest and "join issue." No man is more hilarious in his disposition, none possesses more jucundity of spirit, or amenity of manner, than a professed admirer of testacea. No food more readily incorporates with the tissues and fluids of the system, none more gently glides into the circulation, none more quietly mingles with the health-inspiring, life-giving essences of the body, none more freely induces the "peristaltic and vermicular motion," none more genially promotes the joyous and amiable emotions and feelings of the heart—causing the face to shine with very glee, and the heart to leap in ecstasy. Now on the principle that "like begets like," these results could not be produced, if indeed the oyster were the "stupidest of fish." And "again" on the same principle, if man be actually descended from this much abused fish, it seems strange that he should attain the dignity of one but "little lower than the angels." So there is one "Roorback" nailed to the wall, one philosophical delusion dissipated, one falsehood "boarded."

....We have received several books within the last few days which were too late for a notice in the appropriated place, and of which we would briefly speak here. Putnam has published a very valuable work, entitled "A General View of the Fine Arts, Critical and Historical," with an introduction by D. Huntington. In this publication, a genuine want and one of long standing is supplied. Those desiring the introduction of the study of the Fine Arts into our schools have always been embarrassed by the want of just such a Manual as this is. Its arrangement as well as subject matter adapts it to use as a text-book, without at all stiffening or stupefying it, as is often done in school book manufacturing. It will be welcomed by many home readers and students, and find a place on as many parlor tables, and the artist will give it more than a look of sympathy.

The table of contents is most complete, and seems to promise too much, but the solid contents prove the promise true. We would suggest as an improvement, the addition of an alphabetical index and a brief Dictionary of technical terms.

We have noticed among its many good parts, the high views of Art, its nature, office and end; the criticisms on works and artists; the distinction between talent and genius; the rules and the standpoint of the artist and critic; the quotations from the best authors; and withal its artistic, and we may say poetical, as well as erudite character.

The modesty of the authoress in concealing her name is an anomaly in the present history of literature. We admire it especially in an authoress, but we are strongly tempted to call on Mr. Huntington, whose excellent introduction is the preface of the book, and ascertain if possible the name of the attractive "Anon."

Putnam has also published a beautiful edition of the noted Beranger's poems, excellently translated from the French by William Young; no one can fail to enjoy the admirable democratic sympathies and the caustic satire of these poems. The same house has issued Vol. 4 of the Leather-Stocking Tales by Cooper, entitled "The Pioneers," in the elegant uniform edition, of which the three previous ones have been already noticed in our columns: also "The World's Progress, a Dictionary of Dates, with Tabular views of General History, and a Historical Chart," edited by G. P. Putnam. This is a work of 700 pages, of whose value to the student as a book of reference there is no estimating. It will save a deal of research and labor among ponderous histories and encyclopedias, and every reading man ought to have it.

....Collins, Brothers, of this city, have published a magnificent edition of Esop's Fables, one worthy of this inestimable classic. The wood cuts with which it is generously illustrated are exquisite.—A full notice of this book was prepared for the December Number, but it (the book) presented such irresistible attractions to some unknown individual that he eloped with it to parts equally unknown. This is no fable, we assure our readers, and if said individual will only restore the property, we will give him a half dozen other books we have, in exchange for it.

....Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston, have published in beautiful style "Astraea," [a poem, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, at the last Commencement, by O. W. Holmes. Holmes has the richest vein of humor and good-natured satire of any poet in America or indeed of the age, and this is one of his good things. We hope to have some for an extract in the next number. The same house have published the miscellanies of De Quincy, the author of "The Opium-Eater." These are capital, and in justice to our

own admiration we shall discuss them more at length at a future time.

....Elias Howe, No. 11, Cornhill, Boston, has published the 3d volume of "The Boston Melodeon," a collection of secular Melodies, consisting of songs, glees, rounds and catches. We do not recall any book of the kind we have liked so well for the character of its pieces or one better adapted to the social circle or glee club. It is arranged by Baker and Southard.

....William Hall & Son, No. 239 Broadway, N. Y., have lately made the addition to their valuable assortment of music of "Jenny Lind's Salutation to America," poetry by Epes Sargent, Esq. and music by Maurice Strakosch; "Welcome to Jenny Lind," a waltz for the piano, by Strakosch; "Take this Lute," a ballad sung by Jenny Lind, the music by Jules Benedict, and the poetry by E. Fitzball; and a song entitled "Why do Summer Roses fade," the music by George Barker and the words by J. E. Carpenter. All these are pieces of the choicest character. When our musical friends obtain them we would advise them to get at the same time, if they have not already, the piece entitled "I welcome thee with gladness," from the opera of "La Norma," which is exquisite. The piece entitled "The Conqueror's Last Sleep," published by Hall & Son, and Jacques & Bros., is fair.

....D. Appleton & Co. have published a beautiful gift book for the holidays, entitled "Sacred Scenes or Passages in the life of our Saviour, by various eminent writers, embellished with sixteen steel engravings." We commend this book not only for its beauty but for the intrinsic excellence of its articles. We cannot be too familiar with the life and precepts of Him who is ever to be our guide and exemplar in the path of duty and in the way of peace.

....We greet with sincere pleasure the collection of Sacred Music by Richard Storrs Willis, published by Clark, Austin & Smith, 205 Broadway. There is no one in whose ability for the preparation of such a work we feel a more trusting confidence than in Mr. Willis's, inspired by the delicacy and accuracy of his musical taste, the thoroughness of his musical education and the native energy of his genius. Mr. W. has spent nearly seven years in Germany, devoted to the study of his favorite science under the best masters. Even before he had profited by the advantages of such a life he composed the "Glen-Mary Waltzes," widely and favorably known. His music has a tenderness and seriousness which touches the finer feelings of the soul. This work commences with a "Prelude," giving a brief but valuable history of church music, which is followed by noble thoughts on worship as connected with music, and a pertinent and forcible advocacy of congregational singing, for which we hope to have room in our next number. The tunes

arranged under the head of "Chorals" include those the most cherished and revered. The department of "Choir Studies" contains 78 pieces of a character suited to choir practice and to the social and home circle. The work is published in a style in harmony with its subject matter.

....M. W. Dodd has published "A Pastor's Sketches, or conversations with anxious enquirers respecting the way of salvation, by Ichabod S. Spencer, D. D., Pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn." We regret that the recent reception of this work prevents a careful examination of its contents, and that we can do no more than to direct the attention to it as one designed to shed light upon the path of him who is honestly and earnestly seeking the way of life.

....A. S. Barnes & Co. have published "Christian Melodies, a selection of Hymns and Tunes, designed for social and private worship in the lecture-room and the family." The fact that the hymns contained in this volume are selected and arranged by Dr. Cheever, and the music by Sweetzer is incontestable evidence of its excellence. It is an octavo of 250 pages, and is published in the chaste, attractive style that, we may say, characterises all the books issued by Barnes & Co.

....Before this number is published Jenny Lind will have left New York for her southern and western tour—and we would say to our friends scattered throughout the country—*don't fail to hear her*. Let no exertion be spared and no energy be unexercised which may ensure the unequalled privilege. Be sure that you do not lay up sad regrets for your after life by any neglect in the attainment of this object. Jenny Lind is a gift granted to this world only once in a century, and we *may* not all live to enjoy the blessing of the next cycle. Our impressions of her music have been very fully given, and we need only add that a repeated hearing of it seems but to increase our conviction of the sure foundation on which our delight and enthusiasm are based.

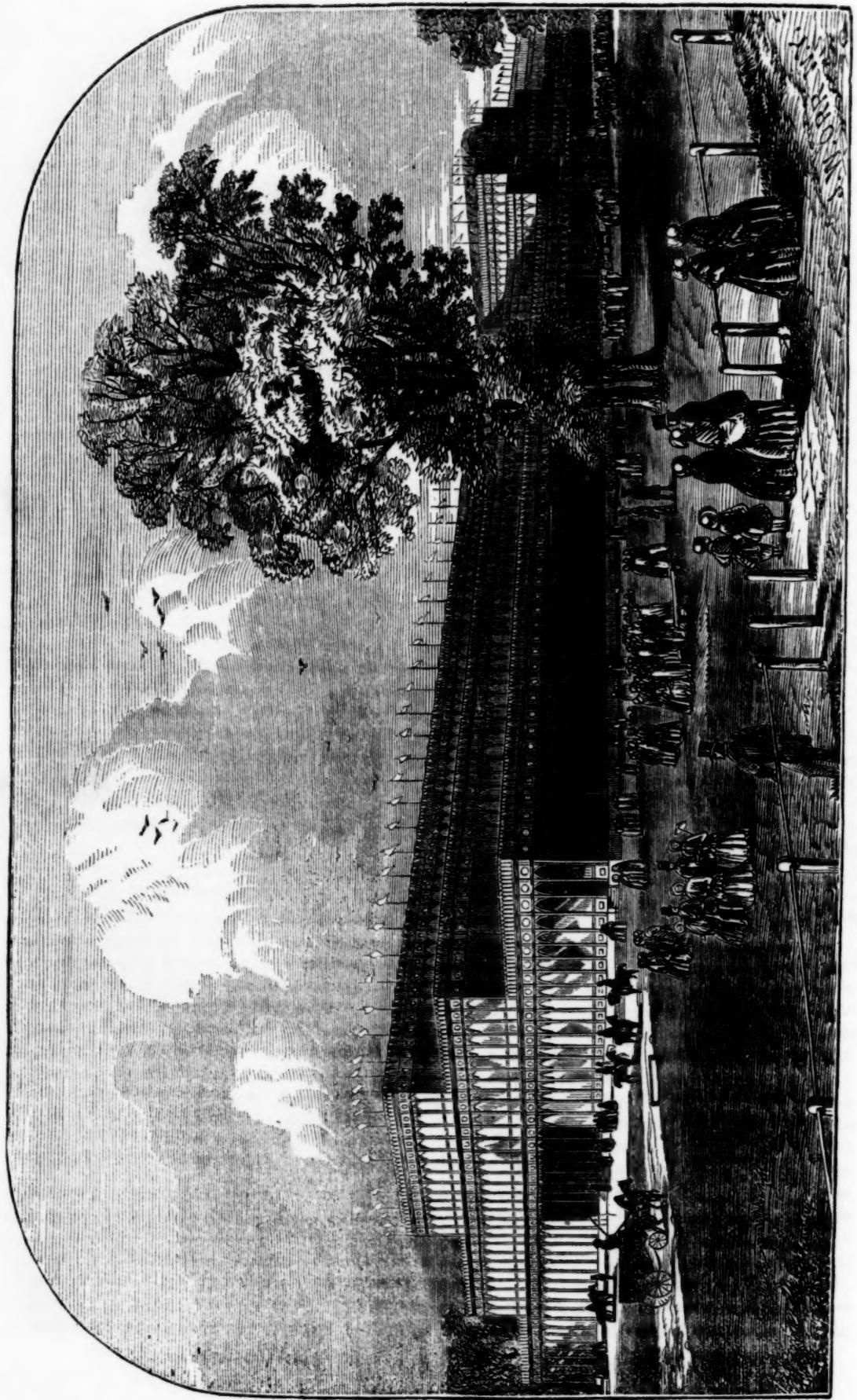
....We would mention again the intention, of which we have hinted before, of publishing shorter articles and increasing the variety of the Magazine—and to all our contributors we would give the pass-word—CONDENSE. Long subscription-lists, but short articles, are suited to our taste.

....Just as we are closing the record for this month a friend has handed us the Catalogue of the Brooklyn Female Academy, and though we have but a moment to glance at it, that moment has been excellently improved by the perusal of a poem entitled "The Union of the Seas," which evidences true genius.

The Academy is in a most flourishing condition; its teachers are the *elite* of their profession, and Mr. Crittenden, its Principal, enjoys a reputation to which our humble tribute could make no addition.

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF CONCORD.



THE CHRYSTAL PALACE OF CONCORD.

SUCH is the name given to the magnificent building which is in the process of erection in Hyde Park, London, to contain the contributions of all nations for the great Exhibition of 1851. The universal interest felt in this subject, has induced us to present an engraving of the projected building—an interest which will constantly widen and deepen as the time for the exhibition approaches. This wonderful production of art is 1848 feet long by 408 broad, covering about 18 acres of ground, and giving with the galleries an exhibiting surface of 21 acres. The total cubic contents will be 33,000,000 feet, giving room for forming 8 miles of exhibition tables. A gallery round the inside will extend nearly a mile. The number of columns will be 3230, varying in length from 14 feet 6 inches to 20 feet. They with the sashes and glass will be throughout similar in form. There will be 2244 cast-iron girders for supporting the galleries and roofs, 1128 intermediate bearers, and 358 wrought iron trusses. The gutters for carrying off the water, ingeniously carried through the columns, will be 34 miles in length. There will be 282 miles of sash bars and 900,000 superficial feet of glass. Some wood will be used for joists and flooring, but the most of the building material will be glass and iron, the entire outside being composed of them. The entire cost of erecting and maintaining the building for use, is estimated at £150,000, or about \$750,000. It is proposed, however, to dispose of the materials after the close of the exhibition, in which event the expense will be reduced to £79,800. While the actual labor of construction proceeds, a vast amount of preparatory work goes on simultaneously. Sash bars, window frames, &c., are got ready by hundreds of workmen under neighboring sheds. Piles of material are collected in every part of the ground, and at the 1st of December three-fourths of it was on hand, 900 hands were then employed, soon to be increased to 1500. The iron work is all brought from Birmingham. The glass is all furnished by one firm. The timber used is from the Baltic, and of excellent quality. Gas has been laid in the grounds and the work is continued during most or all of the night. Within a commodious set of offices the heads of departments regulate the work and prescribe the decision of labor to be pursued. An ingenious

system of brass checks or tokens has been devised to determine the number of hours per day for which each man has labored, and the pay which is due him. The whole business is carried on in the most systematic and orderly manner, and it is very remarkable with how little noise and bustle the work proceeds. Nearly everything is brought on the ground ready to be put up, and the loudest sound which reaches the ear is the occasional click of the hammer, "closing up rivets." Over so large a space the noise of labor is lost, and the building rises almost as noiselessly as did Solomon's temple. Not only will America furnish her full share of articles for the exhibition, but the ingenuity of one of her sons is likely to be brought into exercise for the erection of the building itself. We learn that Mr. Benjamin Hardinge of Cincinnati, has proposed to cover the iron columns, pilasters, entablatures, &c., with a kind of porcelain or variegated enamel, giving them the richness and beauty of the choicest polished marble and precious stones, viz:—the agate, chalcedony jasper and other silicious formations. He also proposes to apply liquid silicates to the glass in variegated colored crystals, in prismatic or softly blended rainbow tints, which will give a beautiful mellow light to the interior and supersede the blinds which were at first proposed to modify the glare of light through such an immense surface of glass. The expense of this will be comparatively small. The material being composed of quartz or white sand dissolved in large quantities through the agency of hydrofluoric acid, and other solvents. It is said to be the cheapest finish upon iron or glass ever known, is applied with great facility, and so hard as not to be moved by a file.

The building will have been completed when this article reaches our readers, "and a vast temple," says an English paper, "will have been raised, in which the brotherhood of nations is to be celebrated—a temple enjoying the temperature of June, at once thoroughly ventilated and refreshed, light in appearance as a bamboo cane, and strong as a Norman Keep, with decorations as graceful as those of the Alhambra, and resembling nothing perhaps that was ever before erected, but some gigantic conservatory at once graceful and magnificent."

A SKETCH OF NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

G. O. A. HEAD, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER III.

SIXTEEN years had passed, and Gustavus Head was a tall, fine looking, energetic man, with his feet planted firmly on the stage of busiest action. One moment he was here, the next he was there. You could not go one way, or another, in the village, that you did not see him gliding across the street, or rapidly disappearing at a corner. If you went to Concord, you saw him there; if to Boston, he was there before you; you heard his strong voice among some of the knots of men through which you made your way on Washington street. If a friend wrote to you from New York, she said, "I saw your neighbor, Mr. Head, running against people on Broadway, yesterday."

Gustavus was in love too. One knows that he must make hot work of this; and he did. At the time this chapter opens, he was at Mrs. Hadley's, waiting in his fiery, impatient way, Fanny's answer to his proposals of marriage.

"I am off!" exclaimed he, starting quickly to his feet. "Fanny Hadley, I can wait no longer! You would never need weeks for your deliberations, if you loved me as I require!"

Fanny still held him back with his hand in both hers; and her mild eyes full of tears, were upturned to his face. As his glance rested in hers, he seemed gradually softened into a greater degree of moderation, since first his frown disappeared altogether, and then a soft, genial smile broke over his features. He no longer strove to disengage his hand; but, on the contrary, he gathered the slender fingers of the girl into both his wide palms, bowed gently towards her and said, "Fanny—dear, good Fanny! pardon my impatience. I am forever losing patience, you know."

The very thing Fanny was thinking about at that moment. He was always, or at least, so often, impatient! He had a dear, generous heart. She loved him for his generous heart, so far above everything mean, selfish and grovelling! She loved him for his strength. It was grateful to think of leaning on him, of being sustained, cherished by him—she was so sensitive! she had so little courage! she shrank so instinctively from everything tumultuous and stirring! Truly, she loved him with her whole heart; she was ready to kneel

to him, because he had such strength and daring! because the mightier the obstacles, the dearer to him the encounter; the greater the clamor and confusion, the greater pleasure he had in adjusting things, in bringing them into harmonious movement. She could have knelt to him for these manly attributes; but she shrank from the harshness, the impetuosity, both of his actions and his words. He would not be systematically harsh and oppressive toward her; she had no fear of that; but he would snap her nerves off with his quick, momentary impatience. He would bear her down with it, at least, once perhaps, every day of her life: and if it would be over in an instant, if the next minute she might stand erect at his side, it would not be with her, with *them*, as if there were no simoons, no prostrations on her part as they passed. Gustavus' impatience was gathering afresh, as they stood there in silence. Why could not the girl say yes, or no? For his part, it was always an easy thing to say yes, or no; a quick, easy thing. Had he been deceiving himself? All the blushes, the sweet confusion, the gentle eye forever seeking his, and yet forever withdrawn when once they were found, the hand lying so soft and yieldingly within his own, the voice growing softer and more thrillingly tender every moment that they sauntered alone together, the whole face beaming with delight—had all these things been without a meaning? Or, having a meaning, had he misinterpreted it? Once—and it was three long weeks ago—they were alone together in that same room, on that same spot. He was so happy in being near her, he saw it so clearly that he never could be perfectly happy anywhere else; she seemed so happy with him, was so still, so tearful and beaming in her happiness, that he folded her in his arms, and told her in rapid words all his love for her. She wept, she lay in his arms trembling and without strength. To his impetuous questionings she at length answered, "Yes; I love you—I love you, Gustavus, as I never could love any one else, but—" He interrupted her; he pressed his lips to hers, and she returned the pressure, the loving kiss. When they became calm, he asked her to be his—to be his soon! He could not be happy until she was his! Would she be his soon?

She trembled and wept, but was silent. He must wait, she told him at last. She was so confused—she must be alone—she must

consider what she was doing. She loved him with her whole heart, she repeated; she had long loved him: but she must be alone, and think about it.

Good heavens! this was more than the impetuous Gustavus could comprehend. He remonstrated warmly: but finding that he only grieved her, he dropped her hand, bowed slightly, grumbled a "Good night," and he left her.

He had waited three weeks, if waiting it can be called, going over in the morning, at noon, in the evening; begging, sighing, fretting, at length going off heartily vexed, and determined to call not once again on the incomprehensibly wavering, stupid girl, who never would know her own mind, her own wish and will, any better than she knew it in this instance; who would probably always move in snail-like paces, getting under his feet, holding him back with her slow deliberations, hindering and plaguing him in ten thousand ways. No! he would none of it! He was glad she had not said, yes. He wanted no such snail at his side in his journey. Ah! but he did want just such a snail as Fanny; for his heart was sick and heavy at every thought of making said journey without her at his side, with her gentle eyes, her sweet voice, her soft, delicious lips. Upon these reflections he called again, and again; but, as we have already seen, with little reasonable hope of obtaining in that interview the so-coveted Yes. Fanny was silent, thinking of overpowering simoons; he, every moment, waxing more and more impatient. He dropped her hand, at length, clasped his own behind him, standing stiff and erect before her, with his eyes fixed sternly on her thoughtful and downcast face.

"Fanny, this is foolishness!" said he. "You torture yourself and me—or, at least, you torture me, when there is no need of it. You have known me always. You know, you have known all these three long weeks of hesitation, what I am, and whether you think me worthy of you." He hesitated: but Fanny did not speak. She should not certainly decide according to his wishes—and her own also, for hers were the same, with that harsh, dictatorial voice in her ear. "You insult me!" added he with renewed petulance. "I am going! I shall trouble you no more. Ellen Brooks—if I am not deceived, Ellen Brooks knows her mind already. I will go and offer myself to her before the sun sets tomorrow; for I am as angry as I can live! I care no more what becomes of me, if this business of choosing a wife is over, than—! Good night, Miss Fanny. I hope your conscience will let you have more peace than I shall find."

And he meant what he said. When he left

Mrs. Hadley's house, jerking the door spitefully behind him, he was determined to go tomorrow, and offer himself to Ellen Brooks, the intimate friend of his sister Jane, the laughing, prompt, energetic Ellen Brooks. If he could have slept upon his wrath, however, he would have taken no such rash steps. He would have reflected in the morning, as he had already done many times under similar provocations, that, if he must wait, Fanny had some good reason for it; and she was well worth waiting for—seven years, if she pleased that it should be so long. But it so happened that he met his fate at the door of his own home, in the person of the very Ellen Brooks, to whom he had just leagued himself. His sister Jane was there also, ready to accompany her friend half-way home in the light of the magnificent harvest-moon. Ellen laughed gaily at sight of him; she was in fact, always laughing.

"We were wishing you would come, to go home with Ellen," said his sister.

"Yes, come, Gust!" laughed Ellen, taking his arm, which as yet, he had not offered. "Come! you must beau me home. Good night, Jane. Pleasant dreams! pleasant dreams!"

She waved her hand at Jane; and then, still laughing of her own abundant good-nature, she went skipping down the carriage-sweep to the road, taking Gustavus along with her. She talked incessantly. She was telling him a gossiping little story when they reached her father's gate, and Gustavus led her on by, that he might hear the last of it. It was grateful to him after his passion, his fever, his torturing suspense, finding himself by the side of one so careless, so full to overflowing of laughter and gossip, that without effort of his own, his mind was carried far away from all his vexations.

"Slower, Gust! don't walk so like a nor'-wester, as grandfather calls it," said she, stopping short, half-breathless with her fast talking and fast walking.

The road where they stood lay close beside the river, towards which they turned.

"See the moon down there," said Ellen, pointing to a spot half-way across the stream, where the moonbeams lay. "See how it splinters and shivers the river up! as Fanny says. See the shadows away there among the hazels on the other bank; I never noticed it before. This is a pretty sort of old world, after all, aint it, Gust?—say! isn't it a good sort of old world, after all?"

It was a hateful old world to Gustavus, and had been, all the last three weeks. "I don't know," he replied, with a long-drawn sigh.

"Oh, it is! you may believe it on my word, if you are so stupid that you have not yet

found it out. See there, too ! see the shadows there in the river!"

"The reflections, you mean," replied Gustavus, whose eyes had been wandering from them to the moonbeams, and from the moonbeams to them, while he was likening himself to the one and Fanny to the other.

"Yes; the reflections," conceded Ellen. "Yes; that is it. But, Gust, don't prompt me again."

He smiled faintly, but remained silent.

"Isn't it a good world?" persisted she, in lively, mocking tones. "Say yes, or I will pinch the top of your long nose."

She ran her hand, as she spoke, up through the arm in which it was locked, placing her thumb and finger in nipping order within an inch of his nose. "Isn't it Gust?" she repeated, laughing merrily.

"Yes—yes, here by your side, Ellen; here in this glorious place, and with such a prompt, lively thing as you are, on my hands, things may go along glibly. If it might always be as now, one could get through the world in some way—" He made prisoners of the threatening digits and the fat palm to which they were the appendages, as he began speaking. "If—"

"If what, Gust? You are gloomy to-night." Her tones, although still merry as a bell, had sympathy in them. Gustavus felt his heart warming towards her at their sound; and, at the same time, and in the same degree, growing cold towards Fanny.

"Yes; I have been plagued to death!" said he gloomily, gathering the fingers he held into the neighborhood of his heart.

Ellen was silent. Her heart was in a flutter, still she averted her face, that he might not see that she was laughing at him and his gloominess.

"Ellen," he began; but hesitated immediately; for Fanny, with her sweet, gentle face came up before him. But what was Fanny Hadley to him? he mentally asked, so angry that he actually stamped on the ground where they stood. He wheeled around with Ellen, and led her homeward. "Ellen—" after a pause in which he pressed her hand closer and closer in his. "Ellen, if we can come to regard each other—" again the gentle face; again he paused; and then continued in an agitated voice—"If we could come to regard each other as my parents do—there is no passion between them, but they respect each other, they are suitable for each other, and this is as it had best be. I think such unions the happiest, or, at least the best for one, as then things go on smoothly and without too much feeling and sensitiveness. What say you, Ellen? can we come to this—this regard, this mutual respect?" Ellen was taken altogether by surprise. She was in the

greatest panic, and for a few moments stopt laughing entirely. "And if we can," said she at length, hesitating a great deal, as she spoke, "if we can, what will—how will it be with Fanny?"

"Fanny; what of her? she is nothing to me; I am a great deal less than nothing to her. I am not fit for her. She is not suitable for me. We are not in the least alike. I must be in a hurry always; there is a great deal for me to do in this world. She must creep; 'tis the pace she adopts from her nature. I have no patience with it; I should grow outrageous over it, and break her heart with my crossness."

"Your crossness?" looking up into his troubled face. "You aint cross, Gust. Jane says you have the best, kindest disposition in the world. Fanny would be in no danger of having her heart broken with you."

Ellen's praise was grateful indeed, to Gustavus, because it came in such hearty, cordial tones; and especially because it came now, when he had just been wishing to throw himself into the river for his utter worthlessness. "I think she *will* not, at any rate, have her heart broken by words, or deeds of mine. What say you, Ellen? Will you venture to try me? Will you trust yourself with such a fiery, impatient fellow as I am?"

"I will be very glad to," said she laughing, and still with a choking voice. Her fresh, full-moon face was raised childishly to his; and, as he looked down into it, he felt *satisfied* that he was accepted. He was impetuous and fiery; he believed he always would be. He believed that it was this fault in his character which had made Fanny hesitate. And it was meet, he acknowledged then to himself, that *she* should hesitate; for she was tender and sensitive like the frailest flower; she could never bear an adverse breath. On the other hand, the laughing, giddy, but, withal, energetic thing on his arm there, would hold up her head against the roughest storms. She would thrive finely in the busy, well-stored home to which he would bring her.

"Thanks!" said he calmly. "Thanks, my Ellen, I will try to make you happy."

"You will find it an easy thing!" raising again her lively face to his. "An easy thing, you'll find it, Gust! And I—all I promise, is—is to do all the mischief I can—possibly!"

Her laugh rang out joyously. He pressed her hand as they parted at her father's gate.

CHAPTER IV.

GUSTAVUS did not allow himself time to think subsequently. His father, who had grown bilious and a dyspeptic, had turned his

business over into his hands, doing little else himself, but going through the works occasionally, where his progress might be traced by his hollow cough; but sitting in his stuffed chair, grumbling over his pains, dreading that, some day, Gustavus would make a false step in his headlong precipitancy, so that all the gains of his life time would at once go crash, to the ground; lamenting that Jerome must fall sick just when he did, just two days before he could have taken his degree, his honors; wishing that he were only alive then in his own helplessness, to supply the prudence and moderation in business-affairs, that Gustavus lacked so much; and puzzling his beclouded brain, in trying to account in some way for "the mysterious providence," as he always called it, that had taken his boy just then, or at any time in his youth and promises of usefulness. Sarah, who was married to a clergyman, and settled in a neighboring state, yet so near that once in a year she came to them, grew restless always over his impeachments of Providence. Mrs. Head also seemed to cling to this idea, that it was according to God's mysterious will that her darling had been taken; and it was for her, for them all, to acquiesce and be reconciled to that will. She found what consolation she had, in this idea; and erroneous, unjust to God as Sarah conceived it to be, she would not strive to undeceive them then. But with tearful eyes she begged her husband to make it one great aim of his preaching, to vindicate the ways of God to men; to show them that He wills the penalty for transgression of his laws, certainly, but not the transgression itself.

It has been said that the elder Mr. Head had turned the management of his business into the hands of his son. Gustavus then, was always on the wing, and his flights were especially fitful and rapid in the interval between his betrothal and his marriage; so that now he was on the way to Boston and New York; again he was off for the north, for the large towns of Vermont, where were merchants whom they supplied with cloths and paper. In this way he saw little of Ellen. Fanny he saw not at all; and this was a relief to him; for he heard some ladies who were making his mother a call, speaking incidentally of Fanny's being pale, not well at all, of the frosty river-air not agreeing with her. She and her mother, therefore, they said, were talking of shutting up their house for the winter, and going to stay until spring came, with brothers of Mrs. Hadley, in Hartford and New Haven. Mrs. Head was very much concerned to hear this of Fanny and her mother. As the widow and daughter of their late clergyman, as the estimable companions of herself and her daughter Jane, she was concerned to have them go.

They went, however, with many tears on their part, and on the part of their neighbors.

Meanwhile, a house for the young couple was going rapidly forward in the heart of the village. Gustavus and Fanny had many times criticised the different styles of houses and yards in the village; and designated what they would like, if they were going to build. It should be no tall, square, even-sided, even-roofed thing like his father's or Mr. Brooks', like nearly every other house in the village; and they spoke of bay-windows, balconies, colonnades, terraces, hedges, limes, acacias, catalpas and roses. They were mutually charmed over the beautiful plans they laid together. And Gustavus would cherish it, he said; for, by-and-by—

Well, by-and-by had come; but now, whew! the house must go up in a hurry! he must be in it on New Year's day. There was no time to talk with his head-carpenter of one plan and another; for he must be off for Boston by the early train. Could not he—the head-carpenter, whose name was Gilman, in Heaven's name! could not he go on in his own way? Mr. Gilman shook his head. He could not think of assuming any such responsibility. He had brought several plans; he had them there in his hand. Would not Gustavus look them over? But Gustavus only cast a quick, side glance, as he stood at a mirror hurriedly adjusting his cravat. Would he just look at them? Mr. Gilman again asked. He would like to run up a house for him that would be the admiration of the place. Pooh! Gustavus said. What did he, G. O. A. Head, care for the admiration of the place? He was not a vain man, or a proud; or, if he had pride, it was of so subtle a character, that neither himself, nor his biographer have ever been made aware of its existence. But he was rich; immensely rich for a New England country gentleman. He had more business-power in his hands than any other man in town, in many towns. His head and his hands were full. He ran over slow people in his hurry, his eager abstraction. But—and this is good in such a man—he was never in so great haste that he did not stop and help the slow ones on their feet again, that he did not apologize heartily, and repair all damages promptly, generously. He was not in the least heartless; not in the least mercenary and oppressive. Here he stood then—on his intrinsic goodness of heart, and on his wealth and power. He cared not the snap of his finger for all the admiration in town, he told Mr. Gilman. But of one thing he did not tell him. He did not tell him, that thoughts of Fanny came in then; and of all the care he would have taken, the pleasure he would have had in the new house, were it building for her

and him. But the thoughts were like cold daggers in his heart, and he bade them avaunt! He would not be hindered and bothered, he added. His father's house was well enough. Just like it, Mr. Gilman might make the new one. Mr. Gilman looked down on his plans; he would have remonstrated: but Gustavus cut him off with his decided, "Exactly! exactly like my father's in every respect, Mr. Gilman."

"White, like his? like almost every other house in the state?"

"Yes; white—green blinds—and now, Mr. Gilman, go ahead with it! Spur up the men! Keep help enough; the house must be thoroughly finished, thoroughly dry by the last day of the year, remember!" His cravat was correctly adjusted; a few strokes had been given to his hat, his hair and his coat-

collar, with the respective brushes of each; and now, passing one hand rapidly round the crown of his hat, he turned somewhat impatiently to Mr. Gilman, who still stood looking down upon his plans.

"I am gone, Mr. Gilman!" said he, depositing his beaver, and starting for the door. "Any commands? Anything wanted from Boston, before I shall go down again?"

"No—no, I guess not," replied Mr. Gilman, arousing himself out of his disappointed reverie, and following Gustavus out. "So you will have it just like your father's?" running his eye up the huge, glaring front.

"Exactly! Good morning, Mr. Gilman, good morning. I'm off! I shall be at the store a half-hour only before I go to the cars. Come in, if you think of anything."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CHANT FOR THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

BY JOHN SAVAGE,

AUTHOR OF "LAYS OF THE FATHERLAND."

MAN, with iron wrist—

Man, with tawny finger—

Here's a palm for thine,

Grasp it now, nor linger;

It is old in Truth,

As a **MAN**'s in earnest!

Love, 'twill meet with love,

Sternly, too, the sternest!

"Labor" shakes the air,

Come shake with mine thy hand too,

For we must despair,

Until we shake the land, too.

Why should God-heads gift

Like a curst thing grovel?

Feast on fetid food—

House in fetid hovel?

Think you God-like mould

E'er cast men to perish—

Starve?—the thought's too foul

For e'en fiends to cherish—

List then, lab'rer, list—

As "you" or "I" we're chaos—

Link'd we're as the sword,

Of Heaven-sent Maccabeus!

Who will now delay?

Where's the man not willing,

Life to prop with Right,

And grasp the earned shilling?

Sunrise sees him toil—

Sundown mocks his toiling—

Midnight sees him, weak,

Into his hut recoiling.

Oh! the thought's too wild

For mortal sense to bridle—

Who but we are starved

To pamper up the idle.

And 'twill ever be—

"Starve the lab'ring millions,

Gorge the cloth-made drones,

Be they wits or villains?"

Ay, 'twill ever be,

Till each neighbor's neighbor

Joins the new crusade,

Preaching "**RIGHTS OF LABOR.**"

Grasp the lab'rer's hand,

Truer ne'er was proffered,

Gold he's none—but Truth,

And that is nobly offered!

BUCKEYE ORATORS.

BY A BUCKEYE.

In a previous number I sketched a pen and ink portrait of Senator Corwin, and in this I propose to do the same for three lawyers of the same State, who have acted a prominent part, not only in that profession, but in the political movements of one great party. That splendid state has witnessed the fiercest political struggles, and the greatest vacillations of parties. It is a very interesting question, as to the agents in these movements. There is not a man in the state who has yet been invested with the purple by any party. Ohio has had no Kinderhook or Albany Regency, to say "do," and it must be done. No party has had its "little Magician" to rub an Aladdin's lamp whenever he wanted to crush some obnoxious measure, or to carry out some favorite scheme. The nearest to it has been the "Colonel of the Statesman" at Columbus. The kitchen cabinets of all parties are above ground, and the only magicians are their "stumpers," and the only Aladdin's lamp the feelings of the people.

Politics at the West and South are never understood if this prime element is not accounted. Were Ewing and Corwin without this ability to advocate their own claims, the one would have boiled to this day, and the other have been driving horses as "Tom, the wagon boy" in fact. I knew one man who lost the entire force of a political mass-meeting at MacConnelsville. The two candidates for Congress agreed to discuss their claims publicly, and the democratic candidate not being a ready stumper, employed that most eloquent speaker, John Brough, to aid him. When Mr. B. began his speech his antagonist stopped him to put a question to the candidate whose claims he was to sustain. Pointing to Mr. Brough, who is a very fat portly man, he inquired "*If elected, do you expect to take that huge salt-sack of fat and other things to Washington to make your speeches for you?*" The question produced such a tremendous uproar of laughter, that after several ineffectual attempts to gain the ear of the people, Mr. B., though unquestionably one of the best speakers in the state, was obliged to desist.

Premising thus much, let me give a condensed sketch of three remarkable men. The first is Thomas Ewing, selected by Gen. Taylor, as one of his cabinet.

Thomas Ewing, physically and intellectually, is a noted man among men. In his early manhood, the entire Western country could not furnish a more athletic giant. Straight as an arrow, he measures the com-

fortable stature of six feet and some inches, while his broad shoulders and deep chest sufficiently indicate his strength. When a young man he was the keenest of marksmen, with unerring certainty picking the squirrels from the top of the loftiest tree, and that with a rifle "carrying a hundred and twenty to the pound." If perchance night overtook him in the forest, he could cook his own supper and then sleep by a log. In those days no surer passport existed to the favor of the rugged backwoodsmen than superior physical prowess, and this Ewing had to perfection. He could wrestle like an *athlete*, and if that were not enough, he could leap farther on a level than the most. I have heard his college companions say, that when a member of the Ohio University, he could leap over a pole held just the height of his head.

His great physical force was not expended in these pastimes, as is evident from the pleasant nicknames given him by the Buckeyes, "*Tom, the salt boiler.*" He secured his education by his own labor. The Kenawa Salt-works were the scenes of some of his efforts. Chopping his own wood and with it feeding the fire he had rented for boiling salt, these secured him money for his education, and so vigorously did he push his business, that he has been known sometimes to get up in his sleep and walk around the roaring salt-kettles, when a single mis-step might have been fatal.

"The boy is father to the man,"

and one might easily detect the future statesman and lawyer in the earnest young salt-boiler. Such a man will assuredly make some noise in the world, if permitted to stay in it a few years.

For several years, it was a favorite treat with the writer during his vacation, to follow Thomas Ewing from place to place and see him move and mould the people at will. His very appearance has a sort of fascination which disarms much prejudice, and conciliates much confidence. He is now somewhat "fleshy," as the saying is, and presents a spectacle not a little imposing to common people, who always delight in seeing a large well-proportioned man. His complexion is ruddy, and sets off his bright laughing eyes to the very best advantage. And yet his appearance is plain and the simplicity of his toilette and demeanor captivating.

I shall never forget the impression made on my mind the first time I saw him in 1836, at

a mass-meeting held in Columbus. Other speakers had held the multitude in charmed admiration, but when Mr. Ewing arose, that admiration became enthusiasm. Just think of that magnificent stature towering among fifteen or twenty thousand men, and his eye beaming so genially on all eyes! There was nothing striking in his voice, except it was easily heard by every one in the crowd, and yet it sounded like an *honest* voice. He spoke naturally, so much so, that every one felt that to be just the way he would speak himself. There was no effort at fine speaking, and one thought of the bard of Avon when with such exquisite appropriateness he made Mark Anthony say—

I am no orator as Brutus is ;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That loves my friends * * * * *
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know.

Yes; these are the words, he "only spoke right on," telling the gravest and weightiest truths so unostentatiously that the veriest clown thought him merely telling his own thoughts. As he warmed up in his discourse, his ponderous right hand would emphasize some important thought, in such a way that a unanimous vote of the assembly would have pronounced it the very perfection of dumb rhetoric. There was not a single contortion of the body. It stood like an oak. There was not an uncouth misshaping of the face. It looked placid, yet earnest as the sun. There was no agonizing glance of the eye to heaven as to draw fire thence to consume his antagonists. His eye glanced meaningly, and earnestly, and truthfully around on the "sea of upturned faces" before him. As for gesticulation, he had not even a stamp of the foot to give power to some grand climax, and no sprawling of the hands as though his digits extended were the only condition on which Israel could prevail. His gesture was that of his right hand and that as natural as the blow of a blacksmith's arm as he strikes the iron on the solid anvil. As a speaker he seemed the very perfection of simplicity.

But while he exhibited these traits, it did not quench that certain enthusiasm without which a speaker cannot gain marked attention anywhere, much less at the West. His oak-like firmness, his ponderous gesticulation, his manly, but not over-strained voice, with his entire demeanor on "the stump," carried to every one the belief that this man was moved deeply by what he uttered. And it was a noble sight to witness how perfectly he breathed his own spirit into the mass before him, and moved it as with resistless power. Sim-

ple in speech and action as he was, the multitudes ever and anon broke out in loud commendation.

His laughing eye proved his love of a good joke, and he gave them a fine, practical illustration in that speech. It was just after his celebrated Post Office Report in which he had exposed without mercy, the corruptions which had crept into that department. One large mail contractor was specially grieved by the report and threatened to horse-whip Mr. Ewing at the first opportunity. The pugnacious contractor, it seems, was a man of the Tom-thumb species, and as Mr. Ewing related the threat and spread out his own brawny proportions to our gaze, it was impossible not to laugh almost to split our sides. "Just to think of *his* whipping *me*!" exclaimed the laughing giant, drawn up to his greatest dimensions. You may well think it was irresistible.

I once saw Mr. Ewing's power to hold the people fully tested. No man in Ohio has such popularity as a stump speaker as Thomas Corwin. On the occasion referred to, Corwin and Ewing were on their way from a mass meeting held at Lancaster, (a meeting estimated by the acre instead of the thousand,) to another to be held at Delaware. A large concourse of people met them at Columbus and insisted on their speaking. It was on that occasion that Mr. Corwin, with inimitable drollery, quoted the words, "*doth the wild ass bray while he hath grass or loweth the ox over his fodder?*" No one can describe the intense excitement produced by Mr. C.'s entire speech, and yet Mr. Ewing succeeded him in a speech of an hour, and held his audience as with a spell. But very few men could have stood there and have been listened to with patience. The difference between the two men was very wide, and yet each exhibited his peculiar powers to rare advantage. At other times these men have occupied the same stand, and held the same audience chained for hours. However, it is to be noticed that those who stand behind the curtain usually place Mr. Ewing next to the last, and Mr. Corwin last, when a whole day is to be consumed at a mass-meeting. A meeting so closed leaves the multitude in the best of humor with themselves, with the speakers, and with the cause they advocate.

In the simplicity of his style, the severe logic of his matter, the power to make others see as he does, and the immense moral force which he carries with him on the stump, I think the Buckeye State has no superior, if she has any equal, on her roll of gifted sons, to the man who of late honored the Cabinet of Gen. Taylor. Physically and intellectually he is a splendid man, and but few sons of Ohio can be found who do not feel proud of

him. And in this the country at large sympathises.

Let us now turn to a man in every respect different from the former, except in his political creed, and who has been a large sharer in the same great political movement. I now refer to the Honorable Samuel Galloway, late Secretary of State.

This gentleman had a reputation, when a member of Miami University, as being the readiest speaker and the severest antagonist in the institution. His person is spare enough to gratify even the evil genius of Dyspepsia, which has gradually developed every bone in his body into all possible angularities. In the University, good Dr. Bishop, in pronouncing the degrees, did not name Mr. G. as *primus primorum*, for Chauncey N. Olds was his classmate, and friends then, and now also, the two were bound as *inter primos*.

Among the traditional records of old Miami, is one concerning Samuel Galloway, at that time a Senior. The Temperance question was agitating the people at Oxford, and a very large portion of them could not in conscience abandon the first pledge for the more stringent test of teetotalism. The students caught the mania, and formed their parties. On several occasions the question had been debated publicly, and owing to the zeal and talents of one young man, who had many assailable points, the teetotalers seemed about to lose the day. Galloway now announced himself as ready and anxious to speak, and an evening was assigned him. The chapel was crowded full. Galloway's appearance was singular enough. Lean as famine, he seemed hardly able to stand up, but the "tongue of him" set itself in motion—a little member truly, but speaking great things.

The general merits of the question, a question at that time not stale as now, but all alive with horrors just discovered, were discussed with all his characteristic wit and acumen. The strong points were so presented and enforced, that all saw as he saw,—the very severest test of an effective speech. Had he gone no farther, his views would have been adopted by acclamation.

But most young men, just waking up to a sense of their power, do not know the bounds of moderation. As Galloway proceeded, he became excited, the veins of his skinny face were crowded full, and his blue eye glared with indignation. The monster evils of the traffic to society, in his fervid imagination, began to associate themselves with their principal advocate sitting before him. Half bent, his long arms outstretched, with the palms downward, passing rapidly from one side of the platform to the other, he resembled a hawk, poising himself on his wings, as he

gradually drew near, to dart like lightning on his prey. At last he began a merciless attack on his antagonist, dragging to light the reasons why he was found advocating such an abomination. Ridicule and sarcasm only added intensity to his terrible invective, until the object of it seemed ready to sink. To such a state of excitement had he carried his hearers, and so completely had they become penetrated with his feelings, that when he spoke his last word, they rose and acclaimed their approbation in the most boisterous manner.

The celebrated attack of Brougham on Canning, in Parliament, was not so noteworthy an incident for that place, as was the one I am relating for a debating society in College. The young man, after receiving such a chastisement, made several attempts to regain his foothold, but shared the fate of poor Hayne after his annihilation by Webster: he was forsaken even by his friends, and as a consequence, in a few months actually left the institution. There are many witnesses who can subscribe to this anecdote as substantially true.

After his graduation, Mr. G. was elected Tutor, and afterwards a Professor in the University, which posts he filled with honor to himself. He was just the man to be admired by an enthusiastic student. But such a life was not calculated in the highest degree to satisfy one of his ardent temperament, and he studied law. Since then he has made Hillsboro' his residence, and has practised in the highest courts of the State with much success. His great shrewdness, and ready knowledge of the law, together with his striking eloquence, have made him much sought after in important criminal trials.

But it is not as a lawyer, but as a stump speaker in which he has exerted his greatest powers. I shall not easily forget the impression made on me by his first appearance. It was in Cincinnati in 1842, at the great Temperance Jubilee, held in honor of the Washingtonian movement, when some twenty-five thousand persons marched in the procession, under a multitude of banners. Three stands were erected in the small park on eighth street, on which appeared various speakers, and among them Mr. G. His speech was received with a lively show of satisfaction. As an advocate of the Temperance cause, he is very powerful, bringing his wit, satire, and humor, to bear with great effect. It was on that or some similar occasion, that his audience were thrown into convulsions by his anecdote of a certain Ohio Dutchman who was partial to himself. The man was a miller, and on one occasion seated on a log was overheard calling up his different neighbors, and passing sentence on them. Some were sent "mit de sheep," and some "mit de goats."

By and by his own ease came up with the significant query, "Vell mynheer, and vat have you been at?" "I am a miller." "Have you always taken honest toll?" "May be I have heaped de toll dish a leetle too much sometimes!" "Vell, mynheer, I guess you may be mit de sheep, though its a mighty tight squeeze!"

Mr. G. abounds in illustration and anecdote. Did my space permit, I would quote from his reports on Common Schools, to show his ability as a writer.

These are the best productions of the kind ever issued in that state, and are characterized by the acumen and wit of their *author*.

Mr. Galloway has acted his part in stirring the people as the sea is stirred. Altogether different from Ewing and Corwin, he has always met a hearty welcome when he has taken the stump. Were it not for making this sketch too long, this fact could be illustrated. Side by side with those who canvassed the State in 1840-'4, and '8, he has left his mark wherever he has gone. He abounds in witty sayings and anecdotes, all of which are made to tell with unerring certainty on the given object. People believe him to be in earnest, and knowing him to be honest, a man of his powers has a clear road to their hearts.

Since 1845, Mr. G. has filled the office of Secretary of State with great ability and popularity. In the private relations of life he is unspotted, and as a companion, one cannot desire a more agreeable one. A member of the Presbyterian church, he brings the weight of his character to aid christianity, and feels himself not dishonored to stand with Frelinghuysen, and Briggs, in the grand benevolent movements which characterise and ennoble our day.

My last sketch is of a young man entirely differing from the other two. I have reference now to Chauncy A. Olds of Circleville, O., and at present a member of the State Senate.

The events which took place last winter in the Ohio Legislature, have brought this gentleman prominently before the public. As intimated in the sketch of Mr. Galloway, he is a graduate of Miami University, and acquitted himself so well as to be elected Professor of the Latin language soon after taking his degree. He is connected with a family, the very name of which is now identified with the politics of that State. His uncle, Gamaliel Olds, was long the most popular and admired professor of Mathematics in Amherst College, and a preacher of extraordinary gifts. One of his brothers, Edson Olds, M. D., was elected Speaker of the State Senate last winter, by the democrats, and since then has been sent to Congress. But the eldest brother, Mr. Joseph Olds, deserves a special mention, since

his talents and energy first brought his own family into notice. Many years ago, he came to Circleville from England and engaged in teaching, and so diligent was he in the use of his time, as to fit himself thoroughly for the bar whilst pursuing his usual avocation. It could scarcely be said that he was a brilliant lawyer. His brilliancy, if he had any, consisted in his thorough examination of every case committed to him, and his singular power to make courts and juries take his views, and look at facts as he did. With not a particle of the storming elocution peculiar to Western lawyers, with no violent gesticulation, with no peculiar grace of manner, he only conversed with a jury, and "told right on what he did know." Having, by careful study and discipline, attained the faculty of presenting matters of fact and law, in such a way that common men could get a strong apprehension of whatever he presented, there was no lawyer in his district, who was so much a favorite with common men. He seemed like a sensible jurymen among his fellows, modestly setting forth the verdict to be rendered; at the same time the extent and accuracy of his legal acquirements, together with his uniform decorum as a gentleman, secured him the admiration of his peers at the bar. An admirable lawyer, citizen, and man, his name is held in honored remembrance in the counties which enjoyed his practice, and at his death a few years since, he enjoyed the largest practice by far of any one in his own county.

This gentleman educated his younger brother Chauncy, and afforded him the means of becoming, as he now is, one of the most accomplished lawyers, and scholars at the Ohio bar. He has none of the majesty of appearance, which causes a stranger to turn and take the second look when he meets Webster or Ewing. A first look would seem to impress you with the idea of his being better fitted to adorn a less rugged field than that he now occupies. In stature quite diminutive, and lame withal, he looks boyish, and gives no sign of his really splendid talents. It is doubtful, in fact, whether a stranger, judging from personal appearance, would not prefer every lawyer in Circleville to manage a difficult case.

After completing his studies with his brother, he became his partner; and soon had a case which tested him thoroughly. In some brawl on the Ohio canal at Circleville, a man was killed under circumstances which brought the intensest odium of the public on the one who stood indicted for the murder. The two brothers were employed by the prisoner to defend his case, and the entire management of it committed to the younger partner. He forthwith instituted a thorough examination of the localities, and the attending circum-

stances, and became convinced that the act was in law justifiable and homicide. A man of the most delicate sense of honor and christian principle, our own Frelinghuysen cannot be more conscientious than Mr. Olds in all his professional labors.

The prosecuting attorney, finding that an energetic defence would be made, employed Thomas Ewing to aid him in the prosecution. Several days were occupied in the most searching examination of witnesses, and such consummate skill did the young advocate conduct his examination, as to elicit the *proof* of the position he had himself previously reached. In this protracted and entangled examination, he did not make one written note, and yet in summing up the case, so tenacious and well trained was his memory, that he was able to detail the evidence of every witness with so much accuracy, that his opponents had no occasion to correct a single misstatement. When the jury went out, Mr. Ewing with characteristic magnanimity took Mr. Joseph Olds by the hands, and said, "I would advise you to take care of your laurels, for this young brother of yours is likely to share them with you, if not overtop you!"

Coming from such a source, it was a very fine compliment, and it was proved to be deserved by the verdict of "not guilty" rendered in a very short time.

As a lawyer, Mr. Olds has three qualifications which will make him eminent. Patient and thorough as a German philologist, he always understands his cause. With a memory, as well disciplined and tenacious as Dr. Cox's, a fact or principle once learned, is always learned; and at the same time, it gives him singular advantages at the bar. To crown his qualifications, he is one of the most graceful and forcible speakers in the state. His growing reputation and practice show the correctness of this judgment.

In him we have a case of the influences brought to bear on the popular mind when any great political question is to be agitated. Such men dare not, at their peril, stay at home. Their very opponents demand their presence to wake up the people by the incantations of the stump. Mr. Olds has stood by the side of Ewing and Corwin repeatedly since 1840, and has done no mean share in those tremendous agitations. In all the finish of a scholarly speaker, he has no superior. Accustomed to "lamp smoke," he can and does do honor to the classics he has studied so diligently, and yet his great modesty will always save him from becoming a pedant. There is not a particle of parade in his learning. He shows the inimitable quietness with which a modest scholar should present his thoughts to others. In this respect he is much like the newly elected Professor of Church History at

Princeton, a comparison of no doubtful meaning.

But Mr. Olds has avoided one rock on which some of our political scholars have made shipwreck. They are so learned, and so precise, and they think in such an incomprehensible way, that they might as well whistle at the north wind as speak to the people. With all their learning, the people wonder, and stare, and gape, and long for some far inferior man, who has the gift of thinking as they think, and speaking so that they can understand him. In this respect, Mr. Olds had a fine model in his elder brother, and well has he observed it. The most abstruse and difficult questions in politics, and the doctrines of different parties, he will expound with such perfect simplicity that common people will give him their undivided attention for hours. A delightful vein of drollery runs through his speeches, and at times he convulses his audience with some amusing and apt illustration. In 1844 he was addressing, with Mr. Corwin, a great mass meeting, and in order to show that the democrats, with John Tyler at their head, were riding a horse which was running away, and from which they would gladly alight if they could, Mr. Olds said, it reminded him of two Irishmen who went into a field one night to steal a couple of horses. There were many out of which to choose, and one of them caught a very wild one. As soon as he mounted, the horse started, and all the rest after him, snorting and blowing like horses on a prairie. The Long Island races never had such an amusing sight as our Irish hero surrounded by emulous horses. His companion was thoroughly frightened to see "Jamie" carried round and round the lot at that rate, and as the racers approached him, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Jamie, why don't you get off?" Jamie, with one look most dolorous as he swept by, screamed back in reply, "And how can I get off when I can hardly hould on?" Mr. Corwin himself was convulsed by the anecdote, so well told was it, and the people roared like many waters.

During the last winter, whilst the disorganization of the Legislature continued, Mr. Olds, a leader among the Whigs, made one of the most charming and witty speeches ever delivered in that old State House. He frequently addresses literary societies, and several of these orations have been published. He is in a fair way to higher preferments, having already been elected to the State Senate, and not many years will pass before his voice will be heard in Congress. As a Christian he is no bigot, as a lawyer he is no bungler, and as a statesman he is no charlatan; and good men have reason to rejoice when such mingle their honesty and wisdom in the public counsels of a great nation.

USES AND ABUSES.

BY UTOR NON ABUTOR.

No. IV.—THE THOUGHTS.

"How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?"—JEREMIAH.

ALL men are thinkers, after a certain fashion, but all men do not think alike. The thoughts of a few, though ever busy as the bee, are yet made to fix mainly on useful subjects, and thus to bring back from their various excursions solid nutriment to the mind. The thoughts of more, ever busy indeed, are nevertheless either wild or wicked imaginations, tending only to sink the soul to a lower degradation, and to destroy its power of self-control. Sir Isaac Newton had thoughts, great thoughts; and so had Voltaire. But how different their object and aim! A few, therefore, having self-command and the sense of personal responsibility, think usefully to themselves and the world. But more, vastly more, having no intellectual discipline, suffer their thoughts to be directed by caprice, or the law of self-indulgence.

To permit vain thoughts to lodge in the mind is to introduce the dry-rot, or something worse. Will the reader reflect upon this matter a little, and learn the character and influence of such thoughts, as they appear in the three following classes:—THE IDLE, THE INEFFECTUAL, and THE EVIL.

Idle thoughts are those imaginings, which are too visionary ever to be realized. They are castles built among the clouds, where mortals cannot live, except in thought. Such imaginings are idle, because they are impracticable and visionary. Are not *day* dreams often as fantastic as those of the *night*?—dreams of impossible eminence in station, in wealth, in happiness,—dreams, when the eyes are wide open, and which the dreamer has no intention to turn into realities, and which he has not stamina enough to do, if he had the intention? And though these fancies go through the mind with a force and constancy, that most seriously affect its character and destiny, yet they utterly fail to turn its wonderful machinery to any useful end. And so, many an individual dreams away the whole period of his existence! His childhood is merely a succession of pleasant dreams; his youth is beguiled from more serious pursuits by the same illusions; the rattle and the doll are no sooner laid aside than the young man and the maiden continue to do as they did in

their childhood, only with this difference—the castles they build in the air are more splendid, and of larger dimensions; they are dreaming still, but the dreams take a wider scope, and are further than ever from the possibility of realization. The young man is looking forward to the time, when he shall have gathered vast wealth, or risen to the high places of power, and thus spends many a precious hour in sketching the details of a life, he is never to live, and the glowing particulars of an experience, he is never to realize. Look at that maiden, as she sits plying her needle—what and where are her thoughts? She is drawing out perhaps the plan of a life, which she has neither ability nor intention to execute, dreaming of pleasures more satisfying than mortals ever enjoyed. Are not her imaginations more frequently than otherwise vain? Is she not often turned aside from present duty by these rovings of her thoughts into the regions of fancy? That position, which she hopes shortly to attain, will have more plain, stern prose about it, than poetry, after all. Ask that decrepit old man, as he sits in his arm-chair, rubbing his numb joints, and trying to get an easier position for his rheumatic limb, if he is ready for the spirit world; and his look of utter astonishment will prove, that, in his judgment, he is not the dying man that you and all others have taken him for. He has been dreaming all his life; and he is dreaming now, notwithstanding that the shadow of death is upon him. Such, and so many are the *idle* thoughts, which probably most of our race are daily cherishing.

Another class of vain thoughts are the *ineffectual*. These however differ from the idle in this—that they often relate to schemes, which might be executed. They are often the result of a just estimate of life, and of its necessities, and are vain only as they are not followed by corresponding effort. Many a man *thinks* of engaging in enterprises of great promise, but his thoughts are not strong enough to overcome the *vis inertiae* of his heart. His lips utter the words, "Be ye warmed, and be ye filled," but the means for such a purpose are not forthcoming. He means to show himself a man, but has not

manliness enough to put away childish things. He forms many an excellent resolution, but does not move to its execution. Such are *ineffectual* thoughts; good in themselves, but useless, and worse than useless, because not embodied in action. Thus multitudes live, seeming to think that somebody must be reaping the benefits of the numerous plans of usefulness, which they have devised, but have left unexecuted. Hence the reason why the world is so full of *useless* men. They may be moral, and clever, but they are inefficient. They have thoughts, but there is not energy enough in them to move the will, and to bring out earnest effort in the way of well doing. Such men are drones in the public hive.

But a worse class of thoughts, than either of the preceding, are the *evil*; worse, as making worse men, and as leading to worse exhibitions of conduct. Think, for example, of the *wanton* imagination. Who can adequately describe the deadly poison it generates in the mind, and sends through every avenue of the soul? If the chambers of imagery in such a mind could be thrown open to the public gaze, would not the impure themselves stand aghast at the spectacle presented!

Take, also, *envious* thoughts, which are the offspring of a spirit over-estimating itself, and afraid that the brightening merits of others will at length eclipse its own. How often they burn in the human breast, and set on fire the course of nature, we have all had frequent occasion to observe. Let a man "think of himself more highly than he ought to think," and he permits a class of thoughts to lodge in his mind which will steal away all its treasures, and then set the soul itself on fire. The wonder is, that when the history of envy is so well known; that, when she is felt to be a disturbing force in the soul, bringing disaster and ruin to all that is pure, and lovely, and of good report, so many nevertheless consent to harbor so vile a guest. Let the reader ponder this matter well; and if he does not, as the result, open the door of his heart, and expel this hateful intruder, than he lacks one of the essential elements of a man. Nor is this all. If he has not principle enough to adopt this measure of self-preservation, then his thoughts will soon take the darker hue of *revenge*. The heart will be filled with cursing and bitterness; the eye will have a snake-like expression, and be on the look out

for an opportunity in which the pent up malignity within may have an appropriate outward expression.

It is thus that the power of thought is often abused. That function of the mind, which, if rightly used, would fill the world with light and love, is, when the thoughts move under the impulses of selfishness, the source of more evils than were ever found in the box of the fabled Pandora.

Hence it will be admitted on all hands, that we must govern our thoughts, or they will govern us, and that here lies the great trial—the real discipline of life. Here is that struggle, which makes or mars us; which brings us out, and shows to the world the qualities of our minds. For it should be remembered, that "true courage is proved by antagonism. Where there is no opposition, courage is not required; energies are enervated by inaction. The struggle and the conflict invigorate every power."

Let it be remembered also, that bad thoughts are no airy combatants, nor can a victory over them be obtained on easy terms. "Resistance, delayed or relaxed," says a writer, "weakens energy on one side, and imparts vigor to the other. But in the effort to control the thoughts, there is this animating motive, that decision and perseverance are antagonists before whom the stoutest enemies must crouch and ultimately fall. But if decision quail, and perseverance withdraw, they put the chaplet of victory within the opponent's reach. The question to be determined here is not, what is the mental strength an individual has at command, but does he use it decidedly and perseveringly for the accomplishment of the desired object? An infant's strength, decidedly and perseveringly employed, may accomplish more than a giant's arm, fitfully and hesitatingly exerted. Continuous application accumulates force, and achieves wonders."

And how great the pressure of the motives, urging us to a thorough government of the thoughts. We rise or fall, according as we succeed or fail. Remit attention, and the difficulty becomes more formidable. Persevere, and the conflict is less difficult, the conquest more certain, and the prize nearer attainment. And the prize of victory over the thoughts is far more valuable and lasting than that obtained in the Olympic games: that was a fading crown—this is incorruptible.



FREDERICK HENRY ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

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FREDERICK HENRY ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT was born at Berlin on the 14th of September, 1769, and hence is now in his 82d year. He was educated at Gottingen and Frankfort on the Oder. In 1790 he visited Holland and England, in company with Messrs. George Forster and Von Geuns; and in the same year published his first work, entitled "Observations on the Basalts of the Rhine." In 1791 he went to Freyburg to receive instructions from the celebrated Werner, the founder of geological science, and the results of some of his observations in the mines of that district were published in 1793.

In 1792, Humboldt was appointed assessor of the Council of Mines at Berlin, and afterwards director-general of the mines of Baireuth and Anspach, in Franconia. In 1795 he visited Italy and Switzerland. At this period the discoveries of Galvani particularly attracted his attention; and the results of his experiments on Animal Electricity were published in 1796, with notes by Professor Blumenbach. He went to Vienna in 1795, and there studied a fine collection of exotic plants. He next travelled through Salzburg and Styria with the celebrated Von Buch. Accompanied by his brother, William Von Humboldt, and M. Fischer, he then visited Paris, where he formed an acquaintance with M. Aimé Bonpland, who afterward became his associate in travel.

It was not, however, until the year 1799 that Humboldt and Bonpland left Spain, on their great Expedition, a narrative of which has been published under the title of "Voyage aux Régions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent, pendant les années, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, et 1803." The translation of this work by Mrs. Williams is familiar to the English reader. The various works relating to the journey, however, extend to seventeen folio and eleven quarto volumes, magnificently illustrated. The results of this expedition have been of the highest importance to science; in natural history, especially, this observation of six years exceeds anything that has been presented by the most successful cultivators of the same field during a whole lifetime. Our travellers brought with them an herbarium of more than 6000 species of plants; and the valuable works on this subject, which have appeared in consequence of the journey to America, form an era in the history of botany. The authors returned to Europe in

1804; but the labor of reducing their observations, and the publication of the several works, occupied many years.

In 1818 Humboldt visited London; and, in the same year, the King of Prussia granted him an annual pension of 12,000 dollars, with the view of facilitating a plan which he had formed of visiting Asia. In 1822 he accompanied his Majesty to the Congress of Verona; he afterwards visited Venice, Rome, and Naples; and in 1827 and 1828 delivered at Berlin a course of lectures on the Physical Constitution of the Globe, which was attended by the Royal family and the Court. In 1829, he undertook another important journey to the Uralian Mountains, the frontiers of China, and the Caspian Sea. On his return, he published a brief account of his researches; and a new edition being called for, he resolved to publish it as a new work, embracing materials which he had been collecting for twelve years, together with his corrected and enlarged views of Asiatic geology. This work has appeared under the title of "Asie Centrale; Recherches sur les Chaines de Montagnes et la Climatologie Comparée (Paris, 1843); an excellent analysis of which will be found in the "North British Review," No. X.

In this work Humboldt has confined himself to the subject of Terrestrial Physics; in explanation of which he says, "As I still cherish the hope of publishing a very general work under the imprudent title of 'Cosmos.'"

The first volume of this valuable contribution to physical science was published in 1845; and the completion in 1847. The first portion presents the principal results of observations, in the form of which, stripped of all additions derived from the imagination, they belong to a purely scientific description of nature. In the second volume is considered "the impressions which the image received by the external senses produces on the feelings, and on the poetic and imaginative faculties of mankind." In brief, with this volume, the author passes from the domain of objects to that of sensations. Three translations of the work have appeared in English; two of which, published in an economical form, have had a very extensive sale.

Baron Humboldt has since produced a work of the same class as his "Cosmos," entitled "Aspects of Nature, in Different Lands and in Different Climates."

THE MORNING AND THE EVENING STAR.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

"Women are, after all—*women* :—and men are, after all—*men*!"—MISS BREMER.

"If hope has flown away
In a night or in a day,
In a vision or in none,
Is it therefore the less *gone*?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."—EDGAR A. POE.

"Do you indeed *love* him, Constance?"

"Yes! yes! I adore him, Annie."

"How could you keep him waiting for an answer then? It is not just, there is no reason in it."

"You do not believe it was to test my power over him, to trifle with Gerald? You don't think that of me, Annie?"

"No, certainly. Yet you knew your mind then as now. Would it not have been better to have replied at once? In such a matter you should avoid the faintest appearance of coquetry."

"Annie!" The speaker paused a moment, then drew near to her cousin, sat down upon the floor and leaned her head upon her folded hands: then she continued slowly, "listen, do not think me a fool, but I have been sorely tried with indecision, and have delayed giving final answer to Gerald, solely that I might speak with you. I love him, Heaven knows how entirely, and yet it seems as though a union between us would be like that of fire and ice, as though one would inevitably destroy the other. I love him, he is so gloriously gifted! I verily believe I could die for him, and yet I fear him—that's just the long and short of the matter. Sometimes I feel my soul shrinking away before his glance. Those eyes of his! They could either annihilate me or do a worse thing, rouse up all the evil in my nature. What *ought* I to do?"

"Tell him what you have told me. Believe me, there is no doubt or grief comparable with that which must be hidden in the heart."

"I tell *him*! He could not understand me if I did, and you will own there would be nothing confessible about it."

"But one word from him might make all things clear as day before you; give him the key to your heart; if you marry him then he will always understand you, and there will be no possibility of the disturbances arising from doubt. You should away with all barriers at once—it will be the better for you."

"He said he would be here this morning. I must give him an answer,—he *will* have it. That is the bell, is it not? Yes, he has come.

I hear his voice in the hall. Now I am going, what a die will be cast before I see you again! You are pale; are you ill, cousin?"

"No—I had little sleep last night and feel weary. Constance, remember that the well-being of all your future depends upon this morning."

I have waited very impatiently for the light of this day, though I knew it might prove my day of doom," exclaimed a deep, earnest voice as Constance entered the drawing-room. "What answer shall I hear, Constance, are you mine?"

"Yes, Gerald," was the frank and instant answer.

"It is true! You can love me, my love, my wife!"

"Forever, Gerald."

Look upon them thus. Gerald Lane is indeed gloriously gifted with beauty—physically he is perfect, and richly endowed is he with intellectual power—but in truth this wooer's heart is of ice, of that coldness, and hardness, and dazzling brilliancy. Look upon Constance Ives, as she stands, her hands clasped in his, looking without shrinking in her lover's face. Her countenance has borrowed the calmness of his, yet a fire is glowing in her eyes, which tells of a slumbering volcano near. But as without revealment of all in her heart, she gives herself to him, so much of love speaks not in her words or in her looks as when but now she spoke with her cousin Annie of Gerald Lane.

The quenching of the fire with the ice seemed to have already begun.

It was a sore trial which had that day been put upon Annie Hampton. Since her childhood she had loved Gerald; since the time long ago, when himself a mere lad, he came to Streetstown in order to support and educate himself. He was the nephew of her uncle, Colonel Street, and as such, came frequently to the house where he was always welcome. Annie had loved him, and with an understanding love too, from that day when the proud old man pronounced the indepen-

dent youth a true "chip of the old block," because he declined all pecuniary assistance; because he expressed his determination that if health were given him he would be the fashioner of his own fortunes. He was a handsome, spirited, hopeful lad, and that he could carve out a noble fortune for himself no one in his sober senses could doubt.

Six years he struggled and studied in this way; then he was admitted to the practice of medicine: it was quite out of his power then, he could not decline, if he would, the kindness which his admiring uncle heaped upon him in the shape of a full library, which he found one day put up in his little office, he could not wave from him the valuable assistance rendered by the good word which Colonel Street spoke for him among his many influential friends.

In those years Annie Hampton was the colonel's only adopted daughter—she had lived with him from her childhood, had been with him in his loneliness a comfort and a joy, during those years when he mourned with an "uncommon lamentation" over the death of his dearly loved wife.

As the boy and girl became man and woman, and the foster-father knowing what is in the heart of the young, noticed how increasingly frequent were the visits Gerald paid in his mansion, and with what quiet and sincere pleasure Annie welcomed him there, he began to cherish an earnest longing for the dawning of that day which should see them joined together, living with him as a son and daughter in his fine old home, and this consummation, as he devoutly believed fate had willed it, he fully believed time would see accomplished.

Gerald Lane had never spoken to Annie of late—of his own love to her, but he had bound himself to her, and her to him, by ties which should have been inviolable. They clearly understood one another, beheld in each other a life-partner; no words were necessary to make these feelings intelligible to each.

Annie admired, respected, understood Gerald, therefore she loved him—but it was no blind, heathenish adoration, born of imagination, baptised of passion, which placed her heart in subjection to his. It was a love which the pure eye of an angel might have scanned without revolting thought—a love which had grown with her youth and strengthened with her strength—a love which was become a part, and a great part of her life.

And Gerald also admired, respected, understood, and *liked* Annie. He had not thought of marrying with another than her.

It was one of the purest enjoyments of his life, to sit beside her and listen, as she read for their uncle from his favorite books, in the evenings; it was pleasant for him to observe how affectionately she studied the old man's

tastes and likings, striving to make the hours pass on brightly; it was a pleasant study for him as he watched the developing of her beauty and her mind. Yes, very pleasant, and Gerald acknowledged this, and that he liked Annie well, to himself without hesitation—to her by words and looks, and deeds, which never came from man like him without meaning, and Annie knew that as well as though he had put his thoughts into so many expressive words. He reposed, grew strong in her presence. When he went to the home which she made so cheerful and lovely, it was like going from the hot and dusty street in glowing summer days, to the coolness, and shade, and quiet of the wood, where wild flowers breathe in beauty, and the birds and brooks rejoice; and by her side the desire was ever strengthened that he might be among his fellows what she was in her home.

While he thus thought and liked, while he thus sought her companionship, and pondered on the future, he felt that the man who wedded Annie would secure his peace on earth, and he resolved that at some distant day when success had more perfectly crowned his efforts, he would speak to her of marriage. He was conscious of no tumultuous rush of thought and feeling as he thus planned and designed. Gerald was of a colder nature than the girl of whom he thus thought; for, while she yet remained by words unsought, she gave the best of her human love to him, feeling that the future without his presence, his affection was nothing, a mere barren waste.

Annie had reached her twentieth year when her cousin, Constance Ives came to Streets-town, to find a home in the colonel's great heart and handsome dwelling. When the intelligence of his last surviving sister's death came to the old man, immediately he despatched Gerald to Hartford, to accompany the orphan to her new home, and loving friends awaited the mourner there. Her beauty and her sorrow won the sympathy of all their hearts at once. Annie and the uncle were indefatigable in their attentions and love, and as months rolled away, and the dark clouds of grief began to lighten in the sunshine of hope and resignation, they felt a thousand times repaid for their devotion in the returning cheerfulness, and affection which Constance manifested towards them.

There was a great personal resemblance between Annie and Constance, the daughters of two dead sisters. Colonel Street called them his stars, his morning and his evening star: and "stars" they were in other eyes than his. But the manner of the education of these young girls had been very different, and the fruits of their education proved that

save in form and feature, the orphans were totally dissimilar.

Constance had been from her infancy a spoiled and petted child. Upon her husband's death, Mrs. Ives had retired inconsolable from the gay world, where her brilliancy and wit had made her a favorite of fashion: there she had devoted herself, but not in the way to secure her child's best good, to the education of the little Constance, who in the course of years appeared in the circles which the widow had forsaken, a proud, ambitious, beautiful, somewhat haughty girl, enthusiastic in her loves, and a "cordial hater" as well. There was much of the truly good and noble in her, but weeds had grown up thickly in her heart's rich ground, and tares also.

When Gerald had discovered the great difference there was between these his cousins; when he had found out the difference between that brotherly regard he cherished for Annie, and his *love* for Constance Ives; when this had come to pass, can you understand how it was that he dared address one who he knew regarded him as her future husband, in supplication that she would plead with Constance in his behalf? Can you tell how it was that he could bring himself to write such words as these to her, of all other women?

"My beloved Cousin Annie, my more than sister, I come to confession; with the very humblest heart I kneel before you, that I may tell you the story of my love! Will you not be my advocate with Constance? Will you not plead my cause with her? My hopes have all centred in this beautiful, glorious girl: I cannot exist without her. Dear Annie, will you not aid in bringing her to the tribunal of justice? She must solemnly answer for robbing me of my heart. Only aid me in this, and I will never have done beseeching God to bless you.

GERALD."

I do not say that Annie Hampton questioned in her own heart whether the prayers of her cousin would be like to have weight in Heaven; but can you conceive of that lightning-like doubt and astonishment which the contents of this note caused to flash through her mind? Can you guess of that pang of bitterness, or of that intensity of pain with which she read and wakened from—a dream? She did not weep, but it was strange to see the expression of those usually calm features, so lovely in their repose: it was doubly fearful to see her pacing the room, exclaiming, "All thy flood and thy waters are gone over me!"

Hours passed—she had then become calm once more, she had pondered in motionless silence upon that note held close in her clasped hands, on Gerald and on Constance, on Heaven and her own blighted love—on death!

and then? and then, she arose and sought her cousin, with firm step and tranquil face.

Constance was in her own little private parlor, arranging flowers for the many vases gathered before her. It was her morning work thus to adorn the house with the treasures of the colonel's splendid gardens. Noiselessly Annie entered the room, and softly approaching Constance, she dropped the note among the myriad flowers of every hue which loaded the table, saying humbly as she did so, "An answer by the bearer is requested."

Constance glanced at the brief note—a rich glow overspread her face, she smiled, it was a glad, almost triumphant smile—since she read the words Gerald had written, and then said, almost coldly, "I despise a cowardly lover. Had he a mean fear of refusal, fair star of the morning, that he could not address me in another than this round-about way?"

"Say no more, proud Venus, I have an answer for him, you've betrayed yourself, notwithstanding your words."

And Annie waited not for further conversation, she flew back to her own chamber, upon her knees she fell before her desk, a precious gift from him, and without a moment's pause, she wrote, and signed, and sealed, what was equal to her own *death warrant*.

"She loves you, Gerald, my cousin, joy be with you!

ANNIE."

What a crushing out of light and happiness, and the glory of life, was involved in the penning of those words!

I know, however, that it is said, "people do not die of love now-a-days," and no one admires the stout-hearted multitude that fills the earth at this hour more than I do; and, ye valiant ones! there is no danger of my mistaking the exception for the rule!

The physician and the evening star were married; they began life together with the most brilliant prospects. The colonel settled upon them immediately the portion which he had designed once, in his own mind, for Gerald and Annie, and well pleased with this arrangement, the world, and themselves, they removed at once to Hartford, the former home of Constance. Gerald had bought a partnership in the practice of one of the best physicians in that city, and here was their future residence to be made.

It had been Colonel Street's intention for some time past, to travel southward, and tread once more over some of the old battle-fields where he had fought for country and right, in his youth. This plan had been from year to year deferred, after Constance was married, but finally it returned freshly to his mind, and the conviction that this trip through the Southern States and Islands would be beneficial to Annie as to himself, at last determined

him. Gladly did the two set about the needful preparations, expeditiously were these made, and with the eagerness and excitement of children, they set out on the long journey.

But the search for health and pleasure which they made, was vain. As the distance between him and home every day lengthened, presentiments of sudden and speedy death, occasioned by his increasing ill-health and weakness, increased also, and the old man's depression and weakness filled Annie's mind with gloom and terror, and we know what had already sapped the fountains of her own peace.

Scarcely six months of absence had passed, ere she stood in a city far from her native State, beside the kind old colonel's death-bed. Her office of nurse and child, of spiritual counselor and consoler, was over: faithfully had she performed that work, and the old man had blessed her over and over, in his sickness, and his last words breathed forth the fatherly love, the gratitude he felt towards her.

More than a thousand miles did Annie journey with the body to its place of burial, in the graveyard of Streetstown, where her uncle's wife was buried; and there the three cousins, once more united, stood together at the funeral of their beloved benefactor. They were mourners, but "with a difference." Gerald felt the "sincere regret" of a man full of his own thoughts, and plans, and ambitions. Annie shed not one tear, but the loss was the very greatest to her: she comprehended it all, but she knew that the dead had found rest, and that she also should ere long. Constance was a very child in her bewailing; could it really have been *only* sorrow for the dead that swayed her body to and fro so reed-like, as she listened to the burial service?

Gerald returned to Hartford immediately after the funeral; his interview with Annie was very brief, and their conversation turned not once upon themselves. They knew they were estranged—that communion of soul was never more possible between them. Constance remained for a few days' visit with Annie, and this was the first occasion of their reunion after the marriage.

The few days of visit lengthened into weeks, but Constance never spoke of returning to Hartford, and she never mentioned Gerald, except incidentally, referring to him then in a manner that convinced Annie he was no longer the husband of her love. There was indeed, a manifest change in the woman who had gone from the village years before, happy and proud in her devotion: the glory of the star—its brightness was passing, a cloud had appeared which threatened to

bury its splendor altogether. She was to Annie the same dear sister that she was of old, but a change the strangest, had been wrought in her: she was the child of laughter and song and a gay creature's pride no longer. Annie sought for none of her cousin's confidence—perhaps she rather shrunk from receiving it—but one day a letter came from Gerald, requiring his wife's immediate return home.

A scornful smile overspread the face of Constance, as she read: she bent her head and mused a moment, then without speaking, handed the mandate to her cousin, who, having perused it, said,

"Must you go? It seems as though I could never spare you again! How lonely I shall be here when you are gone."

"I shall not go, Annie," was the reply.

"Will you dare say him nay? I will join your petition for a fortnight's longer absence, there is surely no need of your being in the city this warm weather."

"I shall not ask. *I never will* go back to him, Annie."

An astonishing change passed over Annie's face, as she heard this—she became very pale, and for a moment could not speak, and then she only whispered,

"Oh, Constance!"

"I repeat it—I will, a thousand times—I never will go back. Since I have been here, I have had such a feeling and idea of freedom, as I've not had in five long years; since that day I left this village, I have been a prisoner rather than a wife, in my own home. I have found a tyrant rather than a husband, in Gerald Lane."

"A prisoner! a tyrant! Oh what words are these! Are you sane? are you indeed *not* happy with *him*, Constance?"

"No! no! no! for I despise and abhor him—he has compelled me to! I tell you I will destroy myself sooner than go back to him. I have not a single desire to live. I've prayed for death since I left here, oftener than for any other good. He does not love me—there's no bond of union between us—he rules me as though I were a child, and I believe is tired of me, for he can now only hold up *your* character as a pattern, so that, forgive me, Annie! I have at times almost hated your name—you angel. I believe he loves you this day, better than he does his own wife—but it's not that which has brought me to this pitch."

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed the startled listener, "I will not hear of that—you should not—you must not speak *thus* to *me*. Be calm, dear Constance, I myself will strive to bring about a reconciliation between you and Gerald, I will, so help me God!"

"You shall *not*, so help me angels!" ex-

claimed Constance, and approaching Annie, she continued speaking rapidly; "you could not do it; and I do not wish it. I will be separate from him. Let him live now, as he has for the last year, divorced from me entirely—he will not miss me. I have asked him repeatedly, Annie, to let me live apart from him, with you, or anywhere, and he laughed when I asked it! he said that all the plea we had to set up would not be listened to in a court of justice, and when I said that our own hearts would justify us in a separation, he laughed again, and told me, when I knew and he knew that what I asked was necessary to my soul's peace, that it was all child's play! I will not bear it longer. There's no sympathy between us, not a tie of unity—we are as much estranged as though oceans rolled between us. Annie, I have appealed to his pity and to his manliness, have promised to be hereafter in no sense a burden to him, for I can support myself, and would do it by the hardest work rather than be dependent on him, and he will not allow it. I cannot go back to him."

"Constance," said Annie, after a long silence, "how was it that this estrangement between you became possible?"

"I hardly know—I cannot tell, except by the result—he has put restrictions upon me, chained my soul, and blotted out the best part of my nature, he has made me what I am—and I despise him and the work he has done."

"How have you been towards him, Constance? Oh, he was generous and kind in other days!"

"Yes, so I thought—so I felt. And feeling all my deficiency, my inferiority in acquirements, and in mental development, I submitted to him and was his loving, trustful wife. If I am such no longer it is he who is to blame; he has brought the sorrow upon us—upon me, by a course that is criminal, at least in God's sight. I have no love, or reverence, or respect for him. Therefore I will not, I ought not to live with him."

"There must be a reunion—what are you willing to do that it may be brought about?"

"Nothing!" was the gloomy and positive answer.

"Constance, I mean, to be his as at first."

"Nothing! I say. I wish never to exalt any mortal in my heart again as I have him."

"You are neither Christian nor womanly when you act thus. You will be miserable if apart from him—you could not be happy in separation."

"I do not look for happiness, but for peace, and that only—oh, if uncle were here! Will you not give me shelter till I have prepared myself for work, will you refuse me, Annie?"

"No! You know that if it really comes to this, your home is always with me. You are

again my companion as now, my dear sister; but before this shall be I must write him words that you accede to, or you must do it. You must reply to Gerald, Constance, as his wife."

"Good night. Not another word—you are certainly ill; you are pale as death. Wait till to-morrow and we will talk more of this—say first, Annie, that you do love me yet."

She, who was so appealed to, spoke no word, but clasping her cousin to her breast, she kissed her repeatedly, and her tears fell upon the face of the wife.

"Annie!"

There was no answer, and again the hand was raised tapping lightly against the door of the chamber, and again the voice called louder than before, "Annie!"

Silence that was broken by no answering word followed, and Constance softly opened the door. It was yet early, but Annie had already risen, she sat at the table writing, and what seemed strange to the intruder, the night-lamp was burning still, though the room was flooded with sunlight.

Annie's arm rested upon the table, perhaps sleep had overtaken her as she wrote? *It had!*

Smilingly Constance bent before her cousin, exclaiming, "What special illumination you seek! have you found light, Annie? between the lamp and the sun then we shall not have to dispute;" and she held one of the white hands to her lips—but with a scream of terror she stood up then, and lifted the slumberer's face to the light. And Annie wakened not!

It was said that she died of a "heart disease." It was very, very true!

In her room after that funeral sat the husband and the wife together. A manuscript lay on the table. Since they left the grave neither Gerald nor Constance had spoken, but the latter had gone weeping into Annie's chamber, and the physician followed her. And now at last striving to be calm, but only with partial success, she has given the papers from the table to Gerald, saying, "Read—this was addressed to me, but I cannot read it now."

"Shall I read it aloud?"

"Yes."

He obeyed her.

"I cannot argue with you, dearest Constance. I know so little of the matter on which we have spoken to-night, that I feel it would be impossible for me to decide between you and Gerald. I can only entreat you to seek a reconciliation with him—feeling that if you have been wronged, you should by your own acts force him to the right again. Even though this course be hard for you—though

in consequence, the remainder of your life be one of endurance and sorrow, believe me, in the end you will rejoice over the performance of this your duty. Ah, if you only *will*, you two so beautiful, so uncommonly gifted beings, may be unspeakably happy! If I could but have your assurance that you will do this, I—I could die in peace. For while I write this, Constance, I feel that I have not long to live—not long to plead. I have had for years a conviction that I should die young, and without special warning—therefore read these words as though they were sent you from the grave. I speak them standing as it were *beyond* the grave, scanning your future life on earth—and I feel that it will be best for you to go to Gerald. If his love has become by any means estranged from you—if he is seeking other things than belong to peace and to justice, your love, your forbearance, kindness, sympathy, can draw him back to the right way again. I implore you before it be too late, try, and see if this be not so. You are too young to say all the future is wrapped in gloom: know you not of the second birth to happiness which mortals have when they struggle and do that which is right? Oh, remember that it is not yourself who are alone concerned. Gerald, if he has erred, and sinned against you, can you think of his fine mind, his great capabilities, and not *wish* still to live for him, and make him a better and thereby a happier man?

"From the necessity of a life of labor I wish to keep you. For *you* it would not be well to appear in the world as a laborer.—During my life I will share my fortune with you—at my death it is yours. This I say to you that you may know, if all your efforts for

reconciliation fail, a home and a heart await you here. But try, without fear, to live with Gerald in peace, try every way, Constance, before you give up the hope. Go *now* to him, I beg you. Do not wait to see me again: write me when you are with him, and tell me then, my love, that all is well between you. I shall—"

The pen had fallen from her hand here—she had written no more. The reader's voice faltered, and trembled, and stopped many times, during the reading of this letter—but he read it, every word, and Constance, she, with tears that were agony, repentance and sorrow, heard and wept aloud.

"Constance, I have sinned," he said at length. "Are you my wife? I ask it freely—we have been miserable, God knows. Give me an answer that shall be for time and for eternity. It is all in your own hands—if you *will*, we are divorced from this hour."

She stood up suddenly and looked upon him as he spake thus—and there was something in his face that was like a calm breath from the trees of Paradise floating over her burning heart. And she felt as if in the very presence of the dead—therefore looking on him searchingly and solemnly again, she found grace to answer,

"I am your wife for ever and for ever."

And brightly, with calm and steadfast ray, shone the Evening Star in the house of Gerald Lane—and its chastened and holy light was a blessing thenceforth to him, who in sorrow repented of the past, who in humility hoped for the future.

There have been many martyrs since the day of Simeon.

SONG.

BY C. R. COWLES.

Oh! hae ye seen my bonnie lad?
For a brae lad was he—
His hair was like the raven's wing,
And bonnie blue his ee.

Sae tall and straight and blithe was he,
Sae merry was his song—
Oh! wad he but come back to me,
I would nae say him wrong.

He asked me if I'd love him,
And I told him nay, nay;
For tho' my heart was his, what could
A modest maiden say?

He said his heart was breaking—
I tho't it was the way—
And tho' he plead with sighing,
I told him nay, nay.

We often met and wandered
Together o'er the brae,
And when the tears filled both his een,
I told him nay, nay.

And now he's gone for ever,
Oh! maun I rue the day!
I told him—oh! I meant it not,
I told him nay, nay.

And oh! how heavy is my heart,
And dark and drear my way—
Oh! wad my Jamie but come back,
And turn this night to day.

I canna smile, I can but weep,
I canna sing at a',
For oh! my heart's with Jamie still,
And Jamie's far awa.

GOLDSMITH AND IRVING.

BY EDWARD P. CLARKE.

FEW men have evinced a greater resemblance in some respects, and a greater diversity in others than Oliver Goldsmith and Washington Irving. In their styles we find the same quiet, unassuming elegance; the same pure Saxon idiom; and the same good-humored sarcasm which may pleasantly titillate, but seldom stings. It is natural, at first sight, to term Irving the "Goldsmith of America." Yet there exist more points of difference between these great men than present themselves to the eye of a superficial observer.—First, where can we find a greater contrast than between the tenor of their lives? Goldsmith was the son of a poor clergyman, resident in an humble Irish village, and sorely pressed to maintain his large family. Irving was of respectable parentage and reared among all the advantages which competence, if not positive affluence, could bestow. Goldsmith's early life was one continued struggle with indigence, and through trials which would have permanently embittered the tempers and smothered the talents of most men. Among his boyish companions his position was that of "a stupid, awkward little blockhead, whom every one made fun of." He entered college upon the debased footing of "sizar," a rank most painfully repugnant to every delicate mind, both from the low estimation in which it was held, and the shamefully menial services required from its occupants. Poverty and natural indolence are depressing enough of themselves when weighed against natural genius, but if to these are superadded the discouraging effects of dependence and the brutality of his tutor, we are inclined to wonder, not that Goldsmith ranked low at the university, but that he ever ranked high elsewhere. Like Fielding's, his days passed, either in crazy extravagance or debasing poverty. At one time we find him revelling in temporary wealth, covered with rich habiliments, and drinking the choicest wines in company with Johnson and Garrick—at another, selling the copyright of the "Vicar of Wakefield" for a few guineas to preserve him from a debtor's prison. Add to all this a nervous desire for applause, which made his peace of mind a prey to every malicious critic, and we shall be tempted to believe that few men were more transiently happy, or more permanently miserable than Oliver Goldsmith.

To Irving, on the contrary, life has been a pleasant spring, summer and autumn, with but a few transient clouds to enhance enjoyment of the following sunshine. Designed

for the mercantile profession—adopting literary occupations at the eleventh hour—his first production met with universal applause. None have obtained with so little labor such brilliant and lasting renown.

Goldsmith has himself told us that he felt extraordinary pleasure while young in listening to local traditions of a romantic character, and in perusing Eastern tales, fairy stories, and old plays. There can be little doubt that these circumstances, superadded to his innate taste for the scenes of rural beauty which surrounded him, made him a poet, and such a poet as he was. The mind of genius, in its childhood, resembles a mass of molten gold, possessing great intrinsic value, yet unfixed, useless, and dependent for its future shape upon any casual impression which it may at this early period encounter. Had Goldsmith's boyhood been passed amid the smoke and din of a city, he might have written the "Citizen of the World," and even the "Traveller," but we doubt much if the "Deserted Village" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" would ever have existed.

Goldsmith was not, in the highest sense, an original writer. He struck out no new path. He but followed in the footsteps of his predecessors, though, doubtless, with a keener eye and a deeper relish for many of the beauties which surrounded him. In the matter of style his claim is more plausible. He united the mathematical correctness of Pope, the freedom of Dryden, and the elegance of Waller, yet he can scarcely be termed an imitator of any. Perhaps it would not be too much to assert that Goldsmith was the founder of the Lake School. The generative principles of a great revolution are not always so obvious as they may appear. The commencement of those great changes which led to the execution of Charles the First dates farther back than the reign of Elizabeth. It is much to be lamented that Goldsmith lived in an age when his poverty formed an insurmountable obstacle to the free exercise of his genius. Earning subsistence by his pen, he was forced to consult popular taste in what he wrote, and to waste much of his time upon mechanical compilations and criticisms—a species of drudgery which his soul always abhorred, and in which he never excelled. It often fared with him as with the celebrated Vandyke, of whom it is recorded that a friend once found fault with one of his pictures, declaring it unworthy of his high reputation. "True," said Vandyke, "but I painted that for my kitchen." It

is to Goldsmith's "kitchen" that we must refer the histories, ancient and modern, which came from his pen, and which, but for the distinguished fame of their author, would never rank higher than juvenile text books. He has himself humorously satirized the miscellaneous nature of his literary pursuits in the *Citizen of the World*. One of the characters depicted in the "Author's Club" represents himself as writing pot-house songs and sermons, "all at the rate of sixpence apiece, and what was more extraordinary the bookseller lost by the bargain."

Goldsmith's personal appearance was unprepossessing, though in a less degree than that of his friend Johnson. We cannot but notice the marked and characteristic difference between himself and Irving, as exhibited by their portraits. In Goldsmith's case, a coarse complexion, thin, rather straggling hair, a bullet head, a somewhat flat nose, and a sensual expression about the lower face, contrast fully with a quick, piercing eye, and a broad, massy and expansive forehead. In a word, a stranger would set down the face at first sight as belonging either to a very ordinary man, or a very great genius. On turning to Irving we find a countenance, handsome indeed, yet without any strongly marked features. Its expression is good-humored, highly intellectual and gentlemanly. Yet it is not one that would be singled from a crowd.

If the estimate which we have formed of Goldsmith's character be correct, its grand defect was, that he could never be induced to realize life. None excelled him in painting men and manners, and in drawing thence theories of worldly conduct. But, like many others, he could give advice which he could not, or would not take. He was constantly under the influence of a belief, which even the stern realities of life could not, as in most cases, remove—that some brilliant future, delayed perhaps, but sure to come, awaited him. Other men require substantial prospects—he remained satisfied with vague and visionary ones.

Goldsmith exhibited one characteristic far from peculiar to himself. While sensitive in a high degree to popular opinion, he was nervously anxious to conceal that sensitiveness. He would frequently quote that celebrated remark of the French poet;

"Le monde est plein des fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir
Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son mirror."

Yet his conduct appeared in strange contrast with his theory. On the night when "She stoops to conquer" was first enacted on the stage, Goldsmith was running eagerly from friend to friend, begging their opinion of the piece; was thrown into agony by one or two

casual hisses, and quarreled with the manager for a sarcastic remark upon his agitation. He was constantly irritated by the Grub street critics, who, in the plenitude of their envy, would never let an opportunity pass of discharging their venom by an indiscriminate abuse of his works. Even the commendation of Johnson, whom he almost idolized, could not always restore his equanimity. At the same time he joined simple mildness and playfulness of heart to a disposition benevolent in the extreme. We wonder at the mind of Johnson; we pity the misfortunes of Savage; we love the kind, open heart of Addison; but for Goldsmith we must feel wonder, sympathy, and love, at the same time. Faults and foibles he undoubtedly possessed, and Boswell and the shameless Kenrick have not failed to exaggerate them. But like the good pastor, so beautifully described in the *Desereted Village*, we may say that

"—E'en his failings leant to virtue's side."

Goldsmith's imaginative powers were good, but not of the highest order. He was chiefly successful in description. His versification is notoriously regular and harmonious. His style in prose is too well understood to make it necessary that we should exhaust the trite vocabulary of critical phrases, in eulogizing it.

One dark cloud lies upon Goldsmith's personal and literary character, which, above all others, we could wish removed—the total absence of high religious feeling. None of his works are of immoral tendency; they are all, on the contrary, predisposed to virtue. But, even in the best, we can discern no trace of vital Christianity. His delineations of the clergy are rather sarcastic than otherwise. The Vicar of Wakefield himself is represented as kind-hearted, but inexperienced and prejudiced. It is certainly difficult to blame Goldsmith for his low estimate of clerical virtues. Such is but one among the many evil results of that mighty corruption, the established church, creating, as it does, one large body of haughty and luxurious prelates, and another of starving and despised stipendiaries, with but a small intermediate class of those who both deserve and receive respect. The Anglican Church is one which *ex necessitate rei*, can give birth to few men like Luther or Knox, Brainerd or Eliot. Yet how much happier and more useful would the life of Oliver Goldsmith have been, if sustained by reliance on the sublime faith of "Him of Nazareth!"

WASHINGTON IRVING is, in some sense, the father of American literature. The poets and prose writers of the Revolution, and of the twenty or thirty years following, seldom ranked above mediocrity. Many have wondered that

an age so prolific in great names—an age adorned by Hamilton, Adams, and Jay—should have been thus unproductive of literary talent. The solution of the problem may be found in the peculiar state of the country, during the period of which we speak. In 1785, America was a political chaos. The elements of a future Republic were free, indeed, from the unnatural control hitherto imposed upon them, but they were disunited, confused, and tossing upon a stormy political sea. Under such circumstances, public life held out more inducements to young men of talent than anything else. From 1785 to 1800, law was the favorite profession of educated men, and the few who did not adopt it, generally studied theology or medicine. The laborious life these were obliged to lead, precluded the possibility of directing any great attention towards the study of polite literature. Thus, many minds, which might have attained the utmost heights of literary fame, were, from the force of circumstances, directed elsewhere. Of these, Patrick Henry forms, we think, a distinguished example. The age in which he lived made him a politician, and the brilliancy of his forensic talents has prevented us from seeing what a distinguished author was lost in him. Had the high-minded Virginian followed the natural bent of his genius, we are persuaded that he would have formed a bright flower in the chaplet of American authorship.

The peculiarity of Irving's style may be described in three words: *Aequam servare mentem*. It approaches nearer to poetry than any prose with which we are acquainted. He selects his words mainly from the purest Saxon, a dialect in itself the most poetical, and from these he carefully culls the most harmonious. No grating collocation of consonants shocks the refined ear, and rhyme alone is wanting to complete an illusive belief that it is not prose which we are reading. It may seem strange that a mainly mercantile education, such as Irving received, should have enabled him to write with such chaste elegance. An explanation is, we think, to be found in a fact recorded by Dr. Waller, in his "Sketches of Metropolitan Talent." "Irving's favorite works, in early life, and which he read, almost to the exclusion of everything else, were Chaucer and Spenser." Though Dr. Waller attaches no particular importance to this fact, we cannot but think that these treasures of pure old Saxon, engrrafted upon our author's mind a taste which, however modified in after-life, was never lost.

As an historian, Irving resembles Goldsmith, though with the advantage of a better style. We shall search his works in vain for any profound philosophical theories. Still the "Life of Columbus" is as certainly an American classic as the poetry of Bryant. Even Prescott is sadly deficient in the "philosophy of history." America has not yet given birth to a Guizot. But if Irving never soars into the highest regions; if he never becomes invisible to terrestrial eyes—it is no less true that he never descends to bathos, or even mediocrity. In all his works, the same spirit of calm, even urbanity prevails. His very irony pleases, but never wounds. Could the most irascible of the worthy old Dutchmen immortalized in the "History of New York" arise from his grave, he would find it impossible to be angry with the hand which drew his own portrait, however ludicrous the features might appear. Irving's very faults are of a negative rather than a positive character. We may say that he lacks energy—that he never originates one of those peculiarly happy expressions which lend so much brilliancy to the writings of Lamb and Carlyle, but we cannot accuse him of having done ill aught that he has attempted to do.

Thus much for Washington Irving. It is true that we have sketched him more briefly than we could wish, or he himself deserves. But there are few men of equal celebrity about whom we know so little. His *outside life* is all to which we have access. No Boswell has yet been appointed unto him.

To institute a final comparison between Goldsmith and Irving, we may repeat what we have already said, that while there seems at first, a general likeness, few differ more in many respects. Goldsmith's life was a continued battlefield; Irving won his laurels almost at the first stroke. Goldsmith is best known as a poet; Irving never wrote a line of verse, and though brilliant thoughts are not wanting in his works, he does not possess the highest spirit of poesy. In prose, Goldsmith evinced a deeper and more varied knowledge of character; Irving a greater mastery of style. Goldsmith possessed more wit; Irving more humor. Yet both can say with Ovid:

"Non ego mordaci distinx carmine quenquam;
Nulla venenato est litera mista joco."

None made more friends or fewer enemies, and none possessed more of that truly benevolent spirit which softens down the most rugged asperities of the human heart.

FIRST LOVE.

BY T. J. CONNALTY.

"It may be, death hath buried deep;
 It may be, fate hath cursed;
 But still no later love can keep
 The greenness of the first."—FRANCIS BROWN.

LONG years ago, when I was young,
 A heedless, happy, wayward boy,
 When life's lithe lyre, but newly strung,
 Thrilled many a heartborn note of joy—
 There came across my morning path
 A radiant, soft, and witching thing,
 A blossom such as seldom hath
 Been sent to grace our earthly spring.

A maid of twice seven summers, she,
 In the impassioned earnestness
 Of more than vestal purity,
 My undirected youth did bless :
 My every sigh was breathed for her,
 To her my every thought was given,
 Till I was more than worshipper,
 She—my embodiment of heaven.

I loved to catch, with eager gaze,
 The golden glory of her hair,
 Which sown with countless sunny rays,
 In lustre undulated there :
 Nor could I, silly boy, then brook
 The ceaseless dancing of her curls,
 From which each sinuous movement shook
 A shower of Eden's airy pearls.

Her earnest eyes' mild, melting blue
 Long captive kept my wondering sight,
 Nor aught of earth or heavenborn hue
 Could charm me like its azure light ;
 Her every step, her voice, her mien
 Bespoke such budding excellence,
 Clad her in such ethereal sheen
 As bathed in bliss my captured sense.

* * * * *

Two years, with noiseless step, had fled—
 I, aimless, trod a stranger land
 With saddened soul, for she was dead—
 Struck down by fate's relentless hand.
 Few spots of earth, my weary feet,
 Impelled by still a wearier heart,
 Have left untravelled since—and yet
 Her soul pervades my every part.

I've been where hoary Blanc suspends,
 In *hauteur* stern, his rigid brow ;
 Where Persia's wandering west wind bends
 In dalliance with the scene below,

Still whether east or west I turned,
 Or north or south my way I took,
 In my tenacious bosom burned
 The modest witchery of her look.

The stars, from out their trembling rays,
 Each gentle breeze that murmured by,
 Pictured her melancholy gaze,
 Or breathed again her wonted sigh :
 From every string of nature's lyre,
 In every trait of nature's face,
 Some sound or sight did e'er transpire,
 In which I might her semblance trace.

"Twould little serve, were I to tell
 How on life's billows I was lost,
 Or paint the voiceless pangs that well
 Deep in the heart whose hopes are crossed ;
 But they, and they alone, who've loved,
 And lost that light in early spring,
 Life's after bitterness have proved
 And realized what I might sing.

* * * * *

Time rolling on but slowly now,
 Bore off my buoyancy of tread,
 Wrote deep his record on my brow,
 And shed his silver on my head :
 My travelled feet had ceased to roam,
 My soul beat, captive, in my breast,
 It longed to reach that spirit home
 Where broken, bleeding hearts have rest.

To-day I knelt above her grave.
 The envious grave that snatched her young,
 I blessed the yew that o'er it waved,
 I kissed the rose that from it sprung :
 Sustained by faith and soothed, my soul
 Unbarred the portals of the tomb,
 And saw what streams of rapture roll
 Beneath its cold external gloom.

'Tis past—but well can I divine
 Why life for me was made so bleak ;
 No cross but tells its true design ;
 No care but doth its mission speak.
 We love—the loved one early dies ;
 Thereby each earthly tie is riven :
 The link that's broken here, but flies
 To closer bind our souls to Heaven.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MRS. ELIZA WALTON CLARK.

"YES, Christmas will be here to-morrow," soliloquized young Mrs. Leslie, as she sank back into the luxurious depths of a "sleepy-hollow," and, resigned herself, for a while, to meditation. "I must decide at once, upon my gifts, and institute a comparison between their probable cost and the state of my finances. Mother will certainly be pleased with that beautiful writingstand; then, that elegant smoking cap for brother, and Julia? I cannot decide upon my present to Julia; I must go again to B——'s, and take another survey of their bijouterie. Then, I shall buy those beautiful matched copies, of Goethe and Schiller, for Edward. I am sure he will like them, with the loving little note, that shall nestle in their leaves. Dear Edward! how I love to please him," and the young wife's face lighted up with a radiance, that came bright from the heart, and then a glow of beauty over a face, beautiful only in its expression.

Just then, a note was handed her, from her husband, whom she was each moment expecting to dinner.

"Since leaving you, dearest Anna, I have found it necessary to go to Chelsea, on business, relating to the case of — vs. —, and shall probably be detained a while, at the office, after my return this evening. I regret the necessity of our dining apart, and also, that I shall be deprived of the pleasure of selecting the gift, which was to have been my first Christmas present to *my wife*. Accordingly, enclosed you will find twenty dollars, the sum I appropriated for this purpose, with which I hope you will purchase something that will suit your taste, and which will serve as a token of the fond affection of your husband.

EDWARD."

"Always kind and generous," said Anna, and then hastily despatching her solitary dinner, she resumed her former seat, and again reading her husband's note, her thoughts returned to Christmas presents. "I must not forget the cook and waiter, and that will exhaust all the money that can be spared for gifts. And now let me think what I shall get for myself. O, that superb salver at J——'s, that we both saw and wanted the other day, but thought we could not afford to get at present as our other expenses are so heavy. And now, he has sent me twenty dollars, to spend just as I please. Surely, never was a husband more indulged, or a wife more blest."

She glanced around her cheerful apartment, furnished, not indeed, magnificently, but still luxuriously; and then she thought of her "other home," her mother's house, where

from infancy her every wish had been gratified. "But more than all other blessings, do I value the warm, loving hearts that have ever surrounded me. Madame du Deffand said, 'It is to die every day, to live without loving any one.' To me it would be worse than death. Thank God, such has not been my lot. Thank God!—do I thank him?" she repeated seriously, and laying down the embroidery, with which her fingers had been busy, she mused intently.

She had, that morning, been looking over Wright's lectures on India, and her mind now reverted to the deplorable condition of her own sex, among those swarming millions, to the almost equally degraded condition among the Chinese and other benighted nations, to the prayer of the Indian mother, "Let not my child be a daughter, for very sorrowful is the lot of woman." "Not sorrowful is the lot of woman, in this Christian land," thought Anna, "Here she is neither the slave nor the toy of man, but is his cherished companion and is supplied with every intellectual and moral advantage, that her being demands. Blessed indeed, are we above all others! Do not these advantages devolve upon us, a proportional responsibility? Ought we not to do what we can, to aid those who are striving to raise those miserable people to something like a level with us? Surely, common humanity as well as christianity, requires that we should do all that is in our power to lessen the sum of human wretchedness, both in our own and in heathen lands."

The cause of Foreign Missions had been presented to their church on the preceding Sabbath, and Mrs. Leslie had lightly and carelessly listened, and then, after a slight contribution, had thought no more of the subject. But now, some unseen influence was at work within her heart, giving vividness and intensity to high and holy truths. "Am I not living too aimlessly? Shall not I, who receive so much, likewise *impart* of God's rich gifts, to those less favored than myself? Let me not be selfish in my happiness; let me not forget that life has a distinct, an earnest work, for each individual to perform—and that is, to secure our own salvation, to promote the welfare of others and the glory of God. This I have always been taught—how strange that I never realized it, never *felt* it before: never felt how sinful it was, to live so entirely for myself, in forgetfulness of the claims which God devolves upon those whom He has thus raised to Heaven in point of privilege. "O, Father!" she breathed forth, as new and

strong emotion thrilled her whole being, "O, Father, hear my prayer! cleanse my heart, purify my inmost soul, that it may become a temple for Thyself, and enable me hereafter, to find my happiness in living for others, and for Thee!"

She arose and walked to the pier-table between the two front windows. While standing thus, her eye rested upon the crowd, which, as in all Boston thoroughfares, was moving restlessly to and fro; but, pursuing still her train of thoughts, she observed no one in particular, until her notice was attracted by the shrinking figure of a little girl, who lightly and thinly clad, seemed scarcely able to urge her way against the searching blasts, from which she was so insufficiently protected. Just as Mrs. Leslie's attention was fastened upon her, she chanced to turn her head, and the street lamps, which in the early darkness, were already lighted, revealed a face which startled Anna by its familiarity, although for a time, she was quite unable to identify it. At last its history occurred to her.

Before her marriage she had been, for years, in the habit of frequenting a store in the neighborhood of her mother's house, kept by a man of the name of Richards, who, by his integrity and strict attention to business, was year by year increasing his custom and his profits. His store and residence being connected, his wife and children were frequently with him, and as Anna found it convenient, often to drop in there for needles, cotton, &c., at hours when other customers were absent, she seemed to become, in a measure, the acquaintance and friend of the family, who greatly pleased her, by their cheerful industry and devotion to each other. The eldest child, Amy, who was about eleven years of age, quite attached herself to Anna, who felt and manifested much interest in her enthusiasm and proficiency in her studies, at one of those so deservedly celebrated. Anna had been admirable public schools for which Boston is sent some months from the city, and, on her return, being about to enter her favorite place of dealing, she was surprised to observe that a new sign was displayed, and that the familiar faces had vanished. Upon inquiry, she ascertained that an unfortunate endorsement, in connection with other losses, had ruined poor Richards; and nothing further could she learn concerning him until, some time afterwards, she accidentally noticed in a daily paper, his name among the list of deaths. With a sigh for his misfortunes, and the still sorrier ones of his bereaved family, her thoughts turned to some other subject, and amid the engrossing scenes of her exciting life, the matter faded from her memory. Back again, however, it rushed with the sad appearance of that remembered face, as she stood on that

Christmas eve, watching little Amy Richards pursue her desolate way among the busy crowd, and then, turning down a cross street, immediately opposite the window, where Anna was standing, stopped at last, before a forlorn looking house, tenanted by numerous families, and which looked strangely out of place, amid its more modern and respectable neighbors.

"That, then, is the place where Richards' family hide their poverty and their sorrows! To-morrow will be no joyful day for them," she said, as the thought of the anniversary season recurred to her. "How vain it would be to wish *them* a merry or a happy Christmas! I should like to shed some sunshine upon their gloomy to-morrow. Can I? let me think. I will go to them with kind words of sympathy and interest: that, I am sure will do them good, but that will not be enough. I must give them substantial aid, for this, truly, seems a providential opening for the development of my newly formed resolutions. These providential opportunities for usefulness present themselves often, I doubt not, when we perceive them not, or carelessly pass them by: I must begin to seize and improve them." And she repeated slowly, a verse, that had struck her forcibly, that morning, when reading the Bible—"But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "Amy's need is certainly great," she said. "It made my heart ache, to see that thin bonnet and miserable shawl. I wish I had not appropriated all my money, I should love to clothe her warmly. Yet stay—can I hesitate between administering to the necessities of the poor, or to the superfluities of the rich? I cannot make up my mind to give up my presents to others, especially as I have spoken of, and almost promised them; but I can deny myself that salver. If Edward objects, I must prove to him that I thus receive the greater happiness."

Self-indulgence had become so much a habit with Anna, that it was not without a struggle that she relinquished the elegant article she so much admired; but determined not to listen to the temptings of selfishness, and impatient at once, to execute her good resolutions, she hastily rang the bell, and, as it was now too dark for her to venture out alone, she sent to a neighboring stand, and had a carriage quickly at her bidding.

Having lived all her lifetime in the city, Anna had no difficulty in finding places, where she could obtain exactly what she wanted; and then leaving her more elegant purchases at home, she drove with the rest, to the house of many occupants, where in the only room which she could afford to hire, Mrs.

Richards struggled with her poverty and her cares. Bewildered, indeed, did she look at Anna's sudden appearance. "Do not consider me as an intruder or as a stranger," said the latter, kindly, and pressing the widow's hand; and after a glad recognition on the part of the children, she sat down, with Amy standing close beside her, and the youngest little one on her lap. "I accidentally discovered, this afternoon, where you lived, and could not forbear coming in, to assure you of my sympathy for your misfortunes, and of my earnest desire to be of service to you."

Tears were raining down the widow's face, whether from joy or grief, she could hardly tell. "Do not feel distressed at my weeping," she said; "day and night I have to nerve myself to such a stern endurance—and now, these tears will do me good. O, Miss Sydney, may you never know by experience, how soothing to a desolate heart are words of kindness and sympathy; may you never know how much the heart can bear, before it breaks beneath the weight of weary days and dismal nights, which come and go in poverty, loneliness and despair. And these children,—you can guess how bitter it is for me to see them in such destitution. One by one, their little comforts have been parted with, to obtain the scanty food that has kept them alive. Amy had to give up the school she loved so well, because her clothes were not suitable, yet thin as they are, she is obliged to take long walks for the work, which is all we have to depend upon. Just now, she came in, cold and sick, bringing, instead of my work, a message that I could no longer have it, as some one had offered to do it cheaper than I could. God knows that was *cheap* enough! Yes, God knows all my trials, my sufferings; and He has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. Not often have I been left to such despair as paralyzed me just now; not often have I so forgotten the precious hopes and promises of the Bible; not often have I been tempted to wish so madly, that this weary life was over! And now that you have come with your kind and happy face, I am sure that *He* has sent you to comfort and encourage me."

The children looked almost frightened while their mother spoke thus with a rapidity and vehemence so unusual, and Anna sat speechless, as though stunned by the revelation of misery so new and so startling to her. If not as ignorant as the young princess, who wondered why poor people did not eat cake when they were starving for lack of bread, Anna had been so far removed from contact with poverty, had seen so little of its tangible evidences, that this new development of life surprised almost as much as it shocked her. She thanked God that she had been led thither to offer consolation where it was so

much needed, and then summoning her spirits and her speech, she talked with Mrs. Richards about her future plans.

"I will see," she said, "that you are supplied with sewing, at prices that will enable you again to live in comfort. It makes my blood boil to think of those who are 'grinding the faces of the poor' by their niggardly pay. God will punish them," she said, solemnly, "and man's laws should take cognizance of such oppression. They should shield helpless women from such terrible exactions, and oblige the covetous and dishonest to pay her a just equivalent for her services. Ten cents for a coarse shirt, and twenty-five cents for a fine and closely stitched one! Dear me! it would hardly pay for candlelight at this season when we might be Irish enough to say that the days are all nights. I pity the poor creature who undertakes your work for lower wages! Is it possible that human labor is so cheap, and human wants so dire and pressing! Never again will I forget to pray, that God will have mercy upon the poor, and that He will teach their fellow men to show mercy. And now, my little Amy, I must fulfill my errand to you: I must remind you of what I am afraid you were in danger of forgetting, that this is a joyous season, and that bright and happy days have not altogether passed away from earth." Then, speaking to the man in waiting for her, she speedily placed her gifts in the hands of the astonished and delighted family. "You must not be jealous," said she, playfully, "that my presents, this evening, are all for Amy. To-morrow a turkey shall come walking along, with all the accompaniments of a Christmas dinner; but, to-night, I felt chiefly solicitous to administer warmth to the shivering little girl who passed my house to-day;" and with no small satisfaction she exhibited the articles which by a judicious expenditure she had obtained with the money she had thus appropriated: a cheap, but very respectable looking muff; a pretty, though simple hood and cloak; two pair of warm hose, and lined India rubber shoes, which, if they did not fit Amy, she was sure would not be useless in the family. "These are evidences that I mean to carry my point, when I say that Amy must commence shortly to go again to school. To-morrow morning I want her to dress herself in these things, and come and see if she cannot find something to bring home to her little sisters, from my house,—that brick one with wide steps, on — street, immediately fronting this street, where my husband, Mr. Leslie, and myself have resided for some months past."

"O, Miss Sydney, you are married then," cried Amy; "and you live so near us, too? How glad I am, how very glad! But how can we thank you enough for your goodness?"

and she kissed with enthusiasm the hand resting on her shoulder; while every feature of her mother's face evinced the deep feelings with which she was struggling.

"Thank God, but not me," said Anna, and then going to the widow, who was beginning to pour forth her gratitude, "I have a favor to ask, Mrs. Richards. Do not consider this in the light of a charity. Consider it as the gift of a sister in that family which has one common Father and Redeemer, and who has thus conferred greater benefits on herself than upon you. In your prayers remember those who are rich in this world's goods, but poor towards God, and pray that, surrounded as they are by so many temptations, they may have their hearts touched and renewed by the Divine Spirit. Pray for me, that—"

"O, Mrs. Leslie," interrupted Mrs. Richards, "what are *my* prayers?"

"The prayers of the righteous availeth much," replied Anna, "and who can say that your prayers for aid in your extremity were not the cause of the powerful influence that has moved me to-day,—that has led me to earnest thought, to humble prayer, to sincere repentance? that has led me to feel, as I never felt before, that duties and responsibilities press upon me with a weighty force, and that God will hold me accountable for the misimprovement of His lavish blessings. Yes, pray for me,—I need your prayers;—and believe me," she said, as thanks again were poured upon her, "I feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that God has greatly blessed me in sending me here to-night."

Anna had been indoctrinated in the truths of the gospel from her earliest childhood, and now, that the Holy Spirit had pressed those truths home upon her heart, she had not to encounter the difficulties which beset many in their first attempts to conform themselves to the requirements of duty. She implicitly believed that to those who exercise sincere repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, pardon and acceptance were promised; and that now it devolved upon her to "work out her own salvation with fear and trembling, knowing that it was God that worked in her both to will and to do of His good pleasure." She was not sorry, when she reached home, to find that she would yet have time for quiet reflection before her husband's return, and with her Bible in her hand, she sought her closet for self-examination and prayer. She knew that Edward was naturally more thoughtful than herself,—and she felt self-reproached, when she reflected that her influence hitherto had been of a nature to draw him from serious considerations into worldliness and forgetfulness of God. "God grant," she earnestly cried, "that now I may indeed be a *helpmeet* for him, and that we both may

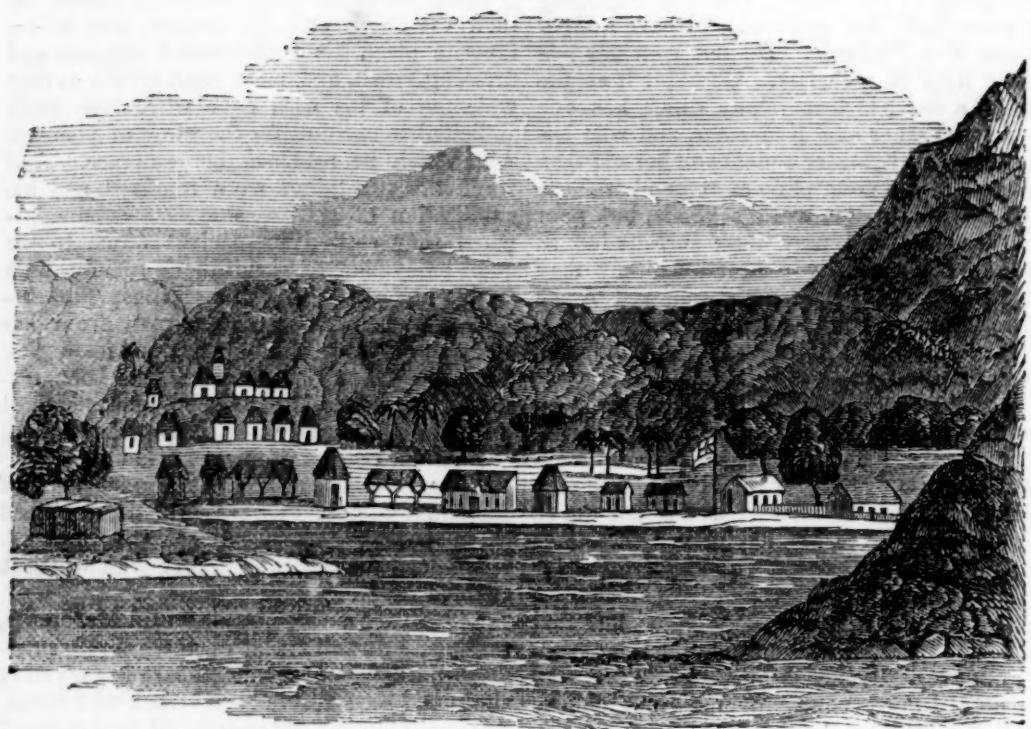
be led by His spirit to aid each other in the discharge of every Christian duty."

Mr. Leslie ever returned to his beloved home with a happy heart, but never with more gladness than on this Christmas eve. The glowing fire in the grate, the table spread for their evening repast, his favorite seat in his favorite place, his well-warmed slippers and dressing-gown, and more than all the loving welcome of his own dear wife, were quite sufficient to account for the glow of pleasure with which he returned her embrace. And when the tea things were removed, and his exhilaration of spirits somewhat subdued,—when they settled themselves down to the quiet enjoyment of each other's society, with an intense sense of the happiness thus received,—when Anna had drawn from her husband an account of his adventures during the day,—when her presents had been discussed and appreciated;—then, and not until then, did Anna reply to his repeated question, "What did you buy for yourself, dearest?"

"I have to thank you for a great deal of happiness to-day, Edward—for that enjoyed when your generous present was first received, and for the rare luxury with which it enabled me to indulge myself."

"I am very curious, Anna," said Mr. Leslie, smiling; "do tell me at once what rare ornament you have obtained. There is a mystery about it, I see: I have been struck with something peculiar in your manner all the evening."

Annie did not trifle on the subject; but, drawing closer to her husband, she leaned her head on his shoulder and recounted the history of the day; and when, at its conclusion, he pressed her to his heart, and told her that he never loved her better,—that he had long been dissatisfied with himself, and that with God's help he would hereafter give "more earnest heed" to the subject of which she spoke,—her cup of bliss seemed quite too full. "This is just the season," said Mr. Leslie, "in which it seems most meet that the 'goodness of God should lead us to repentance,' and the full tide of happiness should in its flow carry comfort and relief to the 'weary and heavy laden.' Our own 'merry Christmas' at your mother's will be all the 'merrier' after sending poor Mrs. Richards provisions that will long preserve her from want. I thank you, my wife, for the example you have set me,—for the sincerity and earnestness with which you have urged this matter upon my consideration.—Never does woman appear more noble or endearing than when she uses her influence over man for his own highest and best good, and to promote the interests of religion and of humanity. I trust that this will prove the date of a new era in our lives, and that we shall ever have reason to look back with gratitude to this Christmas eve of 1850.



TIGRE ISLAND.

The above view of Tigré Island, copied from an English paper, was procured as the heading to an article which should give a full description of the "Mosquito" country which has lately attained such great importance in connection with the building of a ship canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and the occupation of which has formed the subject of a treaty, and the ground of some diffi-

culty between England and America. But unfortunately the absence from the city, of the Squire, the distinguished representative of the United States at that country, has prevented us from obtaining the facts which we wish. A good degree of research on our part has only proved that other sources of information are insufficient.

A VALENTINE'S HUE AND CRY

DEAR! dear! dear! the crier is out,
And over the city he makes such a rout ;—
Ding, dong, sounds his bell,
With a groan, and a sigh, and a heavy swell ;
He's coming nigh, what does he cry ?
Hark ! and we'll hear him by and by ;
What does the crier find to say
All through the town on St. Valentine's Day ?

Now we hear the sorrowful sound,
" Lost ! lost ! Who has found,
In the parlor, or in the street,
Anywhere that people meet,
A thousand hearts, by a thousand darts
Rent and torn into numberless parts,
And a thousand sighs, I'm bound to say,
All lost on this very St. Valentine's Day !

" Lost ! lost ! Did you say another ?
Oh ! my dear madam, I'm in such a pothet !
What with ringing, and what with crying,
I'm just on the very point of dying !
A thousand and one hearts and doves,
And cupids and darts and kisses and loves ;—
A thousand and one,—the deuce is to pay
With every living soul on St. Valentine's Day.

" Lost ! lost ! Up goes the sash
Of yonder house, with a terrible crash,
And somebody screams, ' here's another lost !'
Oh ! dear ! was ever a crier so crost ?
What shall I do ? Here's a thousand and two,
A thousand and two, as good as new,—
One, two more—here's a thousand and four—
Did I hear you say you knew of a score ?
Here's a thousand and four hearts gone astray
At once on this very St. Valentine's Day !"

" Lost ! lost ! " He's out of sight ;
Poor old man, I pity him quite ;

Ringing and crying, as hoarse as a frog
That has slept too long on a mossy log.
But deary me ! people should be
A little more careful ; just look at me !
Here's my heart as safe and as sound,
Nobody's lost, and nobody's found ;
No one can say it was stolen away
With the thousand and four on St. Valentine's Day.

Oh ! dear me ! what a singular feeling
All on a sudden is over me stealing !
The moment I saw that magnificent face
Pass by my window, and smile with such grace,
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, like a pussy cat,
My heart went beating, just think of that !
And oh ! those eyes, what a sweet surprise
Shone out when they met me, without disguise ;
I blush to think what he would say,
Could he read my thoughts on St. Valentine's Day.

Run for the crier down the street !
Pray, don't stop 'till his face you meet !
Tell him it's lost, it's gone, and where
For my life I can't tell ; I'm in despair.
Say that I lost my heart this minute,
The one that finds it shall have what's in it !
I fear that the thief, indeed I know,
Was the handsome scamp that an hour ago
Passed by my window, and seemed to say,—
" I'll catch you yet, on St. Valentine's Day ! "

I'm—I can't help it, 'twas done in a second,
On such a surprise I had not reckoned.
Good people, I pray, stand farther away ;
I'm sure the thief is coming this way.
'Tis he, he speaks, " Dear madam, I left
My own ; indeed exchange is no theft !"
What a fuss I have made ! of course he is right ;
Those beautiful eyes,—he has paid me quite.
Perhaps all the hearts will be found this way
That were lost on this very St. Valentine's Day.



THE FRATRICIDE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY WILL WOODVILLE.

* * * The jailer drew back the rusty bolts, and laid his hand sadly upon my arm as we entered. The prisoner was then dying. This, whispered the jailer, is the fraticide.—A few wisps of straw had been placed, at his own request, near the window; he wish to look for the last time upon the blue heavens. We approached him, but he did not turn his head. It was a bright evening, the sun had nearly set. He lay, covered with a coarse blanket, with his face turned towards the grated window in the full rays of the sun.—We seated ourselves upon a rude bench.—Presently the fraticide looked towards us. I can never forget that face. There was no insolent, shameless expression, such as is usually visible in the countenances of criminals; yet it was the face of a sufferer, full of inexpressible anguish. In the pale features, in the closed lips, in the wrinkled brow, around which a few grey hairs, bleached by grief, were scattered, one could read the dreadful melancholy, and the thousand sufferings which had, through a fearful course of years, gradually destroyed him. I was struck with his appearance, I had not expected to find such a man.

The jailer approached the criminal, and commenced to remove the shackle from his ankle. "Away," said he, "feeble waving his arm, "I have worn it thirty years, I will die with it upon me. Death himself shall release me from its burden. *He* will be kind to me. I shall find a quiet home in the grave; there this body will no longer be racked by pain, this mind no longer feel the pangs of remorse."

"Do you then believe," said I, "that your years of punishment have prepared you to appear before the tribunal of a future world?"

He regarded me at this question with peculiar serenity. "What!" said he, "shall I tremble because death will release me from my chains? I am imprisoned; but is not my soul doubly imprisoned; Will not death release it from this body, and from this cell? I fear

not to leave this world. I leave upon it none that I love, no one that will shed a pitying tear upon my grave. These walls have witnessed my pinings since my early manhood, they will now behold my death. I look back with horror upon my painful life, yet the thorns which wounded me here may bloom in the future world!" His words grew faint. He seemed lost in dreamy reflection. Now and then his lips moved, but his body remained quiet.

Presently he revived. His whole frame trembled, and he seemed struggling with some terrible emotion. He sat up on his pallet of straw, and buried his face within his withered hands. "Oh, God!" he exclaimed, "let my last moments be peaceful!" He bowed his head upon his knees; he spoke mildly, yet with terrible earnestness. "But no," he continued, "I must die with these horrid groans ringing in my ears. These eyes will soon cease to throb, this brain cease to burn. Mock on, then, ye fiends; taunt me with your whispers; groan in my ears. How long ye have tortured me! Ah! those groans are ever ringing in my ears. In noon-day I hear them, in the darkness of midnight they do not desert me. They have fired this brain, steeled this heart. *I was once innocent.* Great God, now hold me innocent through repentance! I am now going to my rest! Bright star, I will soon be with you!"

He gazed upon the clouds tinted by the setting sun; his outstretched arms fell motionless at his side; a smile played over his face; he sank back upon the straw, gasped, and died.

The last sunbeam faded from the clouds; the heavens were shadowed by soft twilight. The beams of the evening star twinkled through the bars of the cell window. The spirit of the prisoner was released from the frail mantle of the body; his form rested in death. * * *



A L A M E N T.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

An! my summer dreams are ended,
With their visions bright and splendid,
And my weary feet have wended
On thy thorny path, Misfortune,
I must tread for evermore;
Lost are all my hopes Ideal,
In the dark and dismal Real,
Woe is me! that they should be all
Lost for ever in the shadow
Of the sorrow at my door.

All my castles bright and airy,
Mass'd in Ruin dark and dreary,
While the Founder wan and weary
On the wreck in sorrow gazes,
While his tears of anguish flow;
Not a friend to cheer that sorrow
With a whisper of some morrow,
From whose light my heart may borrow
Hope to deck the gloomy Future,
Towards whose unknown goal I go.

Late and early I have striven,
In the sight of man and Heaven,
Ere my bark was tempest driven
On the sea of adverse fortune,
By an unpropitious wind;
Star-unlit and God-deserted,
Rudder lost and rigging parted—
Sight to awe the stoutest hearted,
To deprive the arm of vigor,
And unseat the strongest mind.

Now the wintry snow is falling,
And the mountain streams are brawling,
And the voice of Fate is calling
On the bruis'd and stricken Toiler,
With a pitiless loud voice—
“On, still on, there's no retreating,
Darker ills are o'er thee fleeting,
There is Ruin in their meeting,
And a Power sits in their denseness
That forbids thee to rejoice.

“On, still on, and onward ever,
Feeling Joy or Pleasure never,
Till thy thread of life shall sever,
Shalt thou journey on a thorny
And a desert lone pathway;
Not for thee the budding roses,
Where the butterfly reposes
When the nightly sun discloses
All the sheen and radiant glory
Of the golden beams of day.

“When the birds are blithely singing,
High in air their bright way winging,
From thy heart of care upspringing,
Shall the bitter thought be tortured
Into being—not for Thee;
Where the sweetest flow'rs are blowing,
Where the corn is greenest growing,
Where the brightest streams are flowing,
Shall be heard thy song of sorrow
Sadly sounding—‘not for me.’

“Thou shalt feel and find the Present
Heedless of thy toil incessant,
And the Future with no crescent
Wrapt in gloom thou can't not fathom
With the reaches of thine eye,
While the friends you thought sincerest,
Whom you loved and prized the dearest
As the truest and the nearest,
Wound thee with the bitter arrows
Of heart malice-hint and lie.

“Thou shalt find thyself derided
For the gifts in which you prided,
Till the pen that candor guided
Shall be laid aside for ever,
Shall be thought of with the Past;
While the gems of thy creation
Fruits of Thought and Inspiration,
When you worked in your vocation,
Not for fame but wife and children
In the flame-fire shall be cast.

“As a Poet they shall name thee,
But to slander and defame thee,
Saying, how ill such work became thee,
That thou wert not in thy mission,
But a widely errant way;
That your place was with the others,
With your patient toiling brothers
Delving Earth, the mighty mother's
Broad green bosom for a living,
As a Toiler ought and may.

“Saying—Life unto thy seeming,
Was but given thee for dreaming
Of the glowing and the gleaming
Phantom visions of the Fancy
Never bared to Reason's view,
The Unreal prizes fonder
Than on Real life to ponder,
Fool thou wert and worse to wonder
Like an idiot chasing shadows
That were short-lived as the dew.

A Lament.

"Saying—this ill was of thy sowing,
That the bitter grief crop growing
Was thy Fortune's just bestowing,
When thy foot made free of meadows
Wandered after tares and weeds,
Ever chasing and pursuing,
Like an anxious lover wooing,
That that worked your own undoing,
Making you a theme for laughter
To the men of solid deeds.

"Saying—a fitting judgment only
For your way of life so lonely,
That your hopes should overthrown lie,
Thick as leaves in Autumn shaken
By the fierce and wintry blast,
All their olden beauty faded,
With a deadly night hue shaded,
Leaving you a thing degraded
From the station you had climbed to,
In your madness, downward cast.

"Saying—You'd fain be Lord and Master,
It is well that just disaster
Followed on your footsteps faster
Than your dreaming fancy knew of
In its wildest, maddest flight ;
Leaving you to sad repining
Wreaths of yew and willow twining,
'Stead of garlands brightly shining,
That you deem'd would deck your forehead
With an ever shining light.

"Saying—they leave you to your sadness
With the truest joy and gladness,
That you'll prune away your madness,
From the touchstone of misfortune,
Gain a better saner mind,
Till you learn to feel delighted
With the world you whilome slighted,
When your better reason blighted,
You would speak in words demented,
Just as idle as the wind.

"Saying, you'll know your true position,
In your changed and new condition,
You will vaunt not of that mission
Which you talked of very vainly,
As the proud one you'd fulfil ;
You will move with gait less stately
Than your form assumed so lately,
Now the heavy hands of Fate, lie
On your ever mounting spirit,
With a crushing weight of ill."

This my Fate, oh God of Heaven !
Have I labored, toiled and striven
To be thus cast down and heart-riven,
In the floodtide of Existence,
In my manhood's pride and prime

I am sinking, I am sighing,
Speaks no voice to mine replying,
Lightning-swift my days are flying,
Blighted fruits are all my guerdons,
I have worked a weary time.

From the busy hive—Existence
I have plucked a scant subsistence,
Now Despair sings in the distance,
Hourly sings of dole and sorrow,
Pleasure lost for evermore.
Give me back my childhood golden,
With its pleasures rare and oiden,
Ere my spirit was control'd in
By the subtle web of custom—
Days of childhood ! oh ! restore.

Give me back the fife and tabor,
Mimic gun, and mimic sabre,
Dear, when living was not labor,
When my days were days of impulse,
When my nights were all of bliss.
Give me back the olden places ;
Give me back the schoolboy faces
That my busy mem'ry traces,
On the canvas of the Present,
In enduring tints, I wis.

Give me back the blissful feeling,
When young Love came softly stealing
To the threshold of revealing,
When the trembling lips half-parted
For the utt'rance of a vow ;
Chance or change should ne'er see broken,
If the falt'ring tongue had spoken,
If the hand released the token,—
Love of boyhood, ring, and wildwood,
Ye are present to me now.

Gleam again bright Suca* river,
As you did in beauty ever,
When young Love from out his quiver
Loos'd the shaft that bound the Rover,
To the maid he won for Bride ;
When the Loved one and the Lover,
Newer beauties could discover,
Ev'ry hour thy blue stream over,
Gleam again before my vision,
Silver Suca, gleam and glide.

I was happy then and tearless,
I was hopeful then and fearless,
By her side my own, my Peerless,
Thinking life a land of Faery,
Rose adorned, sunn'd by love :

* Suca—a tributary of the Shannon, runs through the beautiful little town of Ballinasloe.

Never dreamed we of defeature
In the beauteous face of nature,
Meanest things had lordly stature,
And of all we were the proudest,
Wheresoe'er we'd range or rove.

When life's skies were brightest blushing,
When life's flow'rs were in their flushing,
Came the sorrow dark and crushing,
That has left me sad and lonely,
Full of wretchedness alway ;
Now the bitter tempest urges
My hope's frail bark o'er life's surges,
To the music of sad dirges,
In a low and mournful cadence,
Sounding ever night and day.

Give me back the self-reliant,
Lætant spirit, grief defiant,
Give me back the sinew pliant,
With the vigor and the freshness
That were mine when I was young ;
When I chased the deer high bounding,
To the trumpet clear resounding,
Torrent leaping, hillside rounding,
With my holloa through the woodlands,
Answered by the echo's tongue.

Woe is me the days are over
When I bounded like a rover
Through the greenwood's shady cover,
Light of foot and joyous-hearted,
With my playmates bold and free ;
Never more upon the heather,
In the spring or winter weather,
Will we bound as then together ;
We have left our youth behind us,
We are heirs to misery.

I am weary, very weary,
And my life is dark and dreary,
And its shades but change and vary
Into something darker, deeper,
And more horrent than before ;
Would, oh, would that I was sleeping,
Past all sense of care and weeping,
In kind Death's eternal keeping ;
What is life that we should love it,
What is death that we deplore ?

O'er my little children, weeping,
Patient vigil I am keeping,

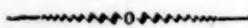
When the well-to-do are sleeping,
In the silence of the midnight,
In each thickly curtain'd room ;
And my heart with grief is shaken,
When I think they may awaken,
With the cry of the forsaken,
With an ill-foreboding wailing,
In the winter's cold and gloom.

Where the taper dimly burneth
Sits my loved one, and she mourneth,
While within her mind she turneth
All our griefs and sorrows over,
By our cold and cheerless hearth ;
And I mark her features wasting,
With a sorrow everlasting,
'Till I fear me she is hastening
To the Better Land of spirits,
From the carking cares of Earth.

To my side they're fondly clinging,
All my heart with anguish wringing,
While I listen to the singing
Of the sorrow in the distance,
That will haunt me evermore ;
Yes, the grief is with me ever,
Bound by links that will not sever ;
Hark ! my Fate's loud—"never, never
Will the sting depart thy bosom,
Or the sorrow leave thy door."

I have labored long and vainly
For the good of others mainly ;
Is it just that care and pain lie
On my heart to make it wretched
When I'm waking or asleep ?
Hear, cold world, my sad complaining !
Mark, cold world, the tear drops raining
Down my cheeks past all restraining —
I am wretched, oh, my brothers !
It is blissful but to weep.

With a heart that throbs to madness,
With the utter weight of sadness,
To your homes of mirth and gladness
Send I these sad-herald verses
To elicit all your ruth ;
When your loving wives caress you,
When your little children bless you,
When no dismal cares oppress you,
Pray for him who traced his story
Not as fiction, but as Truth.



MYNHEER JOHANNES SCHMIDT'S TRIP ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

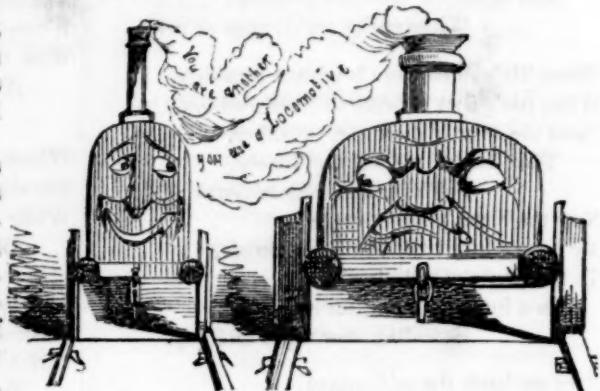
BY B. BLANQUE.

As Mr. Johannes Schmidt was left at the Harlem Dépôt about a month since, we presume by this time he feels right for a start. Accordingly we shall commence our journey.

As most of the readers of Holden's are probably aware, the Harlem ears are *supposed* to be drawn to the outskirts of the city by horses. This is a common, but very erroneous impression. Animals are unquestionably attached to the ears for the purpose of assisting their locomotion, but they bear no resemblance to horses, and are, in fact, generally used as a sort of brake to prevent the train from overcoming the heavy grade in some parts of the road. They are also a source of great amusement to the passengers—especially those of a waggish turn of mind—who daily serve up the standing joke of "a slow coach," for the edification of all interested. These horses are supposed by many to be donkeys, from the fact that they are under the immediate control of the Directors of the Harlem Road; but whether this physiological fact is accounted for on natural grounds, or from their connection with the Directors, has never been explained. We may, *en passant*, mention, as a singular fact, that the precise horse-power of a Harlem ear, when in motion, has never been ascertained correctly, though a gentleman who has been in the habit of riding there for years, has stated it, figuratively speaking, at .0001-4.

Mr. Schmidt, after the train had got under way, endeavored to get out of the way of a lady, "fat fair and forty," who had appropriated the greater part of two seats for her own use. Mr. S., however, was in a corner as well as a dilemma, and thought it best to quietly succumb to a little inconvenience rather than dispossess a lady of her seat, especially as she looked very hard at him when he seemed inclined to move.

The ears being at last put in train for starting, the conductor rang the bell, and they left at precisely 11 o'clock. Below is a portrait of



Slowly, and gradually as though its engineer was leaving the scenes of his early childhood for a distant land, departed the heavy train. There was no hurry or bustle attendant upon their departure for the distant city of Harlem; no tears, no groans from distressed families—the ties of whose social commingling was now broken; no sobs from weeping lovers; no affectionate screaming from heart-broken mothers; no tearful sighs of elongated grief; but the only sound borne to the ears of the passengers, and echoed through the busy streets, was, "Sun," "Herald," "Tribune"—three distinct factions emanating from a sturdy representative of the press-room. The lady next Mr. S. partially arose for the purpose of purchasing a copy of the luminary which "shines for all," and a change immediately "came o'er the spirit of his dream," consequent upon her removal. Here is



MR. SCHMIDT AT 20 MINUTES PAST 11.

It has been ascertained, by frequent experiments, that if the protuberance denominated a *corn*, and generally situated upon some exposed portion of the foot, is exposed to outward unnatural pressure through some foreign agent, a very painful and unpleasant sensation is immediately felt crawling, as it were, from one extremity to the other. Mr. Schmidt had for some years been troubled with these execrable excrescences, and their tone had not been materially improved by a rough sea voyage. As may be supposed, when the lady in



MR. SCHMIDT AT 10 MINUTES PAST 11.

question planted her right foot fairly upon the corn of his left foot, he did not feel right pleasant, and in fact thought she was proceeding to extremities with him. It, as the old proverb says, was "much against the grain" thus to suffer pain in his corner from a pressure on the corn, and he silently expostulated with her by tightly compressing his lips at precisely



30 MINUTES PAST 11.

Flesh and blood could stand this treatment no longer. Mr. S. indignantly arose and sought another seat. After a diligent search of about ten minutes, he found one on a small poodle, which inadvertently ran between his feet, thereby capsizing the craft Schmidt and creating considerable confusion in the car, which was immensely heightened when the dog turned upon the unfortunate cause of this trouble, and fastened his teeth in his leg, to the evident detriment of the broadcloth, to say nothing of the flesh. Mr. S. uttered several curses, not loud nor deep, for his eye caught the glance of a vixenish looking, middle-aged lady, who seemed desirous of having some satisfaction for his treatment of her favorite, and he wisely resolved to defer his vengeance for awhile. But as he rose from the floor he turned toward the dog with a look in which ferocity and hate were so curiously blended that he might have passed for an old villain bent on enforcing the dog law. It was now



40 MINUTES PAST 11.

Onward swept the train of cars as though upon a regular train, and as they swiftly passed the curves and turns of the track, astonished countrymen looked wonderingly on, and thought they were certainly on a "bender." The passengers collectively were rode upon rails, upon a rail road, at a much faster speed than suffering rascality had ever been treated

to before, and yet the iron horse faltered not. He had been fed and watered at the last station, and it was an easy task for him to keep up his steam. At the instant when Mr. Schmidt supposed his numerous troubles at an end, and his sufferings among the things that were, he experienced a new difficulty which promised to be more serious in its consequences than any of its predecessors. The teeth of the dog had made quite an impression upon the flesh of his leg, which the pain had sympathetically extended to his face and suffused his countenance with anything but a smile. Agonizing pain tortured his body, and constant fears of a spasmodic refusal of water racked his mind. Under these circumstances he certainly was excusable for contracting the muscles of his face, in the manner described below, at precisely



50 MINUTES PAST 11

and if excusable, how much more so must he have been under the following new infliction. Feeling fatigued by his exertions and misfortunes, and well aware that he was right when he asserted that the dog was in the wrong, he placed himself gently upon one of the seats in a recumbent posture, and folded his arms for the reception of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." But new troubles were hatching for him, and matter, as yet in the embryo shell, was destined to work its worst upon the victim of circumstances and eggs. An old lady from the country, who, in common with many others, labored night and day under the impression that she could buy everything, including, of course, sweet milk and new potatoes, and other city luxuries, much cheaper in town than elsewhere, had ventured down to Washington Market to buy a few fresh eggs. They were fresh, for her nearest neighbor had carried them down the same day, and had previously had them in her house so long that she knew them to be fresh and good. Well, the old lady was returning home with her new purchase, and while gossiping with an old acquaintance, who had not heard of the last rumor concerning the reported kiss given by Miss Green to a gentleman, which the venerable matron most ingeniously construed into a horrible case of *crim. con.*, most seriously compromising some of the first families,—while gossiping, we say, with

this friend, she quite forgot her eggs, which were tied up in a small parcel, and the consequence was Mr. S., not being under the impression that he was over the eggs, demolished the whole nest. Like the bound of an India rubber ball, he was on his feet in an instant—too late. The offended yolks rose up in vengeance against him, and the cries of the old lady were indeed terrible to bear. Mr. S.'s ears were hand-cuffed by the good lady amidst the cheers and jeers of the bystanders, who were sitting around in every direction; and the unfortunate victim, who was never fond of eggs, now utterly despised them. His contortions were indeed unpleasant to behold, producing very nearly the effect as seen below at



12 O'CLOCK.

To attempt a description of the paroxysms of rage and grief which alternately swelled in the bosom of the unfortunate Johannes, would be a useless task. Though not a drinking man, he wished himself a thousand times more than half-seas over, and pictured in his own mind the beauties of his former life, contrasted with the horrors of his present one. But now the ears were fast reaching their destination, and the disconsolate Schmidt was borne to the bourne from whence the train returned to the city; and as the bell rang the valedictory in noisy congratulations, and he slowly, solemnly, and soberly stepped to the ground from the car, he felt that never before had he been so unpleasantly incarcerated, and he manfully turned from the car-house to his hotel.

This was his first chapter in sight-seeing in America. For the second, who will not be willing to wait one month?

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

FRAIL as the flower that bends its head
Before the driving blast,
That trembles on its mossy bed
When ruder storms are past,
Was the sweet spirit gone from earth,
To whom our love was given,
Who shrunk from ills that here have birth,
To find a home in heaven.

Soft as the spirit of a dream
Was her young, gentle heart;
It beat to every changing scene;
Its pain would make you start—
Her deepest love to God was given
In early sacrifice,
While to the brighter scenes of heaven,
She turned her youthful eyes.

This gave her strength to bear her lot
Of weariness and pain, ~
And from each pierced and aching spot
It drew the sting again;

And though her life was short in years,
It answered life's great end,
While passing through this vale of tears,
To her brief journey's end.

Those bird-like tones, so soft and low,
Like music's faintest strain,
Came in their sweet and gentle flow,
In memory to remain.
The fragile form and placid eye,
Obedient to the soul,
Oh, that such loveliness should lie
In Death's embrace so cold!

But then Earth's voyage now is o'er,
Its raging billows past—
There rest thee on that peaceful shore,
Where sweeps no chilling blast—
There rest thee like a weary dove,
On long and tiresome wing,
Rest, in the bosom of His love,
Thy God—thy Saviour—King.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

American Education: its Principles and Elements. Dedicated to the Teachers of the United States. By Edward D. Mansfield, author of the "Political Grammar," etc. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Important and comprehensive as is the title of this work, we assure our readers it is no misnomer. A wide gap in the bulwark of this age and this country is greatly lessened by this excellent book. In the first place the views of the author on education, irrespective of time and place, are of the highest order, contrasting strongly with the groveling, time-seeking views so plausible and so popular at the present day. A leading purpose of the author is, as he says in the preface, "to turn the thoughts of those engaged in the direction of youth to the fact, that it is the entire soul, in all its faculties, which needs education."

The stand-point of Mr. Mansfield, and there can be no higher, is that taken by Kant, as contained in those truthful words, "To develop in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible, is the object of education." There is of necessity a specific mode and form of application and study suited to each particular employment of life—a business education, and this must be greatly absorbing of time and labor and thought, but the education of the individual as a *man* is a far different thing and vastly superior in kind and purpose. Yet these two works and two ends need not and should not clash, though they too often do.—The very narrowness and inferiority of the lower may, by the controlling spirit, be transmuted and exalted to the superiority of the other; the very drudgery and slavery of the one become the joy and liberty of the other.

The views of the author are eminently philosophical, and he does not pretend to enter into the details of teaching; but his is a practical philosophy, having to do with living, abiding truths, and does not sneer at utility, though it demands a utility that takes hold of the spiritual part of man and reaches into his immortality.

Education, as American, is treated of by the author in the spirit of a true patriot as well as philosopher. "The teacher," he says, "should be a lover of his country—not from any mean spirit of selfishness, but because there is in it something worthy to love and worthy to preserve; because it is the result, not merely of a people struggling against the oppression of government, but of mind against the servitude of its own corrupt tendencies; and because to him is entrusted, upon all the principles of our ancestors, in the very nature of our institutions, and in the very words of our funda-

mental law, the solemn guardianship of its life and destiny." The teachers as well as scholars of our country are far too prone to a seclusion, not of body merely, but of mind and heart from the human, social, political life around them, and in their book-world to forget their relations and obligations to our common and glorious country. The chapters of this book on the "Idea of a Republic," "Civil and Religious Liberty," and the "Constitution," should be read by every American student as well as teacher. Selfishness, luxury, pride and ignorance are introducing fatal elements into the body politic, and we feel that the perpetuity and advance of our national institutions and principles depend on the *teachers* of the land, upon their seeing and fulfilling the duties of their high vocation. The teacher from his very position is an artist, but his material is of a spiritual and an immortal essence, and hence his fearful influence and the greatness of the woe to him that is not a true workman. We are glad to see this profession set forth in its true light, and we trust the time is coming when it shall receive its due meed of honor, and those who hold it be truly worthy of the noble name of an American teacher.

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Such is the title of a book that is given to the public, without any forewarning notice; without the name of its author or any author on its title page; without any preface, with nothing to indicate its purpose, its origin, its character, or its plan, except "Alton Locke, Tailor & Poet, an autobiography."

Tempted by this unusual simplicity, we begin to read it—where we should, but where people do not always begin to read a book—at the first sentence, "I am a Cockney among Cockneys," and we go on, interested by the simplicity and directness that mark the opening of the tale, struck with the energy of thought, and with the terseness, the originality, the freshness of the style. We read on, and we find it a book of intense meaning; that its author has, by patient insight, and deep, heartfelt human sympathies, laid hold of the great social questions of the day, especially those pertaining to England, and has pictured forth the terrible evils—the crime and wretchedness, and poverty, and degradation that are so rife, with the vividness of actual realization; that he has studied the remedies that have hitherto been in vain applied and sees their insufficiency and the reasons of it; and that with a full knowledge of the disease he gives what in his opinion, is the true and only remedy.

And after we have read it to the end, we feel a yearning to say to all our friends, "read Alton Locke, a remarkable book, very difficult to describe, but a very remarkable book—you must read it." If you are in sorrow and in poverty, read it, for it will inspire you with kindlier feelings towards the prosperous and rich, remove the envy and the bitterness that now perchance you feel, and lead you to appreciate more truly their position, their temptations, their duties and their sympathies. If you are among the favored of Fortune, read it, for it will stir within you fresh sympathies for the poor and suffering, show you the true privilege of wealth and of power as means for the up-building of others and not of self, and impress you with your stern responsibility.

It is a book from which it is difficult to make extracts, because of its compact completeness, and because it is all so good that it is hard to choose. Yet we will present the first two pages, which will tempt to the entire perusal more than any description we can give. We should add perhaps, that there are certain views in it running not altogether parallel with our individual notions, yet its influence as a whole, is ennobling, healthful and right. Its opening is as follows :—

I am a Cockney among Cockneys. Italy and the Tropics, the Highlands and Devonshire, I know only in dreams. Even the Surrey hills, of whose loveliness I have heard so much, are to me a distant fairy-land, whose gleaming ridges I am worthy only to behold afar. With the exception of two journeys, never to be forgotten, my knowledge of England is bounded by the horizon which encircles Richmond hill.

My earliest recollections are of a suburban street; of its jumble of little shops and little terraces, each exhibiting some fresh variety of capricious ugliness; the little scraps of garden before the doors, with their dusty, stunted lilacs and balsam poplars, were my only forests; my only wild animals, the dingy, merry sparrows, who quarrelled fearlessly on my window-sill, ignorant of trap or gun. From my earliest childhood, through long nights of sleepless pain, as the midnight brightened into dawn, and the glaring lamps grew pale, I used to listen, with a pleasant awe, to the ceaseless roll of the market-wagons, bringing up to the great city the treasures of the gay green country, the land of fruits and flowers, for which I have yearned all my life in vain. They seemed to my boyish fancy mysterious messengers from another world: the silent, lonely night, in which they were the only moving things, added to the wonder. I used to get out of bed to gaze at them, and envy the coarse men and sluttish women who attended them, their labor among verdant plants and rich brown mould, on breezy slopes, under God's own clear sky. I fancied that they learnt what I knew I should have learnt there; I knew not then that "the eye only sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing." When will their eyes be opened? When will priests go forth into the highways and the hedges, and preach to the plowman and the gipsy the blessed news, that there, too, in every thicket and fallow field, is the house of God, there, too, the gate of Heaven!

I do not complain that I am a Cockney. That,

too, is God's gift. He made me one, that I might learn to feel for poor wretches who sit stifled in reeking garrets and workrooms, drinking in disease with every breath—bound in their prison-house of brick and iron, with their own funeral pall hanging over them, in that canopy of fog and poisonous smoke, from their cradle to their grave. I have drunk of the cup of which they drink. And so I have learnt—if, indeed, I have learnt—to be a poet—a poet of the people. That honor, surely, was worth buying with asthma, and rickets, and consumption, and weakness, and—worst of all to me—with ugliness. It was God's purpose about me; and, therefore, all circumstances combined to imprison me in London. I used once, when I worshipped circumstance, to fancy it my curse, Fate's injustice to me, which kept me from developing my genius, and asserting my rank among poets—I longed to escape to glorious Italy, or some other southern climate, where natural beauty would have become the very element which I breathed; and yet, what would have come of that? Should I not, as nobler spirits than I have done, have idled away my life in Elysian dreams, singing out like a bird into the air, inarticulately, purposeless, for mere joy and fullness of heart; and taking no share in the terrible questionings, the terrible strugglings of this great, awful, blessed time—feeling no more the pulse of the great heart of England stirring me? I used, as I said, to call it the curse of circumstance that I was a sickly, decrepit Cockney. My mother used to tell me that it was the cross which God had given me to bear. I know now that she was right there. She used to say that my disease was God's will. I do not think, though, that she spoke right there also. I think that it was the will of the world and of the devil, of man's avarice, and laziness, and ignorance. And so would my readers, perhaps, had they seen the shop in the city where I was born and nursed, with its little garrets reeking with human breath, its kitchens and areas with noisome sewers. A sanitary reformer would not be long in guessing the cause of my unhealthiness. He would not rebuke me—nor would she, sweet soul! now that she is at rest in bliss—for my wild longings to escape, for my envying the very flies and sparrows their wings that I might flee miles away into the country, and breathe the air of heaven once, and die. I have had my wish. I have made two journeys far away into the country, and they have been enough for me.

Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine-work and Engineering. Oliver Byrne, Editor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Nos. 21 and 22 are published. We would remind our friends that they will be unable to obtain this valuable work at the low price of 25 cents a number after its publication is completed.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers.

No. 9 is published of Lossing's work, which is one of the most popular, as it is one of the most elegant and interesting issuing from the American press.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works. With Introductory Remarks and Notes, original and selected. Boston Edition. Illustrated. Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

No. 28 contains "Timon of Athens," and No. 29 contains "Coriolanus." Both superb numbers.

A Study for Young Men; or, A Sketch of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. By Rev. Thomas Binney. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols.

Buxton has a world-wide reputation as one of the noble English philanthropists, as the friend and successor of Wilberforce, as one of the effective agents in the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, in the prison discipline reform, and in other great reforms which have marked this age as the age of organized action for the advance of mankind. He was a man of tremendous energy of character, of unyielding resolve, and untiring perseverance. The following remark of his illustrates this characteristic:

The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY—INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world;—and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

In this brief “sketch,” the striking points of his life, the main features of his character, and the sources of his success and power are presented for the sake of encouragement, stimulant and guidance to young men. It is altogether an impressive and inspiring book.

Fadette. A Domestic Story. From the French. By Matilda M. Hays. New York: George P. Putnam.

Eugene Sue, George Sand & Co. have not impressed the sounder, soberer, worthier part of the American people with the most favorable impressions respecting French literature in the department of fiction. Indeed, “French novels” has come to be the term which will most forcibly express the idea of disguised atheism, undisguised licentiousness, and false, flagrant representations of life, combined. In this disreputable company, and of course “known (at first sight) by the company it keeps,” appears “Fidette,” and by its captivating naturalness and grace and simplicity, by its representations of real life so vividly true to nature and so home-like, and by its constant yet incidental (so incidental as to seem almost accidental) teachings of the purest and loveliest morality, really charms us. Our mother-friend, if we might venture to advise you, we would say that it is the story for your child to read, as well as for yourself.

Poems. By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

There are very few prose writings of the kind that interest us as do those of Grace Greenwood.—There is a certain easy playfulness and gayety about them, a winning grace, an intuitive insight

into nature, and a facility of word-painting which is charming to everybody. But we must say, even at the risk of being charged with a lack of gallantry, that the poetry of Miss Grace does not draw on our sympathies equally with her prose writings.—We presume that it is our fault, indeed we have no doubt of it; but such is our “plain, unvarnished tale.”

Professor Liebig's Complete Works on Chemistry. Comprising his Agricultural Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in its application to Agriculture and Physiology; Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in its application to Physiology and Pathology; and Researches on the Motion of the Juices of the Animal Body; together with an account of the origin of the Potato Disease, with full directions for the protection and entire prevention of the Potato Plant against all Diseases. By Justus Liebig, M. D., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

We commend this excellent edition of Professor Liebig's works, of which the title gives a complete list.

We have received from T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, the works of Charles Lever, which contain so much of genuine humor, comprising Horace Templeton, Tom Burke of Ours, Jack Hinton, The Guardsman, The Knight of Gwynne, and Arthur O'Leary.

Also, The Iron Mask, by Dumas, in 2 volumes; Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox; Adventures in Africa, during a tour of two years through that country, in 2 volumes, by May Harris, well known as the author of “Wild Sports in Southern Africa;” First and True Love, by George Sand, which we don't esteem so highly as some books; Cruising in the Last War, by Charles J. Peterson; Ten Thousand a Year, the admirable but somewhat lengthy work of Warren, author of The Diary of a Physician; and The Valley Farm, by C. J. Peterson, which has been described to us as a romance of high character and surpassing interest.—All these works are published in the cheap, pamphlet form so popular at the present day, but we are glad to observe that most of them are printed in clearer, larger type, and on whiter paper than are usually used. They are for sale in this city by Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune Buildings.

Poems of Hope and Action, by William Oland Bourne, breathe a true spirit of humanity which does credit to the heart of the author. They are published in a generous style by G. P. Putnam.

The Luttrells; or, The Two Marriages, by Folkestone Williams, author of “Shakespeare and his Friends,” is published by Harper & Brothers as No. 149 of their Library of Select Novels.

Frank and Fanny: A Rural Story. By Mrs. Clara Moreton. With Numerous Engravings. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is a tale of great purity, simplicity and beauty. Its purpose, as stated in the Preface, "to inculcate gentleness of disposition, patience, and benevolence, and to inspire the young with a love for the simple pleasures of rural life," is perfectly attained.

Greek Ollendorff; being a Progressive Exhibition of the Principles of the Greek Grammar: Designed for Beginners in Greek, and as a Book of Exercises for Academies and Colleges. By Asahel C. Kendrick, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in the University of Rochester. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.

Prof. Kendrick stands high as a linguist, and we would call the special attention of teachers to this elementary work.

A Winter in Madeira. And a Summer in Spain and Florence. New York; William Holdredge. 140 Fulton street.

It is no secret, we believe, that Hon. John A. Dix is the author of this work; at any rate it should be no secret, for it does rare credit to the good sense, the refined perception and graceful style of its author. It reminds us of the writings of Stephens. There is the same acuteness of observation, the same felicitous telling of those little things which make up the charm of travel, and the same winning of one's entire confidence in the fairness and accuracy of the statements.

It was written seven years ago, as the preface informs us, "being the fruit, not so much of deliberate design as of a long-settled habit on the part of the writer, of devoting a portion of every day to some steady employment," and is now published at the solicitation of a friend. But Madeira does not change with the rapidity of a western city, and indeed seven years has wrought as little change in it as the same length of time did in the affection of Jacob for Rachael, so that we will not grumble at Mr. Dix for not publishing sooner, but thank his friend, for his opportune solicitation.

Richard Edney and the Governor's Family. A Rus-urban Tale, simple and popular, yet cultured and noble, of Morals, Sentiment and Life, Practically Treated and Pleasantly Illustrated. Containing, also, Hints on Being Good and Doing Good. By the Author of "Margaret," and "Philo." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We have had no opportunity to judge of "Richard Edney" from a perusal, and can only give the title, which certainly presents an attractive "cast," and say that the printing is worthy of a first-class book.

Eonchs of Ruby. A Gift of Love. By T. H. Chivers, M. D. New York: Spalding & Shepard.

The interest that has been felt by our friends in the contributions of Dr. Chivers to Holden's will

lead them to greet with special pleasure this volume of his poems. It has been received so lately that we have not had the opportunity to examine it as we would wish, and, in the place of our own criticism, will quote that of the lamented Poe, on a previous volume of Dr. Chivers, which will apply to all Dr. C.'s poetry, we think.

"The volume before us is the work of that *rara avis*, an educated, passionate, yet unaffectedly single-minded and single-hearted man, writing from his own vigorous impulses—from the necessity of giving utterance to poetic passion—and thus writing not to mankind, but solely to himself. The whole volume has, in fact, the air of a rapt soliloquy."

A New Memoir of Hannah More; or Life in Hall and Cottage. By Mrs. Helen C. Knight. New York: M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel.

A new memoir of Hannah More. Is it wanted? Yes, we say, and we doubt not all who read it will be of our opinion. Mrs. Knight is a graceful and vivacious writer, and knows just what points in Mrs. More's history to select, in order to set forth her example in the most interesting and effective manner. Those who are somewhat familiar with Mrs. More's history, will find this work quite as interesting as if they had read nothing on the subject. The publisher has brought it out in fine style, and embellished it with a portrait of Mrs. More, and a view of Barley wood.

We have had no opportunity as yet to see the Panorama of Pilgrim's Progress, now on exhibition at No. 598 Broadway; but so frequent and earnest are the expressions of admiration from our friends who have visited it, that we have really come to feel that we should commit a "sin of omission" if we did not "preach" an attendance even if we could not "practice." One of the editors of "The Independent," in whose good taste and freedom from exaggerated statement we have perfect confidence, thus speaks of it:

"It may be properly called a work of art, and indeed of genius. The drawing, the coloring, the perspective, the figures, the grouping, all are exceedingly well executed for a work of this description; and as the scenes are original inventions of the artist, they give more opportunity for the display of genius and skill than is afforded in panoramas which are mere copies of nature. Some of the scenes are extremely beautiful, such as the Palace Beautiful, the River of the Water of Life, the Delectable Mountains, the Land of Benlah, the Death-bed of Christiana, and the Gate of the Celestial City. Throughout the work the artist has conceived most happily the meaning of the author, and has transferred to the canvas the great moral of the book. The sight of Apollyon is enough to give Bunyan himself the night-mare. We particularly commend the exhibition for the young; yet we confess that, while looking at it with our juniors, we were all children together."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It will be remembered by our readers, that in the very agreeable article, entitled, "Random Thoughts and Reminiscences of Childhood," published in the preceding number, our valued contributor, "Rosa Clover," expressed her doubts in regard to the propriety of educating children not to defend themselves from the ill-treatment of their fellows, introducing a "clincher" of a story with these observations.

"I wonder if the Peace Society folks teach their children quietly to bear an injury without an attempt at defence or retaliation. I have often had doubts and difficulties on this subject, and should very much like to be enlightened by wiser and better heads than mine. One boy is oppressed by another on the play grounds: if he bears it quietly he is called mean-spirited, and this is the signal for farther oppression. 'Give it to him again—he's a non-resistant.' If he complains to the master, he is branded as a tell-tale, which puts a boy into Coventry at once. What can he do, what can you counsel him to do, but to take the law into his own hands and fight his own battles? Yet to those who profess to follow the gospel rules, there is the injunction, 'If smitten on the one cheek, turn the other.' Perhaps I am wrong, but I never could teach a child quietly to bear abuse if capable of resisting it, or to stand by and see a small child oppressed by a larger one, without taking his part."

There was a somewhat in our friend's questionings and in the story which stirred our recollections, and thoughts, and surmisings not a little. We had had our private reflections on the subject, but we had never before heard any one speak of it as one of doubt, or of discussion, or indeed of any special interest. We only remember (and this is very distinctly remembered) that a Sabbath-school book read when we were very young, gave the personal history of a meek, submissive, lamb-like little boy, who never defended himself, never "struck back," and presented him as a pattern of excellence, and as being in the end rewarded by the esteem of all his playmates, the love of his teachers, and a general request for forgiveness from his persecutors. We know what a deep impression this story made on us, (those Sabbath-school books always made a deep impression on us—we believed every word, as if dictated from Heaven, and felt that the principles inculcated ought to be put into immediate practice,) and how we resolved, that come what would, we would never act otherwise, that did that good little boy who patiently bore all manner of abuse, and was at last so beautifully rewarded. Living opposite us, was a brave, bright,

manly little fellow, "Will" was his name, just our age, say eight years, who had been our playmate and companion from infancy. We attended the same school from the time we were four years old, studied out of the same books, recited the same lessons, went to and from school always together, flew our kites, trundled our hoops, built snow houses, manufactured terrestrial pies, and in fact did everything but eat and sleep in company. We were of precisely the same size and of the same muscular strength, for tho' we never quarrelled, we often tested our powers by a friendly "rattle" in which we made it a point to throw each other *alternately*. There was another boy in our set, Jim Loomis, a little larger than us, who had an unfortunate propensity to "plague." He was everlastingly devising ways and means to trip, or prick, or frighten, or duck, or bespatter, or annoy in some way, those who were so unfortunate as to have come into the world a little later than himself. We look back now with unmitigated astonishment at the pleasure that little scamp took, and the genius he exercised in making all within his power as miserable as possible. Unfortunately we ("we" includes our twin over the way, Will), were favorite objects of his malicious attentions. He would hide our balls, step on our mud embankments, knock over our snow palaces, and take every opportunity to molest us. We bore it for a long time, until Will could endure it no longer, (*he had not read the Sabbath school book.*) He felt that death was better than a life of such persecution, and so one day after some special provocation, with the "sink-or-swim, live-or-die," desperation of '76, he attacked his persecutor, and *whipped* him. We were employed at home that afternoon, but it was not long before Will came to us with the greatest enthusiasm, to announce that his trouble—the only trouble of his life—was at an end, that Jim and he had had a pitched battle, and that Jim, coward at heart as he was, had "owned up beat," and begged for mercy. "Now," says Will, "you know that you sometimes throw me, and if I can throw Jim, you can surely, and you'd better do it—we've been plagued long enough." Yes, we had—that was true; for years there had been more or less of it, and the advice in the Sabbath school book we thought had had a fair trial and didn't answer, so at the first provocation from Jim we (editorially "we"—*not* including Will,) pitched into him. The contest was long, and a little bloody too, but we came off victorious! and oh, how grandly we felt! The satisfaction, the *self-respect*, the feeling of glorious independence enjoyed that day, has never been equalled

by any future experience. We had been suffering degradation, insult, misery for years, and now it was all over! We could walk to school unmolested, and play unharmed, and keep our ball and kite and toys untouched—why shouldn't we be happy? And we can say with the utmost sincerity that no deed of our life is regarded to this day with more satisfaction than the flogging we gave that tyrant, and very few acts are recurred to with more chagrin or remorse than the previous passive submission to his tyrannies; and we think we can say truly, that, humble as have been our attainments, whatever they are, they are in a great measure due to the spirit roused in us that day—the spirit of self-reliance, self-defence, and independence.— Yet we suffered for a long time from the *droop* that was given to our moral constitution in consequence of those years of unwarranted submission. Such is our experience. We are not, Rosa Clover, any "wiser or better" than you, nor one-half so wise and good, and it is not from us that you ask to be or can be "enlightened;" but such is our experience, and it has made an abiding impression on our mind and settled the question for us. The freedom from suffering after that act of brave self-defence we do not care so much about, though that was something. When our snow-houses were knocked down we could have built others; when our clothes were spattered with mud by Jim, we could have cleaned them; when we were struck we could have borne it till the pain was over; and so we could have gone on, year after year, till we had escaped all this persecution by coming into manhood—but, if we had, never, never could we have escaped from the injury done to our moral being—we never could have built up the fabric of self-respect prostrated within us—we never could have removed the stain from our feelings caused by the consciousness of a lack of spirit—that pain we *never* could have outlived. Not once in our observation of children have we seen submission to oppressive treatment result in anything but encouragement of the oppressor. The story in that Sabbath-school book was a fiction. We would say to boys, Defend yourselves, don't be imposed upon. 1st. Because it is the only way to preserve your self-respect, and when that is lost, all is lost. 2d. Because patient submission only provokes further aggressions. 3d. Because in boyhood we are training for "real life," and in real life whoever will allow his toes to be trodden upon is sure to have them, in a ratio exactly proportioned to the amount of his submission. We would not advise a boy to be on the look-out for injuries in order to resent as many as possible, or to construe any little boyish violence into a sufficient reason for a pitched battle; be forbearing, forgiving, but remember that there is a time when "forbearance ceases to be a virtue;" and when you see a settled purpose

to impose on you up to the very limit of your endurance, make that limit on the spot. The tyrant to the weak is a puppy to the strong. Act as a noble, generous, manly nature prompts, and be very careful while you are maintaining your own independence not to encroach on the rights and privileges of others.

In regard to the text of Scripture to which Rosa Clover refers, we can only say (having already occupied too much space for its full discussion, as was intended,) that an immense majority of the theologians, pastors and Christians believe self-defence to be right, and so believe in the full knowledge of that text, and if that and similar commands are not applicable to the *men* of the present day, they certainly are not to the boys.

....We have always been rather skeptical in regard to the stories so common of the comments of different people on the Falls of Niagara—as, for example, that a certain tailor thought it would be such a nice place to "sponge a coat," and a manufacturer burst out in admiration of its unequalled "water-power," &c., &c., not denying that such remarks may have been made, but deeming them to be the evidence of a certain facetiousness on the part of their propounders, (who recognized wit in speaking lightly of such magnificence), and as embodying the ironical, and not expressive of the real sentiments of the utterer. But our skepticism is dispelled by the experience of a friend who was lately at Niagara. He testifies that standing on the bank overlooking the cataract, he heard one farmer-like looking person from the "kedn'try" remark with the most perfect sobriety, to another, "Wot a neat place that 'ere would be to wash sheep!" "He does not really *mean* that," thought our friend, and therefore looked at the speaker with the incredulity expressed in his countenance. The man observed it, and said, "Oh, I don't mean *that*," pointing to the place where the tremendous tide thundered over in an avalanche, "but this here *leetle* feller would dew *fust-rate*." "Many men of many minds," reflected our friend.

....In looking over an exchange paper, our eye rested on the following advertisement, which we thought deserving of a more extensive circulation. Though put out in the extreme western state of Iowa, we would be willing to wager a trifle that it is the production of a genuine Yankee. It shows the writer had a taste for literature as well as business, a love of fun, humor and satire as well as money-getting; that he could combine ideas of wisdom and prudence for others, with profit for himself, and that he possessed a sound judgment and discretion which told him the best bargain in the long run was one in which both parties had equal advantages. We would advise our business readers to study and reflect on it, for there are several texts in it from which valuable discourses

might be written. After some preliminary remarks the advertisers proceed to say :

"In their selections they have sought to cater for the public taste, not their own exclusively.—And they claim to have a stock in which the *highest* and the *humblest*, the most *fastidious* and the most *obtuse* minds may alike gratify their tastes and supply their wants.

"On their shelves and in their drawers the ARISTOCRAT—even the *top blister of the upper crust*—may find those articles which add elegance to comfort, and splendor to usefulness. Their *silks, satins, lawns, clothes, cassimers, calicos, &c., &c., &c.*, are of the richest fabrics and most brilliant shades. And last, if not least, of the *very last agony of style and finish*. 'You ne'er shall look upon their like again.'

The SUBSTANTIAL FARMER, MECHANIC, or ARTISAN, whose 'sober second thought' leads him to prefer substance to show, and utility to fashion, may here supply his wants, with a certainty that he will get something for his MONEY which may be seen 'after many days.'

THE POOR MAN, if any such there be in this land 'flowing—almost—with milk and honey,' may here, for his small pittance, obtain all the necessities of life for himself, his wife, and his little ones.

"As we have laid in our stock advantageously, we mean to sell LOW; not so low, however, as to break ourselves—for we think the public have an interest in our continuing business—nor so high as to break our customers, as we have an interest in their solvency—but so as to steer clear of the shoals and breakers on either side. We, however, here publicly make known that we will *sell as cheap as any man who gets his goods honestly*. And to this end we must sell for cash exclusively. We find that a credit business *wont pay*.

"To our former patrons we return our unfeigned thanks—and, as we hold that one good turn deserves another, invite them to call again.

"To such as are indebted to us we feel compelled to say, that we have determined to close up our books, and call in balances. We therefore invite them to call and make settlements before the first day of June, proximo, as, after that day, we have concluded to force collections of *all* outstanding debts. Indeed, such we feel to be our duty.

"LYON & ALLEN.

"Fort Des Moines, May 10, 1850."

....When about the age of seventeen, Madame de Stael, *neé Launee*, was placed at a convent in France. She was in the habit of visiting a friend who lived across the square on which the convent was situated. The brother of her friend always insisted upon escorting her home, and led her around the two sides of the square. But as his passion decreased, he gradually shortened the route, until he led her directly home by the nearest

way. The witty countess remarks, "By this I learned that his passion diminished in the exact proportion of its diagonal to the two sides of a square;" probably the most accurate calculation of waning affection that maiden ever made.

....We were involuntarily, but not merely for that reason, pleased listeners to a conversation in a Harlem car the other day, which had a savor of current morality about it quite refreshing to the parties concerned no doubt, and equally edifying to us. The objects of our observation were two middle-aged men bound "down town" to business. The chief speaker, who had a good deal of the moralist in his look, in that peculiar tone appropriate to the "noiseless" motion of the Harlem cars—the "even tenor" perhaps—thus addressed his companion. "To-day I am forty years of age, and it is altogether probable, in fact very likely, that ere thirty years more shall pass by, I shall cease to exist. Yet when I look back thirty years, it seems but an instant, and I wonder that men can be so bound up in worldly pursuits, so reckless of their *higher interests*, as to disregard the silent teachings of Time. The apostle has beautifully said, 'the things that are seen shall fade away, but the things that are unseen are eternal.' What a noble thought, that the things which are unseen are eternal;—that they are the *great fixtures of infinity!*" With much similar discoursing was the weary way beguiled, until Broome street was reached, where the application of the conductor for the "customary fee" interrupted the course of the argument. Whether the curvilinear impulse acquired by the "circumlocution" into and through Broome street was the cause of the new phase given to the conference or not, we confess ourselves at a loss to state. At all events, the broken off thread was taken up and united to a floss of earthly texture, by the abrupt query of our moralizer as to the *kind of change* given by his companion to the conductor. The answer being, "a sixpence," symptoms of surprise and disgust were manifested by the first speaker, who continued, "I always pay my fare with a *half dime and a penny*. In this way I make *four* per cent. on the dollar. You only get sixteen rides out of a dollar, but I get the same number and have *four cents left*." After this financial burst, he left the car, to go on in its "mad career," and his argument to its own operation. So he passed from our sight, but not from our thoughts. We wondered whether the incongruity of his remarks was a *real* incongruity or not—whether a man could study out and carry into practice a systematised plan to sponge the Harlem Railroad out of a quarter of a cent each trip, and at the same time by any possibility be actuated by those "*higher interests*" of which he spoke, and have a soul that could be moved by the "*things that are unseen and eternal*"—whether he was a

hypocrite who disguised a mean and money-making spirit by a well-wrought texture of quotations from the apostle—whether, after all, he might not be a poorly-paid, self-denying toiler for the good of his fellow-men, and compelled, by the necessities of a “wife and seven small children,” to eke out a scanty subsistence by quarters of a cent—and whether, in fine, a person could bring his mind down to the study of such minute economies and ever raise it up to the contemplation of unending joys and infinite perfections. So we pondered and wondered. We would like to see that man and ask him if he was sincere in all the Scripture he quoted. However it may be, we feel sorry for him. It takes twenty-four rides to “make” a sixpence in the way he proposed, and from the bottom of our heart do we pity that unfortunate individual, destined to a ceaseless round upon the Harlem cars, and all to make his “four per cent.” We trust he will find some more direct and agreeable road to fortune. If he is a minister, we hope his people will so reward him that he can pay for his twenty-fifth ride out of his salary rather than out of the shavings of the previous twenty-four. If he is an editor, we hope he will get an additional subscriber. But if he must resort to such economy, we would advise him to keep it closely concealed, instead of boasting of it to his neighbor in a public conveyance, and rather follow the worthy example of the man who buttons his coat tight to the neck when too poor to wear clean linen.

. . . . The National Temperance Society have issued 50,000 copies of an excellent “Tract for the Holidays,” being an appeal to the ladies not to offer any intoxicating drinks on New Year’s day to their gentlemen callers. We have received a very polite request from the president of the society to write an article on the subject, with which we should have been happy to comply if it had been received in time for the January number. But no more forcible appeal could be made by us than was furnished in the tale, entitled “The End of It,” published in the last volume of Holden’s. The National Temperance Society could do no better thing than to publish that tale in a pamphlet form, and give it the widest circulation. We are ready to “treat” them to it.

. . . . Mr. Rockwell, of Ridgefield, Conn., has invented just such an affair as we have been wanting for years, and that is a contrivance for filing newspapers, which holds them firmly without marring them, into which they can be readily placed and out of which easily removed, and which is also of tasteful appearance, of little weight, and cheap in price. The office in New York is at 210 Water st.

. . . . We shall publish in the next number an article by J. T. Headley, which was received too late for insertion in this, and also the continuation of the article by Prof. Dewey, on Zoology, which

was similarly circumstanced. A sketch of Dr. Smith, of Marietta College, will also appear.

. . . . Every one should see Pantomime at least once in a life-time, and in this line there is nothing to be compared with the wonderful doings of the Ravers at Niblo’s. In the way of fun they are perfectly “rich,” and not only does their power of expressing ideas without language, except the language of action, fill one with amazement, but even more perhaps, the ingenuity of their marvellous tricks and transformations. Indeed the fictions of fairy-land are realized before one’s eyes in these performances.

. . . . In our last No. we published, at considerable extra expense, a view on the Hudson River—in order to furnish a suitable frontispiece to the volume for 1851. On account of the small price at which the Magazine is afforded, and the large amount of reading matter it furnishes, we esteemed it out of our power to give more than one such engraving during the year, but, as that one has proved so agreeable to our friends, we are indulging the hope of being able to furnish several more in a style equally as handsome.

. . . . Much as we have ridden on railroads we have never come to lose, we are thankful to say, the first flush of delight and admiration in them.—Especially does the original feeling of wonder come upon us in these winter-days, when the snow is beating outside and the wind is dashing by with its wild whoop of freedom and of fury, as we sit in one of those sumptuous railroad cars, reading Harpers’ Miscellany for the last month, as comfortably as in our own well-warmed “sanctum” in our own easy arm-chair, and measure off our journey to the tune of thirty miles an hour, and think of the old times, not so very old either, when, wrapped in overcoats and buffaloes and furs, we jolted over the same route on the frozen ground, half-dead with cold, six miles an hour. Not long ago it was deemed the great sorrow of the year when the Hudson river closed; but now, by the Housatonic road, one can go to Albany rather more comfortably in winter than in summer. Leaving here at eight o’clock in the morning by the New Haven cars, you are expressed through to Albany by five o’clock in the P. M.—a distance of two hundred miles, more or less. Isn’t it superb? This winter the Housatonic Railroad Company are running two trains each day, which leave New York at eight A. M. and quarter-past three P. M., and Albany at quarter-past seven A. M. and half-past three P. M., accomplishing the trip in nine hours. We hope the Housatonic Company will reap a good harvest this winter, as it is their last of the Albany travel; and they richly deserve it for the energy with which they “put” passengers “through,” and the unceasingly kind attentions manifested by the conductors.

Dr.

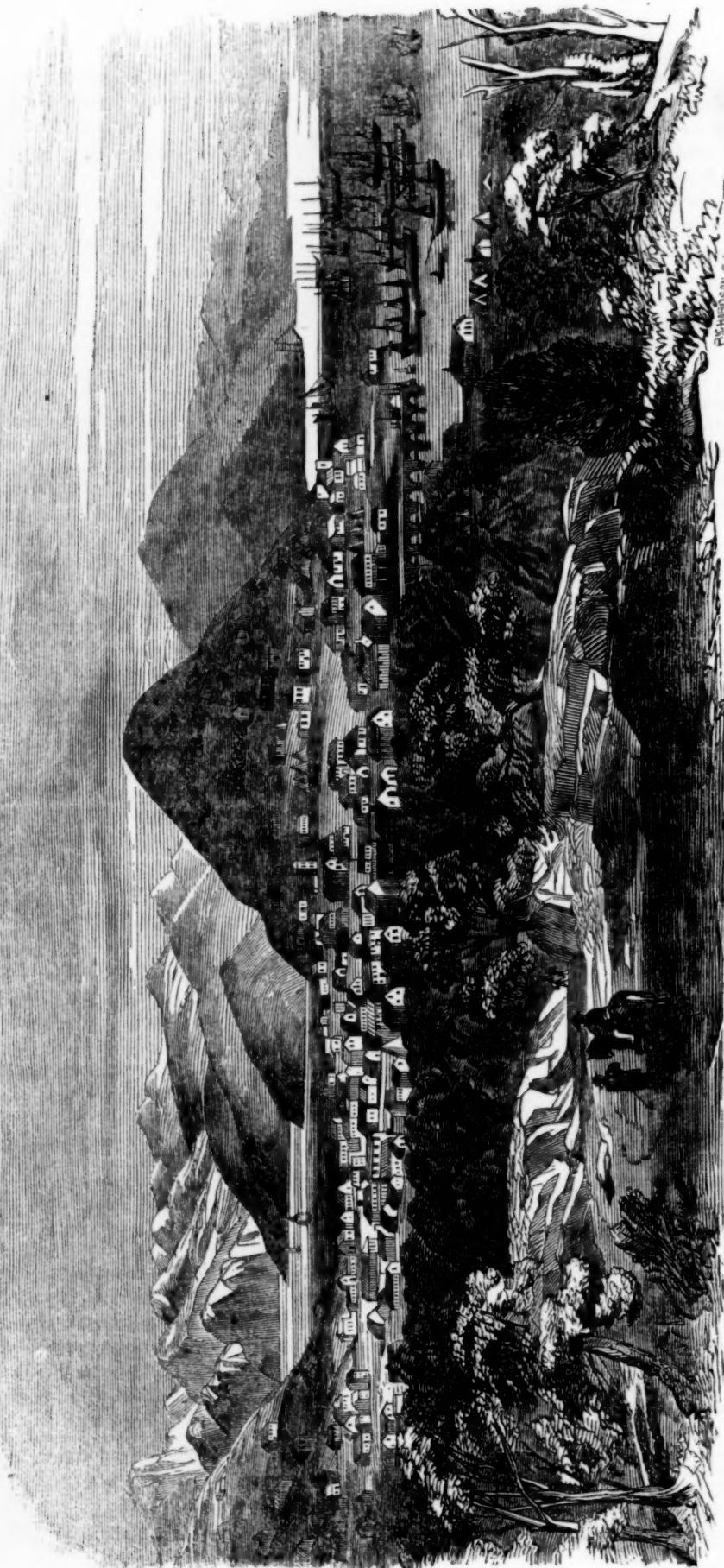
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



A PRAYER FOR REMEMBRANCE.

BY MARY M. CHASE.

How shall I be remembered, gentle friends,
When o'er this perished form long grass hath
grown?

When other voice for mine shall make amends,
And other love, for mine bereft, atone?

How shall I be remembered? A sharp cry
Against forgetfulness my soul sends forth,
And I disdain to hide from others' eye
This witness of the soul's immortal birth.

Think of me, love me, cherish ye my name
When I am gone, as a beloved thing;
But oh! by what dear token shall I claim
Remembrance, round it pleasant thoughts to
fling.

Not by the memory of the love I bore
Toward ye, the lost love that shall ne'er return;
It shall not fall upon your pathway more,
All vainly for its sunshine shall ye yearn.

Forget that love, forget how I did press
Your hands in mine, forget all accents soft,
All kisses, looks of love, how I did bless
Your every coming, came ye e'er so oft!

If ever I have done you service sweet,
Have gathered wild flowers for you in the wood,
Or guided in the meadow-paths your feet,
Or under the pine arches with you stood—

Forget it! never from the Silent Land
Shall I come back to serve you here again;
Not with vain longings would I have ye stand
In my loved haunts, and gaze around with pain.

If ever to your side I've noiseless crept,
When sickness kept stern vigil o'er your bed,
Or ministered to you, and prayed and wept,
Or pillow'd in my arms your aching head—

I charge you heed it not. Long years may pass,
The invisible bonds of pain may bind you down,
But think not of me then, dear friends, alas!
I shall not come to smile away death's frown.

Remember me, not by the gush of song,
Fitful and sudden as the mountain wind:—

When others strike the lyre chords clear and strong,
Let it not bring my image to your mind.

Lay down with me in everlasting rest,
The strains through which my restless soul was
poured;
Fold in my hands across my pulseless breast
The pages where my passionate words are stored.

Yet still forget me not, oh! hear my prayer!
If ever I have cheered a fainting heart,
Or lightened one worn spirit's weight of care,
Or in one hour of pain have borne a part;

If ever, erring though my footsteps be,
I led another spirit toward the light,—
By such as these, dear friends, remember me,
By such, recall my image to your sight.

If ever by temptations hard beset,
I prayed and conquered; if I flung aside
My dearest hopes and joys, without regret
For that which should not be, or tears, or pride;

If ever on Faith's altar I laid down
Youth's glorious visions, passing Paradise,
Love's flower-buds, the poet's laurel crown,
And bade Heaven's flame consume the sacrifice—

Let such the token be! Not unto tears,
And unavailing sighs, and bitter grief,
Would I come back through long recurring years,
But as a light for sorrow's quick relief,

As a bright ray of courage shining clear,
As a fresh hope, when hope is overthrown,
As a new star in midnight darkness drear,
Such let my memory be when I am gone.

Or rather, all oblivion: few have seen
How I have striven with a host of foes,
Striven and won, and from the dark *has been*,
Soared upward to the *present* of repose.

And if ye have not known how I have wrought,
Then let my life a thing forgotten be,
If of my tears and triumphs ye know naught,
Oh! then, dear friends, no more remember me!

A SKETCH OF NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

G. O. A. HEAD, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER V.

THEY were married on New Year's eve. Gustavus was very grave; but Ellen was the life of the company. She laughed and frolicked incessantly. Gustavus would have been jealous, if Fanny had been in her place, joining hands with bachelors and benedicts; kissing them back again—the loveliest and most intimate of her acquaintances—when they gave her the kiss of ceremony; sitting down easily beside them; coming to them with cake and confections, and especially with *bon-bons*, if any stood back alone and still, and not likely to attend to themselves. They were grateful to her. Gustavus was grateful, that, on that evening, she did not need that he should arouse himself and support her. He felt himself wholly unequal to the task. It was as if a torpedo had touched his brain; so that he could only now and then rally himself far enough, to inwardly curse himself for his stupidity, so out of place and reason, so altogether unconquerable.

The young wife was charmed with being established as the mistress of such a noble, unspotted house. It should be her chief care, she determined, to keep it untarnished. The rooms, although expensively furnished, had, as yet, a cold, bare look, with chairs, tables and sofas ranged like stiff sentinels along the walls. But this look she would soon conquer. The sentinels might remain, she said, but they should part with a portion of their stiffness in the presence of all the mosaic patch-work, she would from time to time introduce to them, in the shape of cushions, taborets, footstools and baskets. As for the kitchen-sentinels, they should bow to herself, and in admiration of all the industry and tidiness she would institute there. Yes! they—the sentinels—and Gustavus, and all the village should see that there was no other such wife, such housekeeper about. The books—oh, yes; it was altogether splendid, seeing them at their posts on the tables, and through the glass doors of the secretary, with so much gold-work about them. She liked that—the gold-work! Gustavus, sighed at the character of her praises; thought of Fanny's clear intellect, her beautiful tastes, and turned away. But he forced himself to come back in the same moment, partly that he might be rid of the thoughts of Fanny, and partly that he might extend to her he had

chosen, the respectful attention he owed it equally to her and to himself to pay.

Gustavus was obliged to go to New York on business, the day after the marriage. She was glad he was going, Ellen laughingly assured him, when at breakfast he announced his intention. She wanted not to be hindered by him nor any one for a few days, and then she would have things in perfect order from one side of the house to the other. She would run in and dine with her mother, sup with his. Yes, she was glad he was going; she hoped he would go often, and if she was lonesome, she could run into the store and see the clerk, young Hall, who liked her so well, who would sit a whole afternoon picking out colors for her. Him! she would go over the way to see him. Gustavus laughed at her nonsense, heartily swallowed his toast and coffee, often looking up at the hands of the mantle-clock, begged to be excused that moment, as he rose from table, he had so much to see to before he went out—went behind her chair to kiss her cheek—charged her not to work too hard, not to make herself sick while he was gone, for if she did, he would not go again—and then she would feel bad. "Oh, yes, indeed!" she answered, with her musical laugh. "She would feel bad not to have him go away often, she would be so happy while he was away, so sorry to see him back there!" she said, still laughing, as looking back on her, he made his way to the door. But her eyes filled with tears; he saw them, and came back to kiss her once more.

"Ellen, my dear, good Ellen," said he with his lips on her cheek.

She turned her face up to him, and twirled her finger softly through the hair that lay on his forehead, all the while laughing, and yet, all the while with tears in her eyes. But she drove him away—looked after him from the window, laughing, nodding, but blinded by the tears, and no sooner was he out of sight, than sinking in her rocking chair, she fell to sobbing as if her heart were broken outright. Such a new and overpowering sense of loneliness struck to her heart! For, what was there in that whole village that she cared for then but Gustavus? Who else in that whole village was so dear to her? to whom else was she so dear? Who else would have built such a beautiful house for her, and shown such kindness to her as he had shown that

morning? No one; and she was alone. She would weep all the time he was gone. But she did not. With the thought of the disorder there was through the rooms, the tears dried; she sprang to her feet, and began clearing the table. Then she made a tour of the rooms, that she might comprehend clearly what there was for her to do. But, heu! they were so vast, lonely and cold! When she came to her own room, at sight of the clothes Gustavus had laid aside, there came again the overpowering loneliness, mingled now with a feeling of vague terror; for would he not be lost in the Sound in that boisterous, wintry weather? He was so much to her—her all! could she be so happy as to see him back there in safety? Her tears streamed again. She threw herself in a chair beside the bed, buried her face on Gustavus' pillow, and was sobbing like a grieved child, when light, quick steps came to the top of the stairs, within the room, to her side. Gustavus had finished his business, and ran back for another good-bye. Laughing and crying at the same time, she buried her face the deeper for a few moments.

"Ellen!" said Gustavus in tones of infinite surprise, and dragging one hand away from her face. "What is this? Are you ill? What is it, my good one?"

He took her tenderly into his arms. Ah! that was a dear relief, weeping herself into calmness on his bosom. Then she laughed again. She was childish, and that was positively all, she firmly assured him. And she feared that storms would rise suddenly, as often they did in the Sound, and that he would be lost. They laughed together over her fears. He would stay at home. He would not go that day, if it distressed her. He would wait—she should accompany him.

"Oh, no, no, no!" and she hurried him away.

"Good creature! she really loves me then! She has feeling too, of which I will be careful, so help me Heaven!" Thus mused Gustavus, as, with his chin planted on his breast, he was borne rapidly away. He mused further, and saw that in reality it gave him no pleasure seeing that she loved him; but, on the contrary, pain. It excited tenderness, whose ground-work was not love, respect, but pity. He felt that in marrying her, he had done her a great wrong. The girl had feeling, affection; but it could not find rest in him, for he was far from her in every respect. She would never comprehend him; never be truly at ease with him, unless she would study! Thank Heaven for the thought, he would induce her to study. He had already touched upon the pleasure they would find in reading together, and improving themselves. He saw that her eyes lighted up with anticipation, at the idea. Good! he would see what could be done.

"No, he does not love me as I do him," mused the young wife, at the same time going mechanically about her arrangement; "or he would have let this hateful business go, just this one day. No, he does not love me as I do him. And he is so lofty! so stern, I sometimes think! I shall never satisfy him. He says we will study; but I don't know—I can never make anything out of this forever-talked-of study. It does nothing for me. But if he will sit and read beautiful stories to me, as I sew, and then he shall see how useful I can make myself; how pleasant and tidy I can keep his rooms; what beautiful, beautiful things I can make to adorn them! Heigho, I hope we can get along together. And, goodness! we will; if not in one way, why then it shall be in another. If we can never do, and think, and be, alike, we will be different. He may study and improve himself in that way, if he will; while I—I will work on my wersteds. I will sing continually as I work, my favorite songs, if it does interrupt his great studies. And then, if he looks stern, I will not look up to see it. If he fairly complains, I will pinch his ear, or his nose, and sing him down with my 'John Anderson, my Jo.'" She laughed now—and with quick, efficient strokes, she adjusted curtains, dropping the folds a little lower, a little lower; rearranged drawers, wardrobes and cupboards, and marshalled jars and demijohns in a perfect line.

Her mother came in at noon, and carried her "over home," as Ellen still called it, to dinner. She joked with her father and put conundrums to the children, all through the meal. But, in truth, her heart was not a little sick, as she looked around the familiar room, her home no more, and contrasted its stir and sociability with the parents, the children and work-people, with the still rooms in the large house over the way. But she was mistress of her features this time, so that no tears came; no tremulousness of tone, or momentary sadness betrayed to the vigilant eye of the mother, indications of the home-sickness she barely endured in the early days of her married life.

Ellen ran straight home from the table. She was engaged with her work, and with visitors until four; and then, with her worsted-basket in her hand, she tripped through the back yards into her father-in-law Head's.

"I am glad you have come, Ellen," said her mother-in-law, with her monotonous but friendly tones. "Mary was just going in to bring you. No, dear, sit in this sewing-chair. Sarah and Jane would have some hot biscuit to-night, because you were coming, and some other nice things, of which they would not tell me a word. They are out seeing to it all."

"They are very good. This chair! I shall have one just like it. It is exactly right for sewing, and I hardly ever find one that is. But where is the old gentleman?"

"Somewhere around the works. He drags himself about when Gustavus is gone; for he is not easy a moment. I sometimes think it would be better for him, that he would take more comforts, if he had no property. Now, Sarah's husband never will get any great amount before hand, although his salary is large, he gives away so much. But he is living a quiet, useful sort of life, and I have no doubt will have a more comfortable old age than my husband is having. I was glad they could be here at your wedding; it is so good for me having Sarah near me! she is so strong and cheerful!"

Sarah now joined them, her face radiant with friendliness and good humor. She seated herself close by Ellen. She loved the girl dearly, for the straightforward clearness and energy with which she had already begun to tread the new, strange way. They talked together of all she had been doing, and of all she would do.

"You will have a busy life, in one way and another, Gustavus is always in such a hurry!" said Mrs. Head, with a sigh. "It will be there some as it has been here."

"Anybody would think that Gustavus and you all might rest sometimes," replied Ellen, stopping in her counting. "You all have so much—you are so well off already."

"As his father, his grandfathers, and his great-grandfathers, have done before him, he will be likely to work on and accumulate until the day comes that has no more work for him," said Sarah. "Our great-grandfather, Ambrose, was a poor man—and so, in fact, was his grandfather, Head. They were both settled here, on small, hard and rocky farms. Well, they made slaves of themselves and of each other, for gain. They denied themselves all the things best worth living for. They worked, and scraped, and dug, and their sons and daughters with them, and after them; and more assiduously in fact, because now they began to have firm footing; because in their success they found so much to stimulate them. Gustavus bids fair to go beyond them all, however. The leaven that he inherits from his father, is likely to leaven the whole lump; unless—unless, Ellen, we can get hold of him, his reason, judgment, feeling, tastes and all, and induce him to take time for other things besides money-saving and money-getting, and to save himself a part of this early wear and tear."

"I wish we could!" answered Ellen, with animation. "But," continued she, with a slight sigh, "but, Aunt Sarah, I don't think he would be happy now in anything else. He is

so used to this hurry and worry, I think it suits him best."

"Yes, my dear," replied Sarah, cheerfully. "He likes it best now, or, at least he sees no other way. What I propose is, to try and show him the still ways and make him love them better than he loves business. If this can be done—and if it cannot be done," she added in yet more lively tones, seeing the troubled, discouraged expression on Ellen's face, "why, what then? We will not complain, for he is good and honorable; and there is, after all, something grand and imposing in such a character, such a course as his."

"Yes, indeed!" Ellen said, relieved by this view of the subject. "And if he chooses it to his ease, why then let him have his pleasure. He only wears himself. And I, when he is away, I will be so busy seeing to things, so that of all his gains nothing shall be wasted; and in filling the rooms with beautiful, *beautiful* worsted-work!"

"But keep it in your mind, Ellen dear," said Sarah, with the kindest voice, "that there are better things for you and him, than money and worsted work are."

CHAPTER VI.

I DOUBT if there is, in this whole land, another so likely, so graceful a stream as the Winnipiseogee. It has its origin in the lake of the same name; has a brief course just running through the towns of Meredith and Sanbornton into Franklin; where, after sundry beautiful coquettings, such as running back and around in a graceful curve to the woods at the foot of the hill, and then coming forth leaping and sparkling in the sun, after doing some useful service to the Messrs. Head & Co., and other manufacturers, it goes steadily forward through the dark green fields to meet its betrothed, the statelier Pemigewasset, late of the White Mountains. Then is the marriage of the two streams; thence, under the new name, Merrimack, they go on unitedly, growing at every step in power and usefulness, until at last they are assimilated to, and then immediately merged in the sea. The Winnipiseogee goes out far and wide over the flats, occasionally, and a pond, or a bay, as it is here called, with graceful, ever-varying borders and little green, shrubby islands is the result. Lakes these bodies would be called out of New England. The river has great force for so narrow a stream, so that pretty factories and thrifty villages are found here and there on its borders; and so that now and then, the well-dressed* agents and surveyors of some large Boston manufacturing company, are seen riding over the hills, clambering over the rocky banks, peering into

the falls and through the wooded valleys. Then the farmers, whose lands came down to the river, let go their plough-handles, and look knowingly at each other, plant their hands in their pockets, their feet a great way apart, tip their heads one way and the other, look inquiringly, and begin with saying, "I should not wonder if—but we shall see, one of these days. We've all heard of Lowell and Manchester growing up in a day, as it were—'um." And then they put their heads closer together, and wonder, and guess, and appraise each his lands that lie within the limits, that the company will of course wish to purchase. Lastly, it is related how great a price the farmers near, the Manchester and Lowell markets are now getting for their apples that once the hogs ate, and for every peck of green peas, green beans, cucumbers; for every little bunch of lettuce and asparagus. And those farmers think that if a city does come up down there along the river, very few indeed are the apples and early vegetables they will allow themselves or their families to eat, very few. And so prospectively rich do they become, that their heads are the least in the world lifted; and the least in the world, they look down on their present low estate.

It so happened at the time of which I would speak, that Mr. Prescott, a gentleman of Massachusetts, with whom the Heads had recently formed a co-partnership, was out rambling along the river, when he came within sound of voices, and overheard something like the following:—

"True," said one; "but this is best. The power is equal, or at any rate sufficient—"

"But these close-fisted farmers," interposed the other.

"This is the best of it! These close-fisted farmers, to whom money comes so hard, will sell their lands for a trifle, and be glad to."

"Not if we give them an inkling of what is going on."

"They shall have no inkling then. Leave that to me. I too am a Yankee, and can work them over."

Their voices were lost in the distance; but Mr. Prescott had heard enough to bring Gustavus to his feet, when it was related to him.

"Ha!" said he, snapping his arms out at full length. "George, there! bring the horse to the door. Prescott, let's ride over there, and sound some of those farmers! What do you say to it?"

"I will go, if you say so."

"We go then! Bring the horse, George! Faith! six o'clock!" looking up at the clock over the desk. I must run over to tea. Have you had yours?"

"Yes; I left the table just five minutes ago; but, between us, I despise these early suppers."

"Yes; but I am gone!"

"Ellen—Ellen! no supper? See! two minutes past six;" holding up his watch, as he stood in the open door of the sitting room; for it happened at just this unlucky teatime, that Ellen made her first departure from a perfect regularity in her meals, so that the crouching hound she was leaving on her canvass, might be finished before Jane came in, as she had promised to do after tea. She was setting the last stich, and already on her feet, that she might spring to the table as soon as it was finished, when Gustavus came in from the dining-room, and planted himself erect and frowning in the door-way.

Ellen's heart quailed, as it had already done many times in the few months that she had been his bride.

"I am sorry," said she blushing, and dropping her needle on her canvass. "I was in such a hurry, I did not think how the time was going. But the water has boiled; I have only to lay the cloth."

She did not look up in his face; but hurrying nervously past him, where he still stood filling two-thirds of the door, she tripped nimbly to the kitchen to set the tea; and then returning to the dining room, she slipped the dishes to their places upon the table, with a haste as if her own life, that of Gustavus and all the town, depended on the speed with which she accomplished her preparations. Gustavus, meantime, remained immured in the sitting-room.

There! was not it quickly done? thought Ellen. Only four minutes since he came in, and there stood the well-appointed tea-table; the sparkling tea-urn. Surely he would let his impatience go. Surely, surely that frown would be gone. And it was, she saw as she went to call him; and her heart leaped in its wonted sportiveness. It, the frown, never lasted long. If it did, Ellen was accustomed to say to herself, if it did last, she would die; her heart would beat off quickly its life-measure, and then be done.

"I am sorry I made you wait," said she going up to his side, as he stood mechanically tapping on the window-frame. She ran her hand through his arm and whirled him round towards the dining-room. Her voice and the face she lifted to his, were expressive of the penitence meet for a much greater fault than hers.

"It is I who should be sorry for being such an impatient dog," replied Gustavus, holding her chair for her to be seated. "I declare, Ellen! I would give more for your good temper, than for all the city lots along the river."

Ellen looked inquiringly in his face, as she accepted the plate he had filled for her.

"Prescott and I are going to ride over to

the red mill and up over the hill, to look at some fields and pastures. We want to get them into our hands. We are in hopes that the immense water-power along there won't much longer be wasted; but that—in short, that a new Manchester will be found growing there soon; and, in that case, we would like to have something to say in the matter. And this is the mighty cause of my haste and impatience."

Ellen smiled, but expressed no interest in his speculations. She never did; she saw no reason why she should, since he already had wealth enough, business enough. She often disappointed Gustavus in this matter; but as yet she did not comprehend it.

"I suppose you think I had better be taking care of my temper a part of this time, and let the city lots go?" He laughed, they both laughed; and so there were tears first in his eyes, then in hers. "Don't you think I had better be taking care of myself? Say, Ellen. Don't my temper grow bad every day?—don't you think it does?"

"No; for if I did—" hesitatingly began Ellen.

"Well, if you did? Speak it out, my wife that I have chosen to help take care of me, soul and body. If you did—what then?"

"Why, if I did think your temper grows worse, I should think beyond that, that it is because I try you; because I am not the right kind of child to—to keep you in good tone. And I never will think this, Gustavus!"

"No, indeed! no, indeed, Ellen! you must never think this—for it would never be the true reason. You are the right one to live with me. No one else could get along as you do with my—with my temper, or my nervousness, or my something else. I don't know myself, what it is; but half of the time, just about, I feel like *that*, for instance!" snapping out his arms at full length over the table. He purposely touched her nose, and that made them both laugh again; but Gustavus was sober in an instant. "I feel braced up, as if I would go through the side of a house, if it came in my way. Yes, a miserable feeling, I tell you, Ellen! miserable. But what were you doing when I came in?"

"Setting the last stitch in my hound. Did you look at him?" Now Ellen's eyes sparkled. Now *she* was interested. "Did you put out your hand for his paw, he looks as if he might give it to you."

"No—no, I did not look at him. The fact is, I see nothing interesting in your and Jane's worsted work. It is pretty enough, I know; but mechanical altogether. A little child can do it, if she can count up to twenty."

"Oh, abominable! I declare I will set my hound after you, Gust, and then you shall see—"

"Yes; I see now, Ellen Head, that you have hidden in you somewhere, taste, imagination, strength, and I know not what other elements of the very superior woman. I want you to draw; this really engages one's powers. I want you to read—to study."

"Oh, I hate study! it does me no good. Besides I have not time."

"You know I want you to have a hired girl."

"Well, hired girls waste so much! My mother, your mother, and others say, that the wages and board are a trifle in the expenses."

"I can afford it all, all the expenses of board, waste and wages. Will you have one?"

"I can't! They are such a trouble; and all the village would be calling me lazy too, with only two in the family! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Well, well! we will have three in the family. Prescott wants to come here. He don't like it at Talbert's. He has been teasing me; he said to-day, that he is coming in to tease you. Let's let him come. You have a good girl, and then you will have leisure. You can improve yourself in drawing, so as to have a real taste, a talent for the thing, an enthusiasm in it! Heavens! don't you see?"

Yes; Ellen could see that. Her eyes sparkled like light over it.

"Your herbarium, fill that. Botanize, mineralize. I will get you a beautiful cabinet! Go into it with your might and main; not as most school girls do, just dipping the tips of your fingers, horrified all the time lest they be soiled. This is never the way to do things!"

"Well, in this way I should like it. If you would only go over this ground, or a part of it, with me, I can see how easy and pleasant it would be. I should have something to stimulate me; and I don't know why it is, but my brain is as heavy as lead and as impenetrable, when I would stuff it with ideas, unless somebody who is quick, who has just the right way of managing me, comes along every now and then, electrifies me and sets me moving again. There was nobody like Fanny Hadley, for this. I could study over a lesson alone ten times, and then not have a single clear idea of it in my head. But if she came along smiling in her good way, and sat down by me, and we just read it over once and talked a little about it, how clear it all was then! and how I liked it! I tell you, Gustavus, the few lessons I have got in my life under such circumstances, or recited to teachers who had Fanny's manner of interesting me in things, are all that have left any sort of impression on my mind; and those are better to me than gold. I would a thousand times

sooner part with gold than with them. I say all this to you, Gustavus, that you may see just how stupid I am of myself, and incapable of being otherwise, unless you, or some one like you, helps me." She fixed her serious and inquiring eyes on his face.

"You ought to be helped then, surely," replied he, in kind and thoughtful tones. "And you shall be!" rising from the table. "We will let Prescott come, and have a girl; this is settled?"

"If you say so. But the neighbors will all say poh! at me and my books and call me a lazy, good-for-nothing wife. Even my own father will do this."

"You will spend less time with your books than you do now with your worsted-work, probably—"

"Oh, well, this is work! nobody finds fault with one for working, of course."

"Not if it is useless work; work that spoils your eyes, your spine; and, pardon me, Nell, that half-spoils your—your sociability for us gentlemen, your intelligence, your common sense?" He tipped his head away off out of Ellen's reach, and closed his hands over his ears, as if he expected to have them boxed, upon coming to his saucy climax. But Ellen only laughed.

"And you will help me! you will study with me," she said.

"Yes, my child. Yes, if I—that is, when I can possibly find time."

"Oh, ho! if there is time for me, there is time for you well-off as you are; and with a partner too."

"Prescott is already immensely rich, richer than half this village, without work; and an invalid. He only wants just so much care, you know, just so much stir, as are necessary to patch up his constitution."

"I dread his coming—from the city, used to so much splendor, so literary, so altogether striking."

"Do you find him so? I don't know as I shall let him come."

"Oh, do! Good bye."

"Good bye—good bye. Don't go to your worsted work—don't go to reading silly stories, while I am gone. Remember! you are to go straight forward to the temple up on the hill, after this."

"Yes; but don't hurry me—don't hurry me, Gustavus. If you do, I shall faint and drop by the way. I shall!"

He was already in the door. They sent kisses across the hall, and he went.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A U T U M N F L O W E R S .

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

LIKE friends when summer friends are gone,
Ye cheer us in our gloom,
Though dark our skies and fierce the storm,
How beautiful ye bloom.

How rich ye hang o'er rock and stream,
To cheer each lonely nook,
Not like the gay bright flowers of spring,
There's meaning in thy look.

Ye bend the sympathetic head,
And shed the dewy tear,
As the pale leaves of autumn dead,
Strew thickly Nature's bier.

I thank ye all—your cheerful hues
Stir sweetest thoughts of love
For Him whose love and care diffuse
Such blessings from above.

If some kind friend had folded up,
In every beauteous form,

And painted all the leaves like thine,
That grace our household lawn.

Our warmest joy in words would flow—
The purple—red—and green
Would claim our admiration too,
So thankful should we seem.

And the rich wreaths that twine around
Our window frames so dear,
Where the soft sunlight twinkles through,
Would start the grateful tear.

Then while we gaze on works of art,
With fond admiring eye,
We'll not forget the richer part
That round our pathway lie—

Nor *Him* whose nearness we may feel,
In all the flowers that glow,
They are His *smile*—the lovely *seal*
By which our God we know.

REMINISCENCES OF MY COUNTRY HOME.

BY ROSA CLOVER.

ARTHUR and Phil and I are walking home from the old red school-house on the village green, with our dinner baskets on our arms; we have crossed "meadow-run" on some stepping stones we found in the brook, for the water being now low we preferred this shorter mode of proceeding to that of going round by the bridge. We have left the village far behind us, and are now climbing the hill, and shall soon be in sight of our own gate, and soon after at home—our own beautiful home of "Woodburn." And now we have come to the lodge, and entered the gate, and are winding our way up the avenue. It is a beautiful day, late in the autumn, and as we walk slowly along we kick up with our little feet the gay-colored leaves which strew the path; as brilliant a carpet as foot of child ever trod on. Now we pause to watch a little squirrel who has just crossed our path and dashed up into yonder hickory tree; now we stop to fill our baskets with beech nuts, but we are beginning to catch glimpses of the house; now we see a pillar of the piazza; now an upper window at which mother sits sewing, and no doubt watching for us. There are our sisters, the two who are always together, starting for a ramble through the woods, and brother Ned with his gun on his shoulder has just joined them. Sister Ellen is on the piazza watering her plants, and here comes dear father to meet his "youngest pet," with his ever cheerful smile, and kind, tender greeting—my horse stumbles, and I start and wake from my reverie—where have I been? Oh, in a vivid day-dream, a sweet memory of "long, long ago." I had been living over again a lovely scene of childhood, when friends were many, and troubles few, and all the future was a bright, beautiful prospect—how soon to be obscured by clouds, and dimmed by tears. Where are they all, those dear ones? Scattered far and wide, or gone from earth to return no more for ever—some in distant cities toiling for their daily bread; one on a far distant shore of our own great land, drawn thither by "golden visions;" and some who loved to wander amid this loveliest of earth's scenes, now walking over "the green pastures and beside the still waters" of the river of life.—But here are Arthur and I on horseback, taking a long journey to visit the "dear old place," for the first time since we left it as children. Let's see—fifteen years ago—a weary time to look forward to, but how short in the retrospect! And we are in reality nearing our old home, and our hearts beat

quicker, and we urge our horses to a faster pace, and the objects around us begin to wear a familiar appearance. Just beyond this turn in the road we shall come upon the lodge, and the gates, and see again that "grand old wood" of forest trees, through which we must wind our way to the house. We have taken the turn and stopped our horses in amazement. Oh, shame! shame! the house rises bare and solitary in the distance, and between it and us is a vast army of blackened stumps. The present proprietor of the place it seems is a utilitarian. He cannot understand why people should leave trees standing just to look at, when they are so useful for fuel. And then, too, they were so in the way; they hid from view the new canal, where his boats were constantly passing, and prevented his having the evidence of *sight* as well as sound, that his new steam mills were in active operation. I could almost sympathize with the feeling of our old friend, Farmer Harris, who said drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes, "To think of cutting down them trees your father loved so much—why I'd—I'd as soon think of chopping up one of my own children!" As we rode on through this field of stumps, I could not help saying, "Excuse me, Arthur, for making the remark when our hearts are so sad, but the old place well deserves the name of 'Woodburn' now, if it never did before." On the other side of the house the appearance of things was less changed. Perhaps the trees here were not immediately wanted for firewood, or were not so much in the way; however that might be, they were left standing; and as we visited old familiar spots, the tears would run in spite of all my efforts to keep them back, and I saw them standing in my brother's eyes as he pointed out to me many places, and related incidents connected with them, which I, who was much younger, had forgotten. We found the place where our old sleigh-swing, which used to hold half-a-dozen of us, was hung; we saw the very hole in a large stone, where we used to put our nuts to crack them. Here was the great sand heap, where Phil and I used to make the pyramids of Egypt and of Cholula, and there the steep hill, down which we used to slide in the winter, my brothers, each in turn, taking me on before them. There was the very croth in the chesnut tree where I sat tending my doll, and pretending I was afraid of old "no-lip-John," the Indian, who was also pretending not to see me, till he came directly under where I sat, when he raised his head and

cried out "boh!" starting me, so that I nearly fell out of the tree. No fear had we of our red neighbors during the early part of our residence at Woodburn: better, and kinder, and more honest neighbors need not be desired, than were they, till the village of Burnside grew up near us, and the "fire-water" was there to be procured in return for their skins, and bows and arrows. Then came the evils which always follow in the train of this scourge of our race; then they learned to lie, and steal, and fight among themselves, and with their white neighbors; then, for the first time, we had to lock our doors at night for fear of the Indians. A more noble being never came from the hand of the great Creator, than this red child of the forest, till he learned from the *white man* to put that in his mouth which took away his reason and made him a demon. I could tell you many instances of the kindness, forbearance, honesty and generosity of the Indian which have come under my own observation, and which would put to the blush many of those who have had far better teaching. But all our old red neighbors and their children have long since been driven from their homes and hunting grounds, and have gone to seek a home in the far west. They went away in a body "weeping and mourning as they went." One aged chief could not be persuaded to accompany them. He said his bones should rest on the spot he had loved in life, and we saw him standing by his little cabin, one arm resting on its lowly roof, and his gun in his hand, looking around him with an air so sad and desolate that it made our very hearts ache. Alas for our country, when the red man, and black man, shall rise up in judgment against it. Will it not be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in that day, than for this land where the beams of the sun of righteousness are shining? Well is it for us, that there is a bow of promise in the sky, for what were the sins of the nations before the flood, when compared with ours? But let us remember that there are other ways of exterminating nations than by a flood of water; and let us repent of these our great sins, and put them far from us, for it may be that the Almighty has stayed the hand of the destroying angel, and said, "Let them alone *a little longer!*"

Before I leave the Indians I will relate one circumstance recalled to my mind by the mention of "no-lip John," so called from having lost his upper lip, how I do not remember, but as will readily be imagined, his appearance was exceedingly savage and frightful, showing his great row of white teeth, as if he were constantly snarling at you. At one time the family had all gone from home to make a visit, and had been detained by a violent storm, and rise in the river. The only

person left in the house was a cousin, who had in charge another little cousin, who was not very well at the time the family left. He grew rapidly worse, and would not rest except in the arms of Cousin Grace, and for two whole nights she sat up nursing him, and attended to his wants all day, till she was nearly worn out with fatigue and anxiety. On the third night as she sat by the kitchen fire holding the sick child, and trying to keep awake, the latch of the door was raised and presently in came "no-lip John," and walking directly up to her he demanded "swiker," (whiskey). Cousin Grace was a woman of stout nerves, but I think one more courageous than she would have been a little startled by the appearance of this savage looking Indian at that hour of night. She thought for a moment, "What am I to do—to refuse will only enrage him—I have not the strength to put him out, and there is no help near." Suddenly she hit upon a plan, by which to rest herself and satisfy the Indian at the same time, but one which few would have had the courage to carry out. John could understand English well enough when he chose to, though he always pretended he could not speak a word of it. She rose up and said, "See here, John—this child is very sick—I have rocked him in my arms for two nights—I am very tired and sleepy; you take the baby, rock him so, and every time this pointer of the clock comes to one of these figures come and wake me, and I will give you this glass full of brandy," showing him a wine glass. John nodded his head, said "ugh" in token of assent to her proposition, and sat down and took the baby. Cousin Grace threw herself down upon a settee in the room, and in one moment was in a heavy slumber. All night long the Indian rocked the baby—every time the hand of the clock pointed to one of the hours, he went to the settee and shook her, and she got up and gave him his glass of brandy. Cousin Grace had a quiet and refreshing sleep, the baby was very still and apparently well pleased with his strange nurse, and in the morning John went off quite satisfied with his night's work, and also with his wages.

But Arthur and I must leave the dear old place and pass on, or we shall never get through the village. And here many of the cottages look just as they used to, and we recognize many an old friend in those who came to their doors to look at the strange lady and gentleman riding by. They have not changed so much as we, though with them the frame is more bent, and the hair whiter than when we last saw them. And when we rein up our horses at one gate after another, and tell them whose children we are, then comes the hearty welcome, and "God bless you," while tears

of joy and sadness too, run down the furrowed cheek ; for the kind friend, the willing counsellor, the open hand and heart are not forgotten. And then it was, "Come out, husband, and see who is here," or, "you must light and come in to see my old man, he's bed-rid, and he'll never forgive me if I let you go on without seeing him." And there are so many questions to answer, as to the whereabouts of every member of the family, and the calico aprons is ever wiping away the fresh flowing tears as that answer is given to the question, "Where is *he*?" which must one day be given of each one of us. "And here is the cottage where old Rowley used to live," said my brother. "He must be dead long ago, for I used to think he must be 'one or two hundred, when I was a little boy.'" As we came to the gate, we saw a tall, stooping figure going in at the door : "There is the very old man, I declare," said Arthur, "looking just as he used to, only his frame is a little more bent, and his white locks somewhat thinner." We entered the cottage ; old Rowley's wife, who was many years younger than himself, could easily be made to remember who we were, though she said she never should have known us, we had altered so since we were children. We asked her how old the old man was ?

"Well, I don't rightly know," she answered, "you know I ain't his first wife—it's only about forty years since I married him, and he was pretty well on then." "Do you think you could make him understand who we are?" "Well, I guess not, but perhaps he might remember your father : he recollects well, some things that happened long since—I will try." "Rowley," she screamed, "do you remember when you used to keep Squire G.'s sheep?" "Aye, aye," said the old man, "Watch was a noble sheep dog, wasn't he?" "And do you remember Squire G.—, the young man ; he that gave us this cottage?" "Aye, aye," answered the old man, again, "he was here yesterday." And then he sank back, and would answer no more. Yes, thought I, the days of his youth are to him as yesterday. What would be his answer if questioned as to the days of the years of his long, long life? With the Patriarch of old he would say, "Few and evil—few and evil!"

And now we have come to the old red school-house, less changed in its appearance, than any spot we had yet visited. There it stands, in the centre of the village green, the same noble old oak shading it, the same little brook running by over its pebbly bed ; but the paths which meet there, are now trod by other little feet, and another little race of urchins now are at their daily task within its walls—those of our time now being business men and voters, or blooming matrons, or just verg-

ing on the boundary lines of old-maidism. I can well remember when the school-house was also the "meeting-house," and at this distance of time the appearance of that little congregation rises up before me, as if I had sat there only yesterday, with my little feet swinging a foot from the floor. There was Uncle Absalom, *every body's* "Uncle Absalom"; I never knew that he had any other name. His hair, if it had ever equalled in luxuriance and beauty, that of his illustrious namesake of olden time, was now thinned by age, and he wore it neatly tied in a queue, or as the youngsters irreverently termed it a "pig-tail." There was Deacon Hofer, never absent from his seat in meeting : the deacon always wore his hair combed up and braided on the top of his head, and confined to its place by a side comb. The most remarkable thing about Deacon Hofer was his wonderful powers in the way of sneezing. The tremendous concussion produced by this sudden and violent ejection of air through his nasal organ, and the number of times it would be repeated in succession, would seem incredible to those who had not heard him. When Deacon Hofer began to sneeze, it was quite a jubilee for us young ones, as it relieved the tedium and monotony of the hour of service, which was not made as interesting to the youthful part of the congregation as it might have been, and yet from which, I must confess, we might have derived much more benefit than we did, had we been so disposed. When Deacon Hofer began to sneeze, we began to count, and sometimes an animated discussion would arise as to whether he had got up to seventeen or eighteen, till in the heat of contention we whispered so loud that it became necessary to admonish us, by a rough shake, of our whereabouts. I never knew him to go beyond twenty-one at a time, but I have heard of his getting up as high as thirty. And there was Miss Penelope Higgins, a spinster of immense proportions, and of most extraordinary appearance. She had but one eye, but that one did duty for half a dozen, and was continually glaring about in search of youthful offenders, who, if they were inattentive, or whispering, or laughing were immediately called to order by an admonitory shake of the sprig of dill or fennel she was chewing. Now Miss Penelope had but two teeth in her head, one was on one side of the lower jaw, and the other on the opposite side of the upper, and yet incredible as it may seem, she did contrive to make these extremes meet, her upper and under jaw shooting by each other like a pair of disordered tongs. But the most remarkable thing about her, I have yet to describe, and this was a way she had of covering the place where the eye was not, by a coil of her hair, which looked at a little distance like an

enormous eye of itself. Miss Penelope does not stand upon these pages as my "fancy has painted her;" her portrait is drawn from life, and those who once knew her cannot fail to recognize it. If the shaking of children had been a salaried office in the Burnside meeting-house, the place of this female Cyclops would have been no sinecure.

But the singing in that school-house must not be passed over without an attempt at least at a description of it. When the psalm or hymn was about to be given out, somebody woke up Uncle Absalom, who took his station in front of the desk, with his book in hand. Then what a time it took the good man to find his pitch-pipe, to which when found he gave a spiteful *bite*, and whisked it round to his ear, jerking his head to one side, and thus causing the queue to dart out on the other, a proceeding which we children always watched with intense interest. As soon as the pitch-pipe was produced, Phil would whisper to me, "Now look out for the pig-tail!" the sudden appearance of which was immediately followed by a giggle, then a furtive glance towards Miss Penelope, where the funnel was sure to be seen shaking in a most terrific manner. Uncle Absalom and others of the old people were particularly fond of a style of music now nearly out of date, denominated "fuguing;" and I remember how we used to stare from one to another of the congregation, our eyes and mouths wide open with astonishment, as they took up the different parts, no two of them apparently singing the same words, and wondering whether they would ever get together again. We had no regular pastor at the time of which I am writing, but were favored with a "supply." This preacher was particularly partial to one psalm, two lines of which ran thus:—

"Fire, hail, snow, thunder, vapor, wind,
Lead on the dreadful way."

The performance of the music adapted to these lines was very impressive, and often as I heard it, it never ceased to excite my wonder and admiration. Here was Aunt Phebe White "hailing" in one direction, while old Deacon Hofer, when he was not *sneezing*, was "thundering" in another. On this side of the school-house Miss Arazina Hobbs, a maiden who "had been younger once than she was then," was apparently lost in "vapor," while Uncle Absalom was swaying about in the "wind," in front of the desk. Old Mrs. Hunt was making the best of her way through the "snow," while some of the rest were in a "fire," which "tried the souls" of their auditors, altogether producing a very respectable storm, during the prevalence of which we should have been glad to reverse the order of proceedings during storms in general, and take

shelter in the open air. Then Uncle Absalom began to "lead on the dreadful way," in which he was allowed to start alone, the others however, after a little time concluding to join him. Aunt Phebe came in a little behind him, Miss Arazina girlishly ran on ahead, but on "sober" second thought determined to rest on a note till the old gentleman came up, and all proceeded on the "dreadful way" together, and to our great gratification reached the end of it at the same moment of time.

There was another psalm which was often sung there, and lest the reader should be inclined to think that I have been indebted to my own imagination for the words, I must beg him to look into Matthew Henry's version of the Psalms of David, 40th Ps. 6th verse.

"No sacrifice nor offering
Didst thou at all desire,
Mine ears thou bored—sin offering thou
And burnt didst not require."

And the way "Mine ears thou bored," "mine ears thou bored" was taken up, and repeated, and reiterated now on this side, now on that, was exciting in the extreme, to the sympathies of the audience, as the reader will believe when I tell him that they were all ready to join in the chorus with a hearty good will.

But at last we had a church, and then we were advanced to the dignity of a choir, who sang out of a "Collection," and the "fugues" were quite discarded, excepting at such times as from a quarrel in the choir, (these bodies, as is well known, being often made up very discordant materials) the gallery seats were deserted, then old Uncle Absalom came out in front of the pulpit, lined out the words, and the hearts of the old people were gladdened by the welcome strains of a "fugue." In our new church, as soon as the key-note was sounded, the whole congregation rose and faced about towards the choir; and it was cheering to the heart to witness the zeal with which that band of singers performed each his allotted task. There was no mincing of the words there, but the men took off their coats in the summer, and went at it in a business-like manner; and the ladies were not to be outdone by those of the sterner sex. There was Miss Arazina Hobbs, seamstress, who sewed up the time as regularly as she did a garment, and with the same movement of the hand, while Jabez Pratt, blacksmith, hammered it down as if the front of the gallery had been his anvil. Dr. Hincks, the dentist, jerked out the words like teeth, while Peter Phipps, the carpenter, sawed away on the bass-viol with sounds which could only be compared in melody to those with which he went through a board in his shop, on a week-day. The schoolmaster kept time by raising and dropping his hand, then moving it to one side

then to the other, precisely as he showed us on the map in the red school-house, the cardinal points of the compass, while Dr. Case, if he had been taking one of his own worst doses, could scarcely have sent forth more doleful sounds with a wider extended mouth, or a more distressed expression of countenance. And then the way in which they would "pine," or "faint," or "droop," or "die," was *very* touching; it seemed sometimes as if Miss Arazina would be obliged to apply to Dr. Case for a restorative. And how they would make the "lion's roar," and the "heathen rage," and the "tempests blow," and how swiftly they would "rush," or "fly," or "run," and how slowly they would "linger," and "languish," and "pause." As for giving *expression*, and adapting the music to the words, I have never heard anything since, that could pretend to come up to the choir of our little church at Burnside.

But we can never leave this part of the country without paying a visit to "Aunt Patty"—dear old Aunt Patty, the very embodiment and impersonation of "all things lovely and of good report," one who thought no ill of any one and loved her neighbor a great deal *better* than herself. To think of her being "Aunt Patty Grimwood," she should have been "Aunt Patty Kind-heart," or "Aunt Patty Love-child"—but then she should never have married old Aaron Grimwood. How came it that one being so gentle, and loving, and tender of all things living, should have been joined for life to one of qualities so totally opposite? We know not Aunt Patty's early history and cannot explain the secret of this strange union. Suffice it to say that she had long since "learned in whatsoever state she was, therein to be content." We cannot doubt that she really was so, for we never remembered to have seen her when she had not told us that she "was never so happy in her life" as at that present time, and she was too honest to say what was not strictly true. Truly "the mind is its own place," and Aunt Patty's had made a Heaven of what to almost any one else would have proved a very different place. We had learned in the village that this dear old friend no longer lived in the pleasant little log house up in the woods. We were sorry to hear that, for we had hoped to see her in that spot where our very happiest holidays had been passed; we remembered how delightful we used to think it to spend the day in a log house with only two rooms, and "no up-stairs;" and how in maple sugar time we used to love to go out to "the bush," and watch the process of making the sugar. At that season Aunt Patty always broke her eggs very carefully, making only a small hole in one end, and then she saved the

shells for moulds into which to run the melted sugar, which would harden in the shape of eggs, and a great pile of these maple sugar eggs she always had ready for "the dear children," when she expected a visit from us. Aunt Patty now lived in a frame house nearer the village; it did not look so cheerful as the little log house in the woods, but then Aunt Patty's kind hearty welcome would make any place seem pleasant. Oh, how rejoiced she seemed by our visit. It was almost two much for her; after many questions asked and answered she said we must surely take something to eat; we knew that their early dinner hour was long since passed, and begged her not to take any trouble for us, as we intended to go on to Mr. L.'s to dinner—but nothing that we could say would stop her; "she should get it ready," she said, "even if we did not taste it, and she only wished it was a great deal more trouble;" and how the old soul flew round, (for she kept no "help;") now attending to the broiling of the chickens—now to the vegetables—then darting down cellar, and presently appearing with one of her own delicious pumpkin pies, looking so natural in its square tin pan; then running down again for a dish of her nice "apple butter;" then pickles and cheese, and beautiful white honey, and last of all we must have a cup of tea; and all this time she was talking, asking questions, laughing and crying for very joy at seeing us. When we asked her about herself she said she was "never so happy in her life as now;" (how natural it sounded) "her old man was softening and becoming kinder every day—he let her go to meetin' now, and she took that as being very kind," (she had never made any complaint when he would not allow her to go). How was it possible, we thought, for any one to live with a being of so much gentleness and real refinement of feeling, for so many years without becoming "softer and kinder;" but we had the pleasure of seeing old Aaron before we left, and we concluded that the softening process might go on day after day for years and much more rapidly than it had done without the slightest danger of his being any too tender. Aunt Patty said she had a great many comforts which she had never before enjoyed—first and foremost "she had a cow, and such a nice cow that it was really a pleasure to milk her." Now the fact was that old Aaron had bought this animal cheap, because it was such an ugly creature that no woman, the country round could milk her; but she must have been like that one of the bovine genus, immortalized in song, who,

"Though wicked it was, was gentle to her,"

for she certainly succeeded better with the

animal than any one had ever done before.
Aunt Patty took the

"Kicking over of the pail
And getting a box on the ears with her tail,"

as the freaks of a frolicsome disposition, and loved the creature all the better for it. But though we would gladly linger in the atmosphere of so much goodness we must tear ourselves away from Aunt Patty, and pay one

more visit, not to the living but to the dead. We must visit the last resting places of some we have loved and honored in life, and see that they are properly cared for, and then after a little talk and some few directions to old Amos, the sexton, turn our horses' heads away from Burnside—sadder perhaps for the time, but we trust wiser and better for our visit to our dear old country home.

THE VOICES OF THE HOURS.

BY HENRY IRVING.

Gaily in life's unclouded morning,
Sing the glad hours;
Giving no dark portentous warning
Of coming clouds and showers,
But ever with beauty our bright hopes adorning,
Merrily, gaily, sing the glad hours.

But soon a deeper, sadder strain,
The fleet hours sing,
Of joys that ne'er will come again
When once they've taken wing :
Of darker days, full of grief and pain,
Solemnly, sadly, the fleet hours sing.

Anon, with voices wild and loud,
The mad hours shout,
As along the march of life we crowd,
With bosoms strong and stout,
While the hopes of youth, at our bearing proud,
Flee, frightened away as the mad hours shout.

But feebly, once again, and low,
The sad hours sigh ;
Breathing a truth we all must know,
The time has come to die ;
Happy the soul that is ready to go [sigh].
And dwell with its God, where no sad hours

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

BY SYLVANUS.

LIVE for the present, let not thoughts
Of future trouble grieve thee,
Be truly wise to-day, nor let
The dreams of Hope deceive thee :
Ne'er borrow grief, for there's enough
Of sorrow in the present,—
Look not upon life's shady side,
But oft upon the pleasant.

The happiest is the wisest man,
Despite what some may say,
He's truly wise who can enjoy
The sunshine of to-day :

'Tis vain, aye weak, for us to grieve
O'er thoughts of coming trouble ;
Such fears will taint our present joys,
And make our sorrows double.

Then relish sweets whene'er they come,
Improve the passing minute,
And you have then a magic key,
With wondrous virtue in it :
A corner stone whereon to build
The future as you will,—
Enjoy the present—you will find
The future sweeter still !

THE SELFISH AND THE SOCIAL PRINCIPLE.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

THE question whether man is capable of performing an act of pure disinterestedness, has long since furnished a theme ripe with interest to the metaphysician and the moralist. Doubtless the most specious and plausible, as well as popular hypothesis, is that of the negative of the question, which has numbered among its more prominent defenders, Helvétius, Hobbes and Lord Shaftesbury: the converse of the proposition, however, has enlisted the zealous advocacy of Hazlitt, who has brought to the discussion of the subject his usual analytic skill, ingenious reasoning, and apt illustration. Without intending to follow implicitly the ratiocinative process pursued by these learned disputants, a succinct view of the several arguments adduced by the respective writers, may yet not prove, it is believed, altogether uninteresting. A due regard to one's own interest, it is admitted, is a duty of paramount importance,—self-preservation is said to be indeed the first law of our being, and Shakspeare endorses the axiom when he says,—

“ Self-love is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting :—”

but there is certainly no necessity to carry out the rule to such extremes as to infringe upon the social rights of our fellow men. It is true man is an individualism—a separate existence—a little world in himself, but it is no less true that he is governed by the same gravitating laws that control the universe.—Do not the starry hosts move in harmonious companionship, reciprocating the joyous radiance of their celestial light, and the blushing, many-tinted flowers diffuse around their rich and varied fragrance, mingling their honied breath in the glad anthems of their Maker's praise, while the luxuriant foliage of the forest trees bend their leafy branches and sigh responsive to the whispers of the amorous wind? The fainting flowers drink in with delight the nectared dew, distilled at eventide with grateful, sympathetic joy, and they greet again with ecstatic smiles the dawn of the new-born day. The feathered choristers, as they carol forth their celestial minstrelsy, soar in sweet society as they sing, causing the welkin to resound with the varied strains of their delicious melody. In fine the innumerable tenants of earth, sea and sky all proclaim to man the heaven-born truth that God is love, and that all the emanations of His beneficence and power are linked together by the golden chains of universal sympathy.

On the other hand, such are the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed, that man is necessarily compelled to be, to a certain extent, selfish. If therefore it be an admitted truth that man is the creature of circumstances, it would seem to follow that the characteristic becomes less a crime than a calamity. In civilized society, such is the apochryphal character of the world's charities, that forlorn and friendless indeed is the condition of the unendowed. “Help yourself, and your friends will love you,” is the proverbial maxim of mankind, and it assuredly continues in full force at the present day. When the kindly offices of friendship are not required, how lavishly are they proffered, but let the dark shades of adversity gather thickly around us, and how vainly may we wait for the boasted sympathetic aid. The “battle of life” involves a constant struggle for the acquisition of wealth; while in the contest, cupidity, cunning and the caprices of fortune form the leading elements. To enter the lists successfully a man must be fitly panoplied,—he must bravely contend for the prize, for should he fall ingloriously in the strife, his fate is sealed, and he is soon trampled upon by the more daring and successful. Brilliant successes await but comparatively few, but in most well-regulated communities, fewer still are denied the necessities and conveniences of life; and if any, through casualties or disasters, fail of securing these, the arena is still open to their renewed endeavors. The progressive tendency of the social spirit is to fraternize mankind,—to equalize the distribution of property; but as at present constituted the social system is to a great extent divided into the two great classes of the affluent and the poor,—the extremes of which may be seen in the great capital of modern refinement and civilization—London. In England, it is well known, the most sumptuous displays of magnificence and splendor are relieved by the most appalling and prevailing instances of the direst destitution and distress: while those whom an iron destiny has placed under its servile conditions are debarred all access to the hearts of their opulent masters. The divine axiom—“it is more blessed to give than to receive,” is a precept little known to their refined code,—and the denisons of benevolence are terms almost unknown to their polite vocabulary. The pampered and privileged patrician, surrounded by all the appliances of luxury and affluence, is too far removed by the artificial restrictions of caste to heed the sighing and sorrowing of the suffering children

of penury and want. There are, however, a few noble exceptions to this, and joy to the world, their number is on the increase, heralded by the example of the most illustrious monarch that has ever swayed the destinies of that great nation. Nor are instances of public benefaction wanting in our own happy land, for if we have not in our own day a Howard to visit our lazarettos and prisons, we have yet many a self-sacrificing philanthropist seeking to mitigate the wants of the depressed and needy,—men the noblest of their race, who delight in the luxury of doing 'good,'—

Brave conquerors—for such they are,
That war against their own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

The Deity has not only constituted man a social being, he has also ordained this moral attribute a source of his most exquisite enjoyment; so that he who possesses a spirit of benevolence in its highest development is necessarily the happiest of mortals.

Soft peace it brings, wherever it arrives,
It builds our quiet, latent hope revives,
Lays the rough paths of nature smooth and even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Some generous-hearted beings there are who seem to devote their lives, and to derive their principal enjoyment in ministering to the happiness of their kind: these are the joyous spirits that ever

Make sunshine in a shady place,

dispel from the suffering spirit the demon of despair, and reflect the radiance of celestial love all around,—changing the heart's wilderness of worldly care into a cultured garden of all pleasant things. Despite all efforts to meliorate their condition, however, some people there are who will not consent to be made happy: they find their greatest satisfaction in incessant grumbling, and repining against the decisions of their destiny. Discontent, like a murky cloud impervious to the light of heaven, broods ever upon their darkened horizon,—no matter whether their condition be one of privation or of prosperity, they are alike dissatisfied with their lot. Grumbling is said to be a characteristic of the English—a part of his very psychology; nor is his near kinsman—the Yankee—far removed from the influence of a similar propensity, for he is rarely contented with his present pecuniary acquisitions. An opposite disposition is a far wiser one, of course, as well as a happier; and, since the longer we live in the world, and the more we test the value of mundane friendships, we prove their insincerity; it is better to be fortified against surprisals and disappointments by cherishing a good opinion of, and maintaining

a good acquaintance with—oneself. In the words of a contemporary:—

" You cannot find a more companionable person than yourself, if proper attention be paid to the individual. Yourself will go with you wherever you like, and come away when you please—approve your jokes, assent to your propositions, and, in short, be in every way agreeable, if you only learn and practice the true art of being on good terms with yourself. This, however, is not so easy as some imagine, who do not often try the experiment. Yourself, when it catches you in company with no other person, is apt to be a severe critic on your faults and foibles, and when you are censured by yourself, it is generally the severest and most intolerable species of reproof. It is on this account that you are afraid of yourself, and seek any associates, no matter how inferior, whose bold chat may keep yourself from playing the censor. Yourself is likewise a jealous friend. If neglected and slighted, it becomes a *bore*, and to be left even a short time 'by yourself' is then regarded as actually a cruel penance, as many find when youth, health, or wealth have departed. How important is it then to 'know thyself,' to cultivate thyself, to respect thyself, to love thyself warmly but rationally. A sensible self is the best of guides, for few commit errors but in broad disregard of its admonitions. It tugs continually at the skirt of men to draw them from their cherished vices. It holds up its shadowy finger in warning when you go astray, and it sermonizes sharply on your sins after they have been committed.—Our nature is twofold, and its noblest part is the self to which we refer. It stands on the alert to check the excess of the animal impulses, and though it becomes weaker in the fulfillment of its task by repeated disappointments, it is rarely so enfeebled as to be unable to rise up occasionally sheeted and pale, like Richard's victims, to overwhelm the offender with bitter reproaches. Study, therefore, to be on good terms with yourself—it is happiness to be truly pleased with yourself."

A man's life divested of the social virtues must necessarily be one of wretchedness; for they constitute as truly and essentially an integral part of his own happiness, as they confer happiness upon those around him: it is suicidal therefore to neglect their cultivation. To yield oneself to the impulsive influences of blind caprice, humor, faction, or zeal, is to contravene self-interest; since the claims of kindred and the common weal are inseparably connected with our own. Philosophers, however, have sought to urge this principle to an unreasonable extreme, by insisting that the universal love of our species was but a fuller development of self-love; and that consequently no act of pure, disinterested be-

nevolence could possibly exist. Magnanimity and courage, as well as philanthropy and patriotism have been classed together under the same category—as merely modifications of this universal self-love. It is the supremacy of wisdom, doubtless, to cherish this passion, or rather principle, and to submit to its rule under the guidance and authority of reason; for rightly to estimate life is to value it in proportion to the amount of real good it confers. If happiness be the chief good, and of which all are in diligent pursuit, our reason clearly would teach us, that not in blindly obeying the selfish impulses or passions of our nature should we attain its possession, but by simply submitting our conduct to the arbitration and test of that reason, irrespective of present, personal, or ostensible advantage.—Lord Shaftesbury remarks that a great many people pass for very good-natured persons, for no other reason than because they care about nobody but themselves; and consequently, as nothing annoys them but what touches their own interest, they never irritate themselves unnecessarily about what does not concern them, and seem to be made of the very milk of human kindness. This kind of good-nature is, of course, the most consummate selfishness, partaking, however, in no small degree of a love of indolence and exclusive personal indulgence: such individuals are apparently inoffensive and harmless in society, but they are at any rate, injurious, because in the way.—They are drones in the hive of human industry, or if they accumulate, the common weal is little benefitted by their acquisitions. Hazlitt has some remarks precisely in point: “Your good-natured man is, generally speaking, one who does not like to be put out of his way; and as long as he can help it, that is, till the provocation comes home to himself, will not. He does not create fictitious uneasiness out of the distresses of others; he does not fret and fume, and make himself uncomfortable about things he cannot mend, and that no way concern him, even if he could: but then there is no one who is more apt to be disconcerted by what puts him to any personal inconvenience, however trifling; who is more tenacious of his self indulgences, however unreasonable; or who resents more violently any interruption of his ease and comforts—the very trouble he is put to in resenting it being felt as an aggravation of the injury. A person of this character feels no emotions of anger or detestation, if you tell him of the devastation of a province, or the massacre of the inhabitants of a town, or the enslaving of a people; but if his dinner is spoiled, he is thrown into irretrievable consternation and confusion. He thinks nothing can go amiss, as long as he is at his ease, though possibly a pain in his little finger renders him so peevish

and impatient that no one can approach his presence.” Such are the protean forms of human life that it is next to impossible for a man to assume the same aspect under its manifold phases, and yet be honest; a disposition like that we have exhibited, cannot therefore consist with strict moral integrity. Such a jesuitical spirit is indeed far more to be deprecated than its opposite extreme, because of its deceit and hypocrisy. Good-nature, such as has been delineated, has been defined “humanity that costs nothing,” for it incurs no risk of martyrdom in any cause; while it sacrifices all on the altar of self-interest.

Self is the medium least refined of all
Through which opinion's searching beam can fall;
And passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray
Will tinge its light, and turn its line astray.

It is difficult to analyse the true motive which induces the patriot to serve his country's interest at the seeming expense of his own; it must be either a pure sentiment of disinterested patriotism, or that of an ardent love of popular renown. The same may be said of the philanthropist, and the pioneer missionary; the latter, however, is doubtless actuated by the higher convictions of religious obligation. It is possible also for a man to prefer the interests of his friend to his own, from a feeling of pure benevolence; although history and experience furnish but few instances of such exalted virtue. It is contended, however, by writers adverse to the proposition, that this benevolence towards others is always found in proportion to the utility they are likely to be of to the party in return. We thus prefer our fellow citizens to strangers, our friends to our fellow citizens, and our family connexions above all: for the more intimate the relationship the more increased is the reflex influence and advantage to be derived. It is further urged that this is equally true irrespective of all collateral or accidental circumstances; if our friend or his family be wealthy, we share the advantages in proportion to his influence and power,—or if in poverty, our sympathy and regard are not withdrawn, from the conviction that in the possible contingencies of fortune we may ourselves hereafter need like succor. They also allege that our sympathies become enlisted towards the suffering, not from a genuine desire to compassionate their distress, but from the remembrance of having endured the like ourselves, or in proportion to the fear we may cherish of becoming its victims. This is specious reasoning, but it is nevertheless fallacious and sophistical. The inference above deduced, that benevolence is merely a reflection of self-love, is founded on the assumption that we always feel for others in proportion to the advantage they are of to us,—and this assump-

tion is a false one. The argument of Hazlitt may be thus briefly stated,—that the habitual or known connection between our own welfare and that of others, is one great source of our attachment to them, is not denied; but to insist that it is the exclusive one, and that benevolence has not a natural basis of its own to rest upon, as well as self-love, is contrary to the dictates of sound reason, and human experience. Grant this, and the actual effects which we observe in human life, will follow from both principles combined: for example, take that purest of earthly loves,—the affection of the mother for her child,—it cannot be the effect of the good received or bestowed, or the child's power of conferring benefits, or its standing in need of assistance. Are not the fatigues which the mother undergoes for the child—its helpless condition, its little vexations, its sufferings from ill-health or accidents, additional ties upon maternal tenderness, and act as so many causes that tend to increase its devotion?

Again, we not only participate in the successes of our friends, but also in their reverses and trials, not for the reason already assigned so much as from real regard to their welfare: benevolence is not therefore a mere physical reflection of self-love; it is more the result of moral feeling, or at least a combination with this. It is the nature of compassion or pity to forget self, in the commiseration of the sufferings of another. Says Bishop Butler, there are three distinct perceptions or inward feelings upon sight of persons in distress,—real sorrow or concern for the misery of our fellow creatures,—some degree of satisfaction from a consciousness of our freedom from that misery,—and, as the mind passes on from one thing to another, it is not unnatural from such an occasion to reflect upon our own liability to the same or other calamities. The two last frequently accompany the first, but it is the first *only*, which is properly compassion, of which the distressed are objects, and which directly carries us with calmness and thought to their assistance. Any one of these, from various and complicated reasons, may in particular cases prevail over the other two; and there are, I suppose, instances where the bare sight of distress, without our feeling any compassion for it, may be the occasion of either or both of the two latter. Supposing, therefore, that our most generous feelings and actions were so far equivocal, the object only

bearing a show of disinterestedness, the secret motive being always selfish, this would be no reason for rejecting the common use of the term disinterested benevolence, which expresses nothing more than an immediate reference of our actions to the good of others, as self-love expresses a conscious reference of them to our own good as means to an end. In other words self-love can mean only one of these three things:—the conscious pursuit of our own good as such,—the love of physical pleasure and aversion to physical pain,—or the gratification derived from our sympathy with others: if all our actions do not proceed from one of these three principles, they are not all resolvable into self-love. The argument is susceptible of varied illustration, did our limits admit of amplification. In conclusion, therefore, we would venture to affirm, that as a general rule, there is no exclusive principle of self-love in the human mind, constantly impelling us, as a set purpose, to pursue our own advantage and nothing but that. That since sympathy and self-love are inconsistent, and we invest man with the attribute of ideas of things out of himself, and to be influenced by them, he must necessarily cease to be a merely selfish agent. He is then under another law and another necessity, and in spite of himself is forced out of the direct line of his own interest, both future and present, by other principles inseparable from his nature as an intelligent being. Our sympathy, therefore, is not the servile, ready tool of our self-love, but this latter principle is itself subservient to, and overruled by the former,—that is, an attachment to others is a real, independent principle of human action. The only sense then in which our sympathy with others can be construed into self-love, must be that the mind is so constituted that without forethought or any reflection in itself, or when seeming most occupied with others, it is still governed by the same universal feeling of which it is wholly unconscious; and that we indulge in compassion, only because, and in as far as it coincides with our own immediate gratification. It is doubtless in this sense we are to apply the lines of Pope:—

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another speeds;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first its will embrace;
His country next—next the whole human race.

THE MOON.

A LUNATICAL LYRIC.

BY M. H. COBB.

O roguish mischief-loving moon !
 (So Byron sang, and so may I sing ;)
My rhyming lyre is out of tune,
 Ah ! sadly out for rhapsodising ;
 But he who mounts (this rhyming age,)
 The rhyming filly, stands committed
To make to thee a pilgrimage,
 And get him halter-broke and bitted.

Not so the bards of olden time,
 Were wont Fame's stormy cape to weather ;
 They had the classic mount to climb,
 Ere they received the cap and feather.
 But modern bards more learned and wise,
 Coolly astride some lean Pegasus,
Up to thy storied realms arise
 And thence descend upon Parnassus.

O fickle, vain, deceitful thing !
 For ever changing and coquetting !
To-night, as round as any ring—
 To-morrow, thin and shapeless getting.
 How many a tear hath wet my cheek
 As I have watched thy slow consuming ;
 That withered ere another week,
 Would be those features now so blooming !

Why is it thus, O peerless queen !
 Is it because (as some have written ;)
 The saucy Earth steps in between,
 And Sol, the rake, gives thee the mitten ?
Or art thou but a mammoth cheese
 Of tender years (pale queen, I know it's
 Rude, but they're living theories !)
 And fed upon by starving poets ?

And then the man who lives in thee,
 I often gaze upon and wonder
 How many strange things he must see,
 With eyes a thousand miles asunder !
Is this the man with pleasant stare
 Who strikes the wounded game of Cupid,
 When they write sonnets to the fair,
 And sigh, and look amazing stupid ?

Is this the man with comic face
 And features ultra-aldermanic ;
 Who has mixed up the human race
 In this great California panic ?

Perhaps this is the man who struck
 One Patterson whose name was Billy ;
 Whose sudden fall and Irish luck
 The public took so very ill !

O silver orb ! it is not strange
 Thou hast so many staunch supporters !
 Since thou art punctual on "change,"
 And never at a loss for quarters !
 Nor is it strange that thou shouldst suit
 The people in so many places ;
 Since it is but the common fruit
 Of one's possessing many "phases."

Thou art a christian moon in prime,
 But ah, alas ! how evanescent !
 This faith thou keep'st but little time,
 Then growest partial to the crescent !
 When to this faith thy moonship turns,
 'Tis inconsistent, I've been thinking,
 That thou art ever taking "horns" !
 Mahomet laid a ban on drinking !

I sing thee not as others sing—
 I see thee not as some have painted !
 And if I've praised in any thing
 'Twas only to become acquainted.
O could I see with other eyes !
 (To me thy color is mulatto ;)
 Thou look'st a verdant cheese of size,
 All painted over with Anotta !

Evening edition of the Sun !
 Your pardon if I have offended.
My lay, my modest lay is done—
 My pilgrimage to thee is ended.
As now upon thy shores I stand,
 No classic mount mine eye descrieth ;
So tell me, pray, upon which hand
 This stronghold of the muses lieth !

Beneath thy pale and steady rays,
 My wanning taper burneth dimly ;
 And forms, wrapt in thy dreamy haze,
 Start up and beckon to me grimly !
 Methinks I hear them whisper 'round
 That I have spoken all too plainly ;
 Then say, pale moon, nor fear to wound,
 If I have wrought this lyric vainly !

PULPIT PORTRAITS.

XXXIX.

BY J. F. T.

HENRY SMITH, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF MARIETTA COLLEGE, OHIO.

THE growing power of the Great West is now prized in some measure, by philanthropists and politicians. All influences now at work on the character of the West, are not to be lightly considered. The politician, whose shrewdness or eloquence guides the opinions of large numbers, the errorist in morals or religion, who is able to give character to minds around him, and the devout christian teacher, whose piety, talents and eloquence give him power to mould, not merely congregations of common men, but masses of young men fitting for the learned professions, in fact every public man, whose influence enters into the complex powers at work to form the character of the western mind, is worthy of being looked at and weighed. Peculiar circumstances give to some men a notoriety as extensive as our country, whilst some equally gifted men enjoy only a local notoriety. These men remain in retirement because of the modest estimate they make of their own gifts, and others, because they have chosen a field of labor so retired that it is not a prominent object in the eyes of men. And yet these men may be doing as much in reality to shape the character and destiny of their race, as many who make more noise and attract more attention.

Among the worthy and gifted laborers, whose influence is now so unobtrusively at work on the western mind, we may reckon as not the least worthy Henry Smith, the second President of Marietta College. His field of labor was assigned him by a marked providence, and he has toiled in it with the devotion of an anchorite. Whilst studying at Andover Theological Seminary, he found his health failing before the severities of his own habits of study and the extreme cold of that place. He was compelled to resort to a more pleasant latitude, and Marietta was the place selected. A classical school was in operation, and this addition of a brilliant scholar was a notable incident in its history. Mr. Smith and Dr. Allen, now Professor of Rhetoric in Lane Seminary, were associated in the management of the school, and their scholarship and good sense soon gained for the school great favor at home and abroad. The question was agitated whether there was not a sufficient motive to merge the Academy into a College,

New England could boast of no choicer population, and no more beautiful site, than the one on which forty years before Rufus Putnam had landed his colony. "The beautiful river" washed its shores, and the hills about it were charming to behold. The noble men who built the town had left behind them worthy children; and besides all this, these men had not forgotten the covenant of their fathers, entered into before they reached their destination, to take measures not only to support churches, but to educate youth. Those farsighted men had stipulated with the government for two whole townships of land to be devoted to a University, besides one section in every township for common school purposes. The very memory of Putnam, and Cutler, and Tupper and Meigs, spurred the citizens of Marietta to the arduous undertaking of founding and endowing a college. Besides, here were two young men, whose talents and acquirements would give character to the institution, and they were ready to stay, provided the enterprise was taken up.

But neither they, nor the men whose names headed the subscription list, and whose means have ever since been devoted to this college, had any adequate conception of the work they had begun. In the striking language of Dr. Lindsley, the first president of the college, they soon found that a college is not "a mere heap of brick and mortar." There were libraries, and philosophical apparatus, and cabinets, and the means of supporting efficient teachers, all to be obtained. And if I mistake not, both the teachers and some of the leading patrons of Marietta College might say something now of "every shoulder being peeled; and yet he had no wages." A more devoted and noble band of men cannot be found, than those whose names stand at the head of this institution. Dr. Smith has been invited to return eastward to lucrative situations, and yet he has held on to this "child of providence," with the love of a father. Barely able to sustain himself with his salary, he refused the pleasures of more tempting places, having an eye to the "recompense of reward." And should Divine Providence spare him twenty years, we have no doubt that his faith will be fully rewarded in the growth and power of the college over which he presides.

I am told that Dr. Smith was left fatherless at an early age. To his mother, still living, he probably owes more than to any human being, his present distinguished attainments and position. Residing in Middlebury, Vermont, he was early placed at the Academy, but at first did not give strong promise of success. How or when, his ambition was aroused, I do not know, but at the close of his college course, before he had attained his legal majority, he stood at the head of his peers. Even envy did not detract from his well earned honors, so "meekly did he bear his faculties." Tradition says that he bore off several prizes for public speaking, and that the fire of later days was already burning then. For two or three years he was Tutor in Middlebury College, and filled the station with great acceptance to his pupils and employers. He then left for Andover, and thence for the West. Such is an outline history of Dr. Smith, until he began to identify himself with the name and prosperity of a college. Were it proper, this history might be enlivened with some beautiful scenes in his early life, exhibiting the generous ambition and the inflexible honor of the youth, as the earnest of future manhood. It is only with him in his public capacity, that we have to do, and this because he now occupies a prominent position of usefulness and honor.

While yet a member of college he wrote a short poem in honor of our revolutionary soldiers, which was copied extensively through the country. He has written much poetry, but published little, owing to his own fastidious taste, detecting blemishes where others see none, and judging his own effusions without mercy, though a kinder hearted critic for others, does not live. How many there are who can bear testimony to the manly encouragement he has given to some tyros in composition, who were writing and rewriting, until their own sentences became sickening, and their own thoughts stale. Many have left his presence with light hearts, who had gone to him discouraged. Nor was it by flattery, but by a manly exhibition of the real difficulties to be encountered, and proving to them that Parnassus was not to be ascended at a leap, but by long climbing. Even unfeudged poets, (and what class in college ever passed through its Sophomore year without some of this genus?) had so much confidence in him as to submit the crude beginnings of their worship to his judgment, and no better index can be given to his exhaustless good nature, than his toleration of this species of literary nuisance, a mania for which, like the whooping cough, attacks most men at least once, and sometimes twice in a lifetime.

His qualities as an instructor of young men are notable. No teacher can excel in the ar-

durous and trying duties which devolve on him without first being thoroughly imbued with enthusiasm himself; as Horace has it "totus in illis," and then he must have the power to excite a kindred enthusiasm in his pupils. Some few minds eager for knowledge, and acquiring easily, will make progress under the dullest teacher, but the mass of students must be inspired by influences external to themselves in order to cope successfully with the difficulties of education. Either love or fear must lash the natural laziness of students, or some motive kindred with these. One teacher practices the proverb of Solomon, "a whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back." He takes it for granted, a priori, that the boy will be about as energetic in climbing the hill before him as a horse without the whip. He does not much fear the need of a bridle to check the speed of one he regards about as ambitious by nature as an ass, but invariably reaches the latter part of the proverb as of present importance, and many a poor back is marked by scars of the rod! Such a teacher will make good scholars, but in every scholar he will make, if not an enemy, a very cold friend. A boy laid across a box and whipped, a posteriori, or lashed for every halting in his lesson, will associate the school room and the teacher with the rod and the pain, and the mark on the memory will be more lasting than the brand on the flesh.

Another kind of teacher has the faculty of alluring, winning his pupil to the most difficult tasks, and waking up a zeal which makes study a pleasure, and attainment a motive. Some few cannot be reached in his way, and then the whip, the bridle, and the rod are in reserve, and can be used. The rod is not the general rule, it is the exception, because the teacher begins with a better opinion of human nature, than the merciless tormentor we first described.

With slight abatement the same facts are observable in the college. Some professors are made up of authority. They never have dreamed of the practical good sense of Witherspoon's reply to his friend who wished him to notice a wild student who was imitating the doctor's halting gait, "Ah, mon, if you will na' look at him, you will na' see him!" These men of authority have "eyes before and behind," and keep them in perpetual motion, as if in hopes to spy some lawful game. And it is a fact well known, that if a professor is anxious to find such things, he will have students not slow in placing them in their way. But some adopt Dr. Witherspoon as their model, and whilst they secure affection, they elicit mind; and whilst the propensities of the mischievous are held in check, all classes feel the power of a generous and manly kindness.

Young men do not ask to be fondled and dandled like babes, nor yet do they like to be treated as wolves, who must be constantly guarded against.

In Dr. Smith, we find one of the noblest specimens of the teaching fraternity. The very nobility of his nature frees him from the odious tendency to suspect others. He was once a student, and finished his college course without a reprimand or an absence; why may not others? Not blind to actual faults, he leans to the side of charity, which hopeth all things. The public sentiment of the institution would bear heavily on the young man who should be so lost to what is manly and good, as to abuse such a friend, as all believe him to be.

And then his enthusiasm! he will get a dunce in love with Homer's hexameters, and fairly surprise laziness into a diligent study of Horace and Tacitus. There is no mistaking his own relish for these studies, and he will exhibit them in their most attractive colors. Even Whately's Rhetoric, or what is scarcely more repulsive, Whately's Logie, is set on fire and his classes pass through these difficult studies with delight, and to which they always look back with pleasure. How many beautiful beams of light were thrown upon the pages of the classics, and how many apt and amusing illustrations kept awake the flagging seal in its grapple with logic. I believe that Dr. Smith makes fresh and laborious preparation for his class-room, well knowing that the zeal of students must die without new fuel. To this trait must be assigned the almost infallibility in his classbooks. Many a sharpsighted student has sought an error in his oracle, by hunting up some anomaly in some retired nook in Adams or Buttman, but he has generally found that such unfrequented nooks were familiar to his perceptor. And yet such an ambush did not pass without some delicate compliment to the young scholar who had shown his talent in laying it.

And here we may refer to the only large work he has published, a Translation of the Homeric Lexicon of Crusius. When in Germany, this work fell under his eye, and himself an earnest devotee of Homer, he became convinced that the work might be greatly useful in removing the difficulties which students find in this animating study. On his return he began the work of translating and correcting. Long before daylight he might be seen urging on his work, made more laborious by his fastidious and scholarly taste which could not endure to see a blemish, or to pass a doubt unrelieved. To use his own expression, "the first edition of the original, 'literally swarmed' with mistakes of this character, so that no small part of the labor of the translation has been to verify references." The te-

dium and exhaustion of such a work are not usually appreciated. When Dr. Smith had finished his work, as he supposed, and was beginning to breathe freely after his task, he received an elaborate review of the original work, from the pen of some eminent German scholar, and now with this before him, and the improvements of Crusius himself, he could not rest contented until he had revised the whole work so thoroughly as to incorporate everything new into his own Lexicon. Such indefatigable and iron-hearted industry ought to meet its reward, but it is to be feared that he, like many other scholars, must find the reward in the good done, rather than in money. The magnanimity of the man may be seen in mentioning the names of two of his students, not yet graduated, in flattering terms, "for the important aid received" in the revision of the work.

The concluding paragraph of the preface presents the author himself, in such a charming light, that no apology will be required for quoting it in full. "In conclusion, the Translator commits his work to the candid judgment of American scholars, not indeed, without some degree of anxiety for its fate, but with a prevailing hope that the years of labor bestowed upon it will not be found, by their verdict, misapplied. That it has imperfections he is fully sensible; still he has spared no efforts which the laborious duties of his profession, and the comparatively limited library of a young institution permitted, to render it faultless. He cannot but entertain the conviction that a diligent use of this Lexicon, by the young student of Homer, among other benefits, would especially contribute to impress upon the memory the more expanded phases of words in the earlier language of the Greeks, a perfect knowledge of which is so essential to understand the process which resulted in the compact brevity of the Attic forms. And may he not cherish the hope that the aid which it proffers will stimulate some minds to a more thorough study of the most efficient, melodious, and picturesque of human tongues? that it will serve to augment the number of young men, if not maidens, among us, who having taught their ear to appreciate the full-toned melody of the Homeric versification, having passed the outer courts of the temple, and inhaled the atmosphere of the inner sanctuary in which the genius of the father and prince of epic song has enshrined itself, may be able, with heartiness of feeling and truth, to give the required response to the appeal in the Hymn to Apollo, so eloquently made to the virgins of one of the Grecian isles.

"Virgins! farewell, and oh! remember me
Hereafter, when some stranger of the sea,
A hapless wanderer, may your isle explore,
And ask you, maids, of all the bards you boast,

**Who sings the sweetest and delights you most ;
Oh ! answer all—‘a blind old man and poor,
Sweetest he sings, and dwells on Chios’ rocky
shore.’ ”**

It is doubtful whether a more graceful, modest, and scholarlike preface to such a work can be found in the language. It combines all the rare excellencies of its author. It is modest yet self-relying, it lacks no deference to the opinions of others, nor yet that manly independence of all opinions which is the result of conviction reached by patient research. This work was published in 1844, and was warmly approved by some of the finest scholars in this country, and among these by the distinguished President of Yale, between whom and Dr. Smith there is more than one point of resemblance, and among these points not the least admirable is that “ lowliness of mind, which leads each to esteem other better than themselves.”

Having thus considered his scholarship as the foundation of his eminence, we may turn to Dr. Smith in the pulpit. We speak within bounds, when we say that the western pulpit, boasting as it does of a Lyman Beecher, a MacLlvaine, a Rice, and a Hamline, can scarcely reckon a more brilliant and powerful preacher than Henry Smith. He could not catch the inspiration of a moment and stretch out his wings for an instant and lofty flight, like Beecher in his best days, nor could he stand days, and even weeks in the sturdy wrestle of extemporaneous debate, seizing the assailable points of his antagonist like a practised fencer, and driving his Damascus blade to the quick at every unguarded moment, like that prince of western debaters, Rice, of Cincinnati, nor could he utter such sweet strains of music as sometimes gushes in a strong tide from the gifted Bishop of Ohio, nor can he give way to such frenzies of impassioned and unmediated eloquence, as thousands have heard from the Bishop of the Methodist Church, North, and yet within his own province, he is no less gifted than they all.

An English writer has said concerning the difficulty of reporting Macaulay’s speeches in the House of Commons, that he was a “dreaded orator,” in the reporter’s gallery, “for this reason, that his utterance was so rapid, as to render it exceedingly difficult to follow him; while his diction was at once so gorgeous, and so epigrammatic, that the omission of a word marred a sentence.” Here we have an insight also into the reason assigned why Macaulay could never become a leader in that stormy assembly. His taste forbade the uttering of an imperfect sentence, and his severely disciplined mind could not bear to father what he himself knew to be nonsense. Such a man cannot make speeches often, because each effort was the result of long and careful study.

And yet when he *did* speak, his field-piece not only thundered, but it dealt thunderbolts upon the ranks of his opponents.

This is precisely the character of Dr. Smith’s preaching. Many men can write two sermons to his one the year through, and extemporize with vastly more ease and success. To his mind the severe discriminations of logic are familiar, and for that reason he nauseates at “the cake not turned.” With a lofty ideal of excellence before him he cannot so forget himself as to become a marked example of

“The dearth of information, and good sense.”

His mind did not mature suddenly, as we may judge from a published sermon preached soon after his settlement in Marietta. We may read that sermon with a sort of wonder at the effects attributed to it, when it was preached. The sudden destruction of the wicked is certainly a theme on which a feeling man may be eloquent, and with which he may move others to sympathise with himself. He was then barely from the seminary, and was pursuing with all the enthusiastic diligence of his nature, the new enterprise of founding a college, and it is not a matter of surprise that this sermon does not compare with the productions of other years. And yet the assembly which heard him preach that sermon was kept almost in breathless agony under its power. The large eye of the preacher was burning with the sincerity of conviction, that he was uttering truths of the most solemn and practical nature. The effect of this effort was rather local than general notoriety. Those who heard him preach it, like Summerfield’s hearers, felt no disposition to criticise that which moved their feelings so deeply, whilst with those at a distance, the sermon must stand on its own merits.

In personal appearance, Dr. Smith is such as not to disappoint a stranger, by exciting expectations which cannot be gratified. Modest and unobtrusive, many of his own students might be taken for greater men than he. I well remember the amusement caused by the mistake of a new student. One young man was remarkably pompous, and magisterial in his gait and look. Accustomed to sleep as much and as soundly as a bear in winter, and possessed of corresponding ideas of every text book in the course, yet before strangers he would so walk that Samuel’s mistake when the sons of Jesse passed before him, was not unfrequently made. “Surely the Lord’s anointed is before him!” On the occasion in question, the junior class had assembled for a recitation to “Professor Smith.” Our “bag o’ wind” student had seated himself in the professor’s chair, and really he looked wiser than owl ever looked! Besides this, his eyes gave evident tokens of their untimely use,

even in midnight vigils, for his nose was overcome by a comely pair of blue spectacles! Our new student felt there could be no mistake. This must be the man who has smelt lampsmoke in Germany, and whose reputation is becoming so enviable! And forthwith he made his best bow and deferentially presented a letter of recommendation, to the infinite merriment of the class, which was only checked by the appearance of the true professor, and the slinking of the "would be professor" down to his rightful place at the foot of his class.

In stature he is about six feet, with a slight stoop, and in his walk there is a sort of gentle swing, which used to amuse the students not a little when we were told that an occasional walk of this kind down to town, a distance of half a mile, was designed for exercise. His face would to an observing stranger, indicate a slight predisposition to pulmonary disease. A phrenologist would mark the length of the head and the prominence of the intellectual organs. The nose is large and of the Roman form, and in keeping with the face which is comely enough for a strongminded man. The most attractive feature is the eye, which is large, and almost black, and which, in his moments of excitement blazes like a coal from the altar. The whole countenance is indicative of sincerity and earnestness, and when in the full tide of successful speaking, it glows with a contagious enthusiasm. In these moods no one can look at him, or especially have him look at you, without catching his spirit, but when his deep, and spirit-stirring voice falls on your ear, then you yield yourself his servant for the time, and his admirer forever.

Dr. Smith always has his sermon before him, but generally has it so at command, that it is his servant and not his master. His eye is not prevented from flashing full and earnest looks into every face in his audience, as it were to establish the electric circle between himself and the hearts before him. His gesticulation, in him seems so natural, that you would not change it. The nervous energy of his style, the glowing fire of his emotions, the impassioned earnestness of his gestures, and his tones, are parts of a perfect whole. Not one quality can be taken away without marring the symmetry of the orator. At times almost vehement, he is always within the bounds of propriety, preferring however in every speaker energy even to roughness above refinement softened into insipidity. But while he has the fiery energy of enthusiasm, he has at command tones gentle and persuasive as a woman's. In fact we scarcely ever have heard a preacher with such a delightful variety of tone, manner and thought. It is impossible to be weary, while he speaks.

His published efforts have been few, too

few, and even these we do not regard as his best performances. We have no doubt but the little church in Newport to which he preached once in two weeks, has heard many better performances from his lips, than those which are now in print. Several of these sermons are now in mind, in which the highest powers of the man were brought into their noblest exercise. And we must confess that one of the finest exhibitions of the sincere humility and piety of Dr. S., is found in his weary rides of sixteen miles, in storm, and cold, and heat, to preach to a school-house full of people, sermons exhibiting enough genius and eloquence to have charmed the best audience in our commercial metropolis! And yet he has been known to do that years together, when the remuneration was barely enough to hire the horse he rode. We have heard of one young man swelling with self-complacence nigh to bursting, who said, "I feel that I have just the qualities to gather a city congregation!" But all must admire the humility of one of the first preachers in the Great Valley, who could preach thus to a little handful because they were too poor and few to sustain a pastor. This savors of "the mind that was also in Christ," and were the spirit more prevalent, the church would have fewer "waiting for dead men's shoes," and more working diligently for the crown of life which the Lord the righteous Judge will bestow on those who have fought the good fight, kept the faith, and finished their course.

I suppose that in later years Dr. Smith may have published addresses and discourses which have not fallen under my eye. At present I can recall but two, the Inaugural address delivered in 1846, on his taking the presidency of Marietta College, and an address the same year, on the anniversary of the Putnam Female Seminary. Quotations from these addresses will amply sustain the mention made of their author's ability.

The theme of the inaugural is "the external conditions of the prosperity of our colleges." The address begins with Guizot's definition of civilization.—the progress of society, and of individual man. In alluding to the declarations made by transatlantic writers to the discredit of America, we have these well polished sentences, all glowing with life. "They cannot affirm that there is not social progress in America. That calumny almost every square mile of our territory would refute. The buzz and rattle of New England machinery; the flocks, which like snow in summer, whiten her mountains; the lowing herds and varied industry of the Middle States, the cotton fields and sugar plantations of the South; the golden eared and wide waving harvests of the West; the net work of railways threading our valleys, and climbing

our mountains ; the whistle of our steamers ascending every river ; our mercantile navy converting our sea ports into mimic forests, and penetrating with the products off our industry almost every harbor on the globe, all bear witness to our social progress, a testimony visible to the world and too conspicuous to be denied. But if transatlantic writers are to be credited, alas for the higher element of civilization—the progress of the individual—in the new born republic!"

After alluding to the attacks on American religion, he put his audience into a twitter of delight with the following scorching irony. "Alas for the progress of individual man in America! Intellect is dwarfed. Her scholars are mere sciolists. Where are her philosophy, her poetry, her history, her fine arts? She has no literature, or if she has, it is a superficial one. Her muse only limps through the crazy iambics in the poet's corner of the newspapers, or if there be a poet who writes passable verses he received a European education. Her philosophy buries its leaden burden between the uncut leaves of the Magazines. Her history is a mere patch work of European shreds and clippings. Her eloquence expends its windy emptiness on the stump.

"The natural affections are dwarfed in America. The American in middle life has forgotten the home of his childhood. You will never hear *him* saying 'I remember, I remember the house where I was born.' 'The old oaken bucket' which hung in his father's well, the 'deep tangled wild wood' which skirted his farm, 'the wide spreading elm' which shaded his dwelling—these things have no charm for him. Ever anticipating emigration, his very family pictures he leaves unframed, lest, when with other household stuff they come under the hammer, he should suffer loss. He is nothing but an 'agricultural nomad,' a mere migratory adventurer in quest of 'the almighty dollar.'

"Religious sentiment is dwarfed in America. Religion is an affair of dollars and cents. Where are her moss-grown cathedrals, her time honored churches, her bench of spiritual lords, her archdeacons, her advowsons, her fat benefices, her small livings, her parishes, her vicars, her curates, her predial tithes? All wanting. The state has proscribed christianity, and christianity has abandoned the state. Religion has become a mere individual affair. Her altars are desecrated. Her house is left unto her desolate. Her votaries have become sons of Belial, and her ministers priests of Mammon!"

These caustic sentences were uttered with a quiet raillery, which well prepared us to hear this grand outburst of true American feeling, breaking on the ear like the notes of a clarion.

"To such attacks upon American character, it may not be essential that we furnish a written reply. It is essential to our own well-being, essential to the progress of free principles, essential to the fulfilment of the hopes of the friends of liberty throughout the globe, that we live the slander down. The orb of human freedom has been too long in rising to be thrust down again by American hands. Longing eyes watched for its appearing during a weary night of centuries. At length the gray twilight is seen; next the morning blushes; and then the clouds kindle and burn before the brightness of its coming. Behold the progressive stages of illumination, the progress of liberty in the thirteenth, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the Magna Charta of Runnemede, the Reformation of Luther, and that series of events, political and religious, which found their consummation in the Revolution of 1688. One century more; and the broad disc reveals its full orb'd glories above the summits of the mountains. That orb is the sun, not of American Independence merely; it is the sun of constitutional liberty, of religious toleration, of popular intelligence, of emancipated mind. Seventy years have elapsed since it passed within the circle of vision to the people of this country; it now begins to pour its splendors upon the opening eyelids of awakened and universal man. No power on earth can eclipse its brightness, but the fatuity of the very people whom its beams first blessed."

The entire oration is one of finished excellence, and strongly reminds us of some of Macaulay's best efforts. The point and pith of his thoughts have not been polished away, the polish has only whetted the fine-tempered blade to a razor-like sharpness. Without disparaging the productions of any one in similar circumstances, it will be within the bounds of truth and courtesy to say, that this "inaugural address" of President Smith will bear a favorable comparison with any other ever delivered in this country. The energy, and fire, which baptise its thoughts, are grand, and the lofty defence it makes of civil and religious freedom, beyond praise. No man can read it through without being convinced that he is in contact with a most gifted mind, and an earnest heart. And then think of the author delivering these words in person, his whole nature kindled into an enthusiastic glow, and eye, hand, voice, all allied to add the uttered eloquence, to the eloquence of written words, and we may be sure that those who sat in the Marietta church to hear it, enjoyed a rare privilege.

The address at the anniversary of the Putnam Female Seminary, treats of "the mission of woman" with all the grace, and force of its author. Space forbids any quotation from it.

I have already intimated my belief that the discourses of Dr. Smith, which have produced the highest oratorical effects, and which are marked by the best gifts of their author, have not been given to the press. Two of these are now in mind, the one on "the unity of the church," which is fashioned according to the severest canons of logic, and at the same time that "logic set on fire;" and the second on "the dignity of the christian ministry," than which I believe—pardon the partiality of a disciple—I have never heard a sermon filled with a purer or more stirring eloquence. At one time it seemed as if "the time of the singing of birds had come," and we were hearing the warblings of their morning song, and then the shrill and animating notes of the bugle broke upon us, now zephyrs seemed stirring the leaves as at a summer sunset, and then the sky was overcast and peals of thunder echoed along the heavens. Never did the fine enthusiasm of the orator, warmed by pious and lofty imaginings, entrance listeners with a stronger spell, and I confess to the wish to read, in my own study, the sermon which so excited me, to know whether it could bear the scrutiny of silent meditation, when its author's voice and eye were not present with their powerful magic.

There are facts fresh in the remembrance of many, illustrative of President Smith's prodigious power over an audience. Some whose eyes fall on this sketch, will remember with a thrill, his sermon one night on the words,

"Cut it down, for why cumbereth it the ground." At one particular point, near the close, the silence was oppressive, and men almost forgot to breathe, while in his deepest tones, he spoke of "the enemy catching away" the good inclinations which prompted them that night to be saved. And yet would any delay and perish, to be taunted, by the very enemy to whose temptation they had yielded, with the recollections of that very night, that very occasion, and these very inclinations! The whole was dramatised with the greatest effect. Its power was not in its originality, but in the well modulated tones, and the realizing fervor, with which the thought was uttered. And then who can forget the time, when he publicly embalmed the memory of those choice women who died in that society, between 1840 and 1843, when his eloquence, like the rod of Moses, drew gushing streams from the most indifferent and the hardest heart! Suffice it to say, Dr. Smith in himself, illustrates his own words already quoted—"the power of the pulpit is a prodigious power." And so long has he been immersed in western mind, that his style of thought and diction, and his burning eloquence, have acquired their form from the West, whilst his severe mental discipline, and delicate taste, will preserve him from the prurient grossness which sometimes marks the western orator. I am not far from the truth in saying, that the western pulpit has not many nobler preachers than Henry Smith.

OFT IN THE CHILLY NIGHT.

BY THE MUSE.

OFT in the chilly night,
When bed-clothes seem too scanty,
Fond memory brings the light
Of days when we had plenty;
Each linen sheet,
So white and neat,
The quilts that I paraded;
The blankets white,
Now thin and slight,
The comforts old and faded:
Thus in the chilly night,
When bed-clothes seem too scanty,
Fond memory brings the light
Of days when I had plenty.

When I remember all
The bed-clothes brought from mother's,
I've seen around me fail,
And couldn't purchase others;
I feel like one,
Who had been "done,"
By wedding in a hurry,
Whose youth was flown,
Whose beaux were gone,
And she was left to worry:
Thus in the chilly night,
When bed-clothes seem too scanty,
Fond memory brings the light
Of days when I had plenty.

MYNHEER JOHANNES SCHMIDT'S TRIP ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

BY B. BLANQUE.

PART III.



were undoubtedly projected with some good motive, and for some fitting end; or the common understanding of humanity would not have sustained them so long. Though men are divided in regard to them, of one fact there can be no doubt, that they are the legitimate supporters of individual greatness and littleness—in short—and long—the pillars of society. Above all *base* transactions, they never overstep the bounds of propriety; indeed they can do nothing except in a legal way—hence the prevailing sentiment that for one man to kick another is totally wrong, is wrong “in toto!” since the action is “per se” solely legal, and any motion for ar-

rest of proceedings should be resisted by the whole leg-ation, and the foot to boot! Legs are somewhat independent, and though there is a strong effort made “to keep them under,” they will often slip out from control and when once on the way they are inclined to “go it.” They have their ups and downs, their likes and dislikes—they are the enemies of the tanner, and embrace every opportunity “to come down” upon the leather interests with “the heel of oppression”—but they are friendly to the butcher since they always stick to the “calves.” There are several *par*-adoxes involved with the legs—such as that if a man would “run well” he must stand on his legs. Yet standing on his legs it is obvious he cannot run at all—but these with much more matter equally interesting, may be found, we suppose, in that leg-endary treatise Cicero de Legibus—from which probably is taken that sentence in the Latin Lessons, “Puer legit,” which in our juvenile days we rendered literally, wondering at the similarity of the Latin and English, “the boy legs it!”

As Mynheer Johannes Schmidt, after his liberation from the cars, surveyed “the wreck

of matter and the crush” of baggage around him, while he snuffed the tainted air, and remembered that it was about noon, a feeling stole gently over him which is beautifully expressed by the poet,

“Where shall the soul find rest”—and the stomach dinner? Casting a glance at his legs, Schmidt was suddenly convinced that they were designed for the purposes of locomotion, and ought never to have been “run off” the course by those vile ears. Moreover having had a moving experience of the deleterious management of a *cab*-al, Schmidt resolved to be independent of all monopolies—believing that “every tub should stand on its own bottom”—and if it has none, it should be immediately sent to the cooper, in which we entirely agree with Mynheer Schmidt. In short he would walk—he would—and “ave no more as nosing to do mit dat horse-cart, no-go pishness.”

Accordingly Schmidt made and seconded his own motion—and the motion prevailing, he “went the way of all the earth”—to dinner. Those who marked his progress took him for a colporteur so busily was he engaged in



DISTRIBUTING TRACKS.

Arrived at the hotel, Mynheer resolved to refresh himself with “schnopps” for the dou-

ble purpose of inspiring himself for the performance of the next act and of relieving his corns which had been so severely ground in the ears. By the way Schiedam is a sovereign remedy for corns, as we have been assured by a member of a Tee-total Society, who said "it seemed to go directly to the point;" on the homeopathic principle, we presume, that one "corn" should neutralize another.

Schmidt felt lighter after imbibing, though he could not refrain from remarking to the barkeeper, "Dat it was not ash goot schnoops ash he have schmelt of."

Adjourning to the eating room, where several small tables were spread for the accommodation of persons with lacerated appetites, our hero prepared for a quiet season of conversation with his inner man. It was an exercise he was particularly fond of, and he now made a motion to lay all his woes on the table. But as the Frenchman remarked "Dat little dame Fortune was on de odder side." The brandy which Schmidt had diluted having struck for a higher place, he was now troubled with a slight obliquity of vision, and was moreover very susceptible to impressions. He was troubled to find the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature, and addressed the waiter, "Vy for you no one ash goot ash nosing nor nopoly for a man to eat himself mit? Pring me some—some—vat ish dat you call him—Kabuys koole. I sall no eat witout it."

"Kape us cool!" quoth Patrick. "Slowly Paul! how kin we kape cool in sich weather." But what ish ye'd be afther gettin? we've jist got no sich vegetable as ye mentioned, sir."

"Vegetable—vegetable! Mein Gott! Dat ish shust vat I vant—pring me de grass—de foddare—vat ish de English?"

"Its cabbage he's wanting," shouted waiter No. 2. "In coarse it is. He's a Dutchman." Waiter No. 1. did as table waiters usually do, not having the desired article, he brought with pungent alacrity, the next worst thing, a dish of onions.

Now if there was any "pertickler wanit" which Mynheer Schmidt abhorred more than another, it was onions. Our own sentiments accord here perfectly with those of Schmidt. It can be shown, we think, that onions are no part of the creation originally pronounced good—but they grew at the time when "the earth was cursed for man's sake"—but, being so much more cursed than thorns and thistles, it was not thought worth while to mention them—since any individual of ordinary penetration can discover them soon enough! Schmidt discovered them—but in consequence of his imperfect vision and his impatience for "zat foddare" not before he had half swallowed the insult: but he could not swallow his wrath—it broke forth and

was worthy of a Schmidt of the blood of the Schmidts. It resulted in



THE TURNING OF THE TABLES

much to Mynheer's advantage. "Dunder and blixon! For vat you pring me dis vile-dis rascale—vat yu call it—you goot for nussing almost villain," roared Johannes, fairly choked with rage and onions—finishing his mild expression of resentment at the injury offered to his taste and feelings, by hurling a decanter at the luckless waiter's head—thus affording the artist a fine opportunity to illustrate a



BRANDY SMASH.

We do not feel inclined to blame Johannes, for there is a point where even the inebriate man can "smell woolen," much more onions. The feelings of the waiter, which had been somewhat hurt by the spirited address of Mynheer Schmidt, were soothed by the intervention of the landlord, and the parties becoming reconciled assured each other of "their distinguished consideration;" Mynheer remarking, "Dat it vas all one ver pig mistake." Patrick saying aside, "It struck me thim Dutchmen has quare ways intirely."

Schmidt however entered in his journal—"Item; The Americans have no cabbages and eat onions instead," at the same time recording his strong disgust at the practice.

Recovered from the excitement and the dinner, Mynheer sallied out to see, and be seen. Now that Harlem was a great place and full of people, he had not a doubt—true he had seen no proofs of this—but there was something Dutch he fancied in the name, but he was not prepared for—indeed he was taken quite aback by the forward march of so many people as now thronged the street, all

going the same way. Schmidt thought that surely somebody was about to be hanged—or perchance, a faint hope it was a "sour kraut" party was gathering—at all events he would be "in at the death" if it cost his life, for the spirit of adventure was now fairly roused. He was more than usually gratified when he ascertained, not without some difficulty, arising doubtless from the stupidity of those whom he queried, and possibly in part from his own imperfect knowledge of the English language, that a political meeting was the cause of motion.

Schmidt was in the pursuit of knowledge, and thus far it had certainly been prosecuted under difficulties—but Schmidt was by nature and nation persevering, and this was a grand opportunity to learn something of this great American nation. It did not occur to Johannes that he should experience the least difficulty in understanding all he might see or hear, or in forming a correct judgment upon his observations. Why should it indeed? Foreigners who visit America come expressly to see, and of course they will see—for the express purpose of forming and expressing their opinions, and of course they *will* express them. So Mynheer Schmidt planted himself near the speakers' stand and opened both his eyes; his ears it is no matter about now.

The gathering was respectable—of course it was—who ever knew a political meeting that did not secure "a large and respectable attendance?" The object of this meeting was to listen to a discussion of some momentous questions involving the peace and safety "of the world and the rest of mankind." Speakers were engaged on both sides, and indeed they were on all sides. One and another let off their surplus energy—some here, some there, and the contest waxed warm, when the chairman introduced to the audience the Hon. Riley O. Bluster. He defined his position, and announced that he would give the people some instruction "how they might right their wrongs, adjust all duties on a sliding scale so as not to burden anybody; that he would show conclusively that it was the duty of the general government to tunnel the Rocky Mountains, and build a national breakwater at Squantum, to take speedy measures to prevent the nation from sliding down the greased plank of official extravagance into the fathom-

less ocean of bankruptcy, anarchy and dish-water." Amid cheers and shouts, and hisses, he proceeded, in thoughts he borrowed and in words that burnt, and blistered where they burnt, to lash his opponents: waxing warm with brandy and sunshine he said—

"Though I am not a native, I have the feelings and principles of an aborigines! And I cannot hold my peace when the country is being torn in pieces. I am not ashamed of my principles. One of my opponents has accused me of cowardice, but I can say with Horace, who was a noted Roman politician,

'Rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis—

The rusty cus expects I'm a dum funkey—but
I am not!'

No! they intend to deceive you—they lie—I repeat."

"No you don't," shouted the individual aimed at—for he could ill abide that another should thrust his lies down peoples' throats—"no you don't," and springing on his Honor, O. Bluster, the scene became interesting to an intense degree. But the struggle was brief. O. Bluster was so sternly handled by his antagonist, that he went whirling from the stand; his motion being finely indicative of the downward and zig-zag tendency of his political principles and his position when defined furnishing a *capitally striking illustration of*



DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.

Schmidt was heard to ejaculate audibly—"Mein Gott! ish it all over?" but the reflection of Johannes on the things he had seen, and his subsequent action may form the subject matter of another chapter.

DAVID ZOTTI CHAVIN



EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

THE THREE EPOCHS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE world is full of revolutions, and men stand listening in momentary expectation of new explosions. Those great upheavings in human society which once occurred only in the lapse of ages, and sent consternation over half the globe, are now as common as coronations. Indeed they are intimately associated with the law of progress, and are looked upon as necessary as thunderclouds to clear the atmosphere. There are improvements in them as much as in machinery or in the science of locomotion. And as we forget the originator in the improver, so do we overlook the great starting points of human freedom. Men never stop to inquire how much all this discussion of the doctrine of human rights, with the commotion it creates, has grown out of our declaration of Independence, made and sustained by a handful of men.

There is very little history written now-a-days. We get facts, statistics and results—but the feelings that moved mens' hearts, the purpose that overleaped all danger, and the lofty enthusiasm that bore up under the most terrible and protracted disasters, we get but dim conceptions of. As the last characters that moved on the stage during our revolution disappear, our forefathers sink into comparative forgetfulness. It may not therefore be amiss to recall them occasionally, and endeavor to transport ourselves into the past.

We speak of three epochs in the Revolution because they illustrate so forcibly the state of feeling that then existed, and give us an insight into the nation's heart.

The first of these of course, was the battle of Lexington and Concord. It settled the question of resistance, made rebels of us without recall, and ended the long agony of suspense. The future that opened on the nation, it is true, was appalling, and such a crisis could not have occurred had not the hearts of men been on fire. There were in those days, no telegraphs nor railroads to transmit intelligence, and yet the news of that first conflict flew like fire over the country. Mounted on horseback, men were sent in every direction. Through every large town the fierce riders spurred, each with a drum at his saddle bow, beating it as he galloped on. As that fierce roll burst on the ear and receded in the distance, trusty fire locks were snatched from their places, hasty farewells uttered, and men on foot and on horseback went streaming toward Boston.

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As an illustration of this epoch, we will give a single incident never before published, but which deserves to be preserved in imperishable records. Berkshire at that time, was out of the highways of travel, and Stockbridge especially—nestled as it is among the mountains—did not lie in the line of the couriers that threaded the country. But, "one Sunday morning," says our informant, still living, but then a mere boy, "I was startled at hearing in the rear of my father's house, the report of a musket. On going back I saw my father, a *deacon* in the church—an old puritan church—deliberately firing his gun. Before I could recover my astonishment, I heard another gun go off, and in the next lot another good man, a pillar in the church, was also firing away." Said he, "I never was so frightened in my life—I thought the judgment had come." In a short time, however, one man after another came walking with stern and solemn aspect, up to the piazza, and soon after Dr. West, the pastor of the church, was seen coming down the hill through the cold drizzling rain, with the Bible under his arm. He also stepped on the piazza, and reading a chapter from the bible and giving a word of exhortation, he offered up a fervent prayer to Almighty God; and *before twelve o'clock, twenty men*, with knapsacks on their backs, and muskets on their shoulders, had started *on foot* for Boston, nearly two hundred miles distant. Oh, how that question must have taken hold of the souls of our puritan fathers, when with all their deep reverence and strict notions, *its* claims were more sacred to them than the duties of the holy Sabbath day!

Bunker Hill followed,—the revolution commenced. But its progress and result no one could foretell. Independence was not dreamed of—everything was in chaos, and the erroneous views of those who first entered on the struggle, may be gathered from the proceedings of a council of war, called to decide on the stand to be made on Bunker Hill. It was finally resolved to place a thousand men there. The question then came up as to the number of cartridges which should be allowed the men. The younger officers said sixty, at which the older ones smiled in pity of their ignorance. One who had been a famous scout said in substance, "War is the same as hunting. Now when I go out to shoot deer, I never fire till I get good aim, and then I am sure to hit my object. On the same principle,

to shoot at men without good aim, is to waste powder. A thousand men are ordered out to Bunker Hill. Suppose each man to have five rounds of cartridges, the whole number will be five thousand. If half of those should hit, (and if they do not, the men are not fit to be trusted with cartridges), the consequence will be, that two thousand five hundred of the British will fall; and is any man so foolish as to believe that they will keep the ground till twenty-five hundred are shot down? Let our men take aim as I do in shooting deer, and I'll warrant you five rounds will be quite enough."—(Vid. Dr. Dwight's travels). The result was that each man received a gill cup full of powder, fifteen balls and one flint. Of course they got out of ammunition, though they evidently shot much as the old man had recommended.

Though the battle of Bunker Hill kindled the liveliest hopes in the nation, these were soon blasted. From this time, disaster followed disaster in rapid succession, and through the spring, and summer, and autumn the heavens kept getting blacker and blacker. The battle of Long Island, the worst managed during the whole war, was the first of the series of catastrophes that pushed the nation to the verge of ruin, and arrested the revolution on the very threshold. New York fell, Forts Washington and Lee followed, the Jerseys were overcome, and Philadelphia was almost within the enemy's grasp. From twenty thousand Washington's army had become reduced to three or four thousand half starved and disheartened troops. The expectations, which had been so high, sank correspondingly low, and the winter was already upon us.

The battle at Trenton was the second great epoch of our revolution. But for it, we do not see how we could have been saved. In the first place, had it not happened, the spring would have seen the mere fragments of our army disband, and such would have been the general discouragement, that another could not have been raised. In the second place, the invasion of Burgoyne would in all probability have been successful. We could neither have sent an army to meet it, nor would the country have arisen as it did, to repel it. Washington knew this, and hence the desperate resolution to cross the Delaware in winter, leaving the turbulent river to cut off his retreat, and peril all in one hazardous charge.

No one can see him in imagination, struggling in the midst of that ice filled stream, or breasting the storm of sleet and hail on the farther bank, replying to each discouraging report, "Forward with the bayonet," or riding in spite of all expostulation in the midst of the cannon in advance, without feeling that he had resolved to win that battle or perish on the field, for which he had struggled so nobly. The result, so brilliant, at once changed despondency into enthusiasm, and nerved the nation anew to the struggle. The ebb tide that was bearing everything away, stopped, and the sudden reflow saved the country.

The third epoch we will simply mention, the battle of Monmouth. The protracted struggle that seemed never approaching conclusion, would have been delayed till the patience of the people would again have given way but for the lesson this battle taught. There was no denying that in the long run, British discipline would overcome American valour. It was plain that our troops must continue in service for a greater length of time, and be subjected to a more thorough discipline. This hard task was put upon Baron Steuben, and rightly, nobly did he perform it. The whole winter was devoted to this one thing, and the battle of Monmouth was the experiment to test its effects, and a more thorough one could not have been furnished. Five thousand men streaming backward in disorder and unannounced on five thousand more, would have been under previous circumstances, a battle lost. But while the enemy's guns were thundering on the retreating ranks and under a heat that sent the thermometer to 92 in the shade, the remaining five thousand were rallied and rolled back on the enemy. Our oldest officers were struck dumb with astonishment, confidence in ourselves was restored, and *never after that* was a regiment of continentals beaten by an equal number of British troops. At Guilford a Maryland regiment shivered two English regiments to pieces, and held its own against the assaults of a third. Bonaparte would have called such a regiment "*le terrible*."

This severe discipline settled the question. Enthusiasm first kindled the blaze, the victory of Trenton prevented it from going out forever, while the battle of Monmouth gave us that quiet confidence in ourselves, that a dozen defeats could not shake, and which must ensure victory

CHANTS FOR TOILERS.

DEDICATED TO J. G. WHITTIER.

WORDS OF CHEER.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

"Venerable to me is the hard hand ; venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather beaten, besoiled, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man, living man-like. * * * Yet toil on, toil on ; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilst for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

"If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ?—these two in all their degrees, I honor : all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth."—CARLYLE.

Lift thy head thou Child of Labor, toiling Craftsman be of cheer,

Time is weaving star-bright garlands for thy day of crowning near.

For thy labor stout and man-like, glorious meed shall yet be thine,
When a world shall hail you Noble of an earth subduing line.

What were seed without the sower to his mission ever true ?

What were harvests, if the reaper left them standing as they grew ?

What were cities, if the builders malcontent would stand aloof,
But a stone and mortar Babel, without base and without roof ?

Ye are worthy, oh ! my brothers, worthiest of the sons of earth—
Pilers up of stores, preventive of the famine and the dearth.

Though the sun hath marr'd thy features, though thy hand be hard and rough,
Yet thou too wert God-created out of true and sterling stuff.

Thou hast stood the seasons' changes, Summer's heat and Winter's cold,
With an adamantine hardness, with a purpose true and bold,

Chosen Conscript in Life's battle, keeping ever watch and ward ;
To thy weaker, listless brother, sure protector, guide and guard.

On the land or on the ocean, toiling ever night and day ;
Hand and foot for ever moving to some carol light and gay.

By the Loom and by the Anvil, by the Shovel and the Spade,
Keeping up the strong life currents that supply the Sea of Trade.

On the rous'd Atlantic, warring with the fierce and wintry blast,
Rocked by madly heaving surges on the high and giddy mast.

Stedfast in the hour of Duty, when the Danger loometh nigh,
Ever ready, like a true man, to surmount it or to die.

Wheresoe'er the Toiler worketh, if he work with Faith and Love,
God himself smiles down approval from the halls of bliss above ;

Delveth with the mud-stained Ditcher, works beside him in the field,
Orders all things meet and duly for the harvest it shall yield ;

Stands beside the village Vulcan, aids him in his ev'ry blow ;
Kling and clang, with ring incessant, while the iron is a-glow ;

Throws the shuttle of the Weaver, guides the Sailor o'er the wave,
Whispers " Onward !" to the strong man, whispers " Courage !" to the slave.

With the Miner goeth downward in the depths of earth afar,
With the Stoker feeds the Engine of the lightning-wingéd car.

Friend and Brother, God and Father, in the earth, the sea, or air,
Nothing is—but feels Thy presence, nothing is—but asks Thy care.

Toil, toil on, thou'rt in thy Duty, man, be out of it
who may,
Toil befits the son of Adam, 'tis his best and surest
stay.

Toil is holy, toil is noble, though it move in lowly
guise,
Like a giant tree earth-rooted with its apex in the
skies.

Toil is Treasure, Toil is Freedom, while it tasks
the strength alway,
Soul-ennobling, still it worketh for the better,
brighter day.

For the tender wives that love you, toil, my brothers,
still toil on,
For the loving babes that bless you, still the Work-
er's vesture don.

To your places—God-appointed, yours shall be a
high reward,
Of yourselves the gallant victors, faithful servants
of the Lord.

Woe to those in lordly places sunk in lethargy su-
pine,
With their feastings and their revels, with their
music and their wine.

Shallow triflers, morrice-dancers in the earnest
game of life,
Bearded children still disporting with some gew-
gaw drum or fife.

Brothers of the order-Witling, with Unreason for
its rule,
For a cap and bells contending, which shall best
play out the fool.

In the balance weighed and wanting, deemed as
worthless as the dust,
As their life was never living, but betrayal of God's
trust.

Vineyards foul and all neglected, choked with
filthy tares and weeds,
Lie before the eye of Heaven, sum of all their
earthly deeds.

Where be all the gifts God gave them, health and
strength, and land and gold ?
For some false illusive phantom soul-destroying,
trucked and sold.

On their Rights not Duties standing, earthly rulers
one and all
Grind and scourge their poorer brother as an out-
cast and a thrall.

Human Eagles from their Eyries swooping down
with hungry beak,
Wayside sheep without a Shepherd still the only
prey they seek.

Comes the day of rich reprisal, comes the day of
vengeance due,
As they laid on load with scourges, we will play
with scourges too.

Fleetly comes the day of Freedom, long foretold in
prose and rhyme,
Mark you not its herald flashes on the brow of Fu-
ture time ?

Freedom is a viewless essence, and as subtle as
the wind,
Not like ware exposed in market that can ready
owner find.

Gyve was never forged could bind it, never yet
was dungeon made,
Could debar the right of egress to that touch-elud-
ing shade.

Freedom liveth, Freedom soareth, howsoe'er you
clog its flight,
Out of ashes springs its flame-fire as the dawning
out of night.

Rear with cost its Mausoleum, all your gains are
light as chaff;
Whoso rears a tomb for Freedom builds an idle
Cenotaph.

Freedom is the Child of Heaven, gifted with eter-
nal Youth,
Eldest blessing of the Godhead, earthward sent in
Love and Ruth.

Toil, toil on, my pallid brothers, all your toil shall
soon be done,
Though you move but as the tortoise, yet the
bright goal shall be won.

Haste untoward is not Progress, rash Advance has
sad Retreat,
Bide your Time, my earnest brothers, that your
work may be complete.

Honor him to whom is honor, who in manhood's
prime and pride,
Treads his higher station under, to do battle by
your side.

Honor to the earnest Writer, honors high for ever-
more,
He who brings high Heaven nearer by the magic
of his Lore.

Honor to the earnest Whittier, boldest Thinker of
the age,
Wrong-denoucer, with the wisdom of the Hero
and the Sage.

Pealing out his Thunder verses, from the Armory
of Mind,
Loosing shafts that gall the proudest of the Tyrants
of Mankind.

Brothers, wreath his brow with laurel, speak his
praise in words of fire,
Elliott's grave had fitting mourner when a Whit-
tier touched the Lyre.

May his lot in life be happy, may his fame for aye
endure,
Your unpaid Apostle—Freedom! stalwart Cham-
pion of the Poor.

Yes, the cause is high and holy, and the men are
stout and true,
Overlong we saw the patience of the many with
the few.

Now the Writer comes to aid you with his thoughts
of import high,
Scattered broadcast o'er the pages that will live
eternally.

And the Poet spins his verses, not for riches or for
Fame,
But to win your heart's approval, and to wipe away
your shame.

And the thoughts of their Creation shall in beauty
hourly grow,
With an inborn power and greatness that shall lay
Oppression low.

Then be joyful, oh! my brothers, patient Toilers,
be of cheer,
For the day of your rejoicing fast and fleetly draw-
eth near.

Tyrants bow their heads, and, trembling, gird their
loins for speedy flight,
Freedom's sword has left the scabbard, Vengeance
cometh in the night.

FORGIVE US, FATHER!

BY MARIE J. CLARE.

HEAV'N looketh far, unto our earthly eyes,
And when, oh, God! Thy messenger hath sped
To call a loved one from us to the skies—
Ah! if we yield not meekly up the dead,
 Forgive us, Father!

If, oh! our Father! in our grief we yearn
To look upon the bright young face again,
And with a quick, half-wildered motion, turn
Listening for the light footstep,—now in vain,
 Forgive us, Father!

This Dust is weak,—and we, as mortals, gather
Our earthliness about us 'till we grow
Strangely forgetful e'en of Thee, oh, Father!
Then, when we weep a lovely one laid low,
 Forgive us, Father!

And if we murmur, seeing not in this,
God's hand laid kindly for the soul's relief,
Forgive us, that we in our blindness, miss
The heav'nly gain in earthly loss and grief—
 Forgive us, Father!

If bitterness, and weariness, and tears
Of unremitting anguish mark each day;—
If shade has fallen upon all our years,
That we see not Thy Lamp to light our way,
 Forgive us, Father!

Most merciful, long-suffering, all-wise God!
Take from our lips the bitter groan and cry;
Bend us beneath the stern afflicting rod,
In resignation to Thy will, Most High!
 Forgive us, Father!

Thy dear Son took upon him grief and shame,
That we, from grief and shame might saved be;
We come to Thee, thou Father! in his name,
Pardon our erring, weak humanity,
 Forgive us, Father!

Teach us, with no repining tears, to say
God hath but taken what was lent not given;
Give strength "Thy holy will be done" to pray,
And may we meet the lost one yet in Heav'n,
 Forgiven—Father!

ZOOLOGY.

No. 2.

BY PROF. C. DEWEY, LL.D.

ZOOLOGY is becoming a popular study. The popular works on the subject must follow the great distinguished standard authors. The academies and higher schools, as well as the colleges, must follow the same system. In many schools for the education of the fair daughters of the land, the popular systems are taught, and our daughters and sisters early learn that man is considered, in the authoritative textbooks, as a mere animal, and that in the arrangement, themselves are directed to merely animal characteristics as their distinguishing properties. True, the very object of their education, the cultivation of mind and heart, leading to high intellectual attainment and moral refinement, the ornament and the glory of the sex, implies an elevation of powers entirely transcending the rank of man in their work on natural history; and this demands a change in the classification or arrangement of man, and much more of woman.

How must a refined and highly educated woman be struck with astonishment on learning for the first time, in the study of the race in Natural History, that she is ranked in the system with merely brute animals. Many an educated man, of strong nerves but of human sensibilities, has been shocked at this knowledge, and the man of religious tendencies and aspirations has often turned in disgust from such a system!

True, the assigned reason is, that in natural history only the animal frame is considered and the arrangement is constituted on that alone. But this reason offers to such a mind no evidence of either the necessity or the propriety of the system.

Let it not be inferred however, that the system which now prevails has not great excellence, or that it is not fitted to unfold the animal creation in a splendid manner, especially as the merely animal kingdom is studied.

The first intelligent arrangement of animal life was made by Linnæus in his system of nature, of which the 12th and enlarged edition, and the last corrected by his own hand, was published in 1768, so late and slow had been the progress of Zoölogy. The changes made in this system have greatly improved it, and the four fundamental divisions, if confined to mere animals, the Vertebrata, Articulata, Mollusca, and Radiata, founded on structure, probably will not soon be amended. The

genius and wisdom of Cuvier, and the investigations of Agassiz bind fast this arrangement.

Then, the Vertebrata, man being omitted for other reasons, include the four* great subdivisions, the mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes.

This view is sufficient to exhibit the general order and dependence of the parts of the system, and to make the subject attractive while it is perspicuous. Pursued with the same attention to method and appropriateness of descriptions, the natural history of the animal kingdom becomes a very important subject in a course of education for either sex.

The study of natural history requires in all its departments, closeness of attention and correctness of observation, leading to habits of discrimination and generalization, two important faculties of the mind which deserve special cultivation.

But the great objection to the arrangement of man remains with its blighting influence. A naturalist has said, "There is something in the study of nature, which approaches to philosophy of a higher kind—something that, while it teaches man his place in this Creation of Wonders, infallibly leads him to admire the wisdom, and power, and goodness, displayed by its Great Author." Emphatically is this true, when the system gives "man his place" among the creatures of God; and, as certainly must it be false, when man is treated of as an animal, when he is classed with mere animals, when in the system he is led to contemplate only animal characteristics as his honor and glory. The reason that the "philosophy of a higher kind" breaks upon man's vision of "this creation of wonders" is, that in the operation of his higher and spiritual nature, which separates him by an "impassable chasm" from the animal, he breaks the chains with which the system of natural history has bound him, and would bind him down to mere animal properties and habitudes. The man drops the animal. The "divinity within" asserts its prerogative and rights; the system restrains not his aspirations, and he is a "man for a' that."

Cannot the objection to the "system" be removed? We shall see.

*The other and fifth on page 13 of the number for January should have been omitted.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

A Copious & Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the Larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund, with Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Faccioliati, Scheller, Georges, &c. By E. A. Andrews, L. L. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

The Latin Lexicon, to which Prof. Andrews has been devoting the most untiring labors for several years, has at length made its appearance, and is hailed with great satisfaction by classical students throughout the land. It is destined to supersede all other Latin Lexicons; even Leverett's, we think, excellent as it is, and so immensely superior to its predecessor, Ainsworth's, will gradually give place to this, the last and best.

We entertain profound admiration for the energy and perseverance of character which has achieved the preparation of such a work as this, and for the enterprise which has secured its publication in such excellent shape. There are not many men in this land or in the world, who would undertake to get ready for publication, 1650 pages of lexicographical matter, each page containing three columns. For the *proof-reader* of such a work we experience a feeling of real respect and sympathy akin to that we would have for one who had made the tour of the world on foot, or committed the Bible to memory. We are glad to see that Prof. Andrews has made honorable reference to this person in the preface. We observe also, that Prof. Robbins, of Middlebury College, and Prof. Turner, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, have rendered valuable assistance in the preparation.

This Lexicon is a condensation of the immense one prepared by Dr. Wilhelm Freund of Germany, consisting of 4500 pages, the last volume of which appeared in 1845. The definitions and philological remarks of Dr. Freund's work are retained, and the abridgement consists principally in the omission of those *citations* which were redundant or of minor importance. But in every such case, the full reference to the Latin author is retained, so that it may be said that all the advantages of Freund's work are retained, while they are brought within the compass of a reasonably sized volume.

Redwood. A Tale. By the Author of Hope Leslie, etc. Author's Revised Edition. New York: George P. Putnam.

Chancing to see, lately, a letter of the novelist, James, in which he expresses his pleasure in the perusal of "Redwood," we were reminded of our omission to notice it, on the first appearance of the new edition, and to respond to the universal satisfaction felt on the republication, in such excellent style, of Miss Sedgwick's works. Her novels are

an honor to American literature, as indeed they prove an important component part. They are truly and peculiarly *American* in their character. They set forth American life, with a daguerreotype fidelity, and American life, as it is seen, among the intelligent, shrewd, upright, sensible and original inhabitants of the "rural districts." In "Redwood" for example, the scene is laid for the most part, in an obscure village, and you have before you, talking and acting, the very personages which you yourself have seen and heard in New England. Miss Sedgwick has not felt necessitated to rummage the fallen castles of the old world or search the criminal records of the middle ages for matter out of which to weave her tales, but among the hills and by the streams of her native land and among her own people, she has felt that the heart of humanity was beating with as strong and deep a throb as where kings held sway and knights "set lance in rest"; and that here, in our midst, there were hearts as noble, and passions as intense, and devotion as self-sacrificing, and honor as chivalric, and woman as beautiful, as could be found under more classic skies.

A healthful, happy spirit pervades Miss Sedgwick's works, which imparts to them a peculiar fascination. One's interest does not arise so much from the intricacy of the plot, as from the agreeable way in which it is unfolded, and the truthfulness to Nature which is always maintained. There is nothing remarkable in the story of "Redwood," and the *denouement* is readily discerned at the outset. In ingenuity or depth of plan the power does not lie. Neither are one's anxieties for the fate of a favorite hero very strongly roused, or one's interest excessively excited. The most fearful scene is that of a timid young lady locked up in the hut of an Indian while he is absent fishing, which certainly is not very appalling. The story is pleasing rather than exciting. Its charm consists in the agreeableness of its structure—in the truthfulness, the refinement, the grace, the purity, and much also in the excellent *common sense* that pervades it. It is as invigorating as the breeze that plays around the hills where its scene is laid, and as fresh as the green of the June meadows. But our limited space does not allow of a full criticism, and we give way to the letter of Mr. James, which our readers will be interested to see.

"I think no house where there are young persons growing up to man's estate ought to be without a copy of 'Redwood.' For my part I am no great reader of romances. I am too old a scene-shifter to have my attention easily engaged, but

for the first time during many years, I became so interested in reading this work that I could not put it down again, but remained up for two hours beyond my usual time of rest in order to finish it. It is not altogether the story, that attracted me so much, for the plot, of course, I soon discovered. I am hackneyed in such matters; but the contrast of character is so fine, and the delineation so perfect and masterly that to me it was a matter of study as well as amusement. The character of Redwood is admirably conceived. His dreamy sort of susceptibility, his infirm talent, and his cloudy perception of the excellent, form just such a character as that on which infidelity is apt to fix. But the characters of the women are those which struck me more. They present many delicately shaded traits of woman's mind—the contrasts are so bold, yet so completely within the verity of nature. One thing struck me much, independent of a number of incidental beauties, such as the landscape painting, and the happy art of bringing the reader at once upon the spot where the action lies. Though the work has been written many years, it has no touch of time about it—it is the truth of to-day as well as the truth of other days.

"It depends upon no local customs or temporary modes; it is based upon man's nature, and must therefore be always good. Moreover, it must do good to all who read it, for the interest of the story is so wound up with great moral truths that no one—be the character of his mind what it may—can rise from the perusal without feeling engaged on the side of goodness and truth, and armed against folly and vice. It is very strange that though I knew the author's other writings this was quite new to Yours faithfully,

G. P. R. JAMES."

A Guide to the Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar; By Rev. Dr. Brewer, Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Head Master of King's College School, Norwich—in union with King's College, London. Carefully Revised, and adapted for use in Families and Schools of the United States. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis.

This is a duodecimo of 425 pages, designed as a book of instruction for young people, in which the information is presented in the form of answers to questions. A large number of scientific facts are thus given in a way which facilitates the retention of them in the memory.

The Restoration of the Jews, with the Political Destiny of the Nations of the Earth, As Foretold in the Prophecies of Scripture. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. By Seth Lewis. Formerly one of the District Judges of the State of Louisiana. New York: J. S. Redfield.

This work of 200 pages will prove a valuable assistant to the explorer of the mysteries of prophecy,

as it presents the results of a faithful, an extended research.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses Connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland, Author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." New York: Harper & Brothers.

The first volume which is just issued, contains the lives of Margaret Tudor, Queen of James 4th, of Magdalene of France, first Queen of James 5th, and of Mary of Lorraine, second Queen of James 5th. The popularity which has been won by the "Lives of the Queens of England," a popularity based on the sure foundation of thoroughness, of research and elegance of narration, will, we doubt not, attend upon this subsequent work by the same gifted authoress.

True Stories from History and Biography. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.

Whoever has read "The Scarlet Letter" and "Mosses from an Old Manse" will feel that Nathaniel Hawthorne can write in a most attractive style in whatever department of literature he may enter, and can even accomplish that most difficult feat of writing for children. As Hawthorne truly observes "To make a lively and entertaining narrative for children, with such unmalleable material as is presented by the sombre, stern, and rigid characteristics of the Puritans and their descendants, is quite as difficult an attempt, as to manufacture delicate playthings out of the granite rocks on which New England is founded," but he has succeeded.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert, M.A., Curate of Plumblund, Cumberland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Part 6 completes this tasteful edition of the Life of Southey, which has hitherto been reviewed at some length, in the columns of Holden's.

The Wide, Wide World. By Elizabeth Wetherell. In 2 volumes. New York: George P. Putnam, 153 Broadway. 1851.

It seems to savor somewhat of the sacrilegious to parade the literary defects of a book which is so excellent in its design, and so wholly and unmistakably good in the moral and religious instruction as is the one before us. And yet when the frame-work of a story is badly constructed, when it is disjointed and rickety, when its style is artificial and forced, when its embellishments are bad English, and its adornments poor rhetoric, one cannot but allude to such facts, although the orthodoxy of the book may be unquestionable, and its spirit blameless. And yet, even in the matter of morality it seems as if some "more excellent way" could be devised of teaching it, than is followed in

this novel. Truth, to find a lodgment in the heart, by the means of fiction, must glide in imperceptibly, and not be pushed in bodily, in the shape of long harangues and labored discourses. We doubt also in regard to the correctness of some of the teachings of this book. For example, a christian mother, in her last sickness, is represented as deceiving her husband and physician, and making her only daughter a party to the deception, in order that she may go herself and buy a *Bible* for the daughter, there being no necessity of her going, which can, in any degree justify the deception: we do not approve of such practices. The heroine too acts at times, we fear, under a mistaken idea of duty, and it certainly is not very consistent for the author of a novel to put into the mouth of the hero, who is supposed always to say what is right, the advice to his friend, never, under any circumstances, to read any *novel* of any description. Still the "Wide, Wide World" has some excellent things in it—some passages of real beauty, and some sentiments of genuine nobleness. It is a pity however, that the author has such a taste for crying. The frequent outbursts of tears are really too harrowing to one's sympathies. We never knew such incessant blubbering, not even on a crowded canal boat, when every other passenger went for half price, or nothing, being "*under 10 years of age*." Indeed, this Wide, Wide World is nothing but one wide, wide waste of waters, with only here and there an Ararat struggling to the surface. We hope that the next work of E. W. will contain less dry logic and more dry land.

A New Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography, Partly based upon the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. By William Smith, L. L. D., Editor of the Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities, and of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. Revised, with Numerous Corrections and Additions. By Charles Anthon, L. L. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The volume here presented to the public is one of a series of dictionaries prepared by Dr. William Smith, of London, aided by some 28 German and English scholars, and designed to present to the English student the valuable researches of the German archaeologists.

It may surprise our readers that Dr. Anthon should edit another classical dictionary so soon after the publication of his own. He explains the circumstance in the following paragraph, at the same time setting forth the design of this work.

"It is not, however, designed to, and, in the editor's opinion, will not supersede his own 'Classical Dictionary' published in 1841, since the articles are purposely brief, and results only are stated, without that fullness of detail which is de-

sirable to the more advanced scholar and the educated man of leisure; but it is intended for the use of those whose means will not allow a more expensive, or their scanty time the use of a more copious work; in other words, it is meant to take the place, by reason of its convenient size and low price, of Lempriere's old dictionary, which, with all its absurd errors and effects, still has a lingering existence in certain parts of our country on account of its cheapness. On this head the English editor speaks strongly; in point of literary or scientific value, Lempriere's dictionary is dead—"requiescat in pace"—and to put it into a boy's hands now, as a guide in classical matters, would be as wise and as useful as giving him some mystic treatise of the Middle Ages on alchemy to serve as a text-book in chemistry. The present work contains all the names of any value to a schoolboy occurring in Lempriere, and a great many not in that work, while the information is derived from the fountain-head, and not from the diluted stream of French encyclopedias."

Shakspeare's Dramatic Works. With Introductory Remarks, and Notes Original and Selected. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Co.

No. 30 contains "Julius Cæsar," and No 31, "Antony and Cleopatra." All the numbers of this splendid edition will soon be issued, when we hope that those of our friends who have not taken the work by numbers, will get the set. In elegance and completeness the "Boston edition" is unsurpassed.

The Diasma, a Perennial, is the title of a collection of Poems by Miss H. F. Gould, a portion of which are from her own pen. The selections from other authors, are made with excellent judgment, and those by the editress are decidedly superior. The work is printed with the tasteful elegance which we may say characterises all the publications of this Boston Firm. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York, sold by Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune Buildings.

A Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament. By Edward Robinson, D. D. LL. D. A New Edition, Revised and in Great Part Rewritten. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It will be observed from the heading, that this new edition of Dr. Robinson's Lexicon is almost entirely rewritten. Dr. R. has been laboriously engaged for the last three years, in the revision alone, and now present to the theological world a work which nobly and faithfully represents the progress and condition of the lexicography of the New Testament, at the close of the first half of the 19th century. To its preparation the author has devoted most untiring labors during the best years of his life, and it is a noble monument of his in-

dustry, research and philological criticism. To the student of the New Testament, it is an invaluable aid. It is published in a very superior style, worthy of all commendation.

Since our last issue Putnam has published two additional volumes in the series of Cooper's works, "The Path-Finder" and "The Prairie." We have already noticed the publication of "The Deer Slayer" and "The last of the Mohicans" in the uniform edition. Putnam is doing a work creditable to the nation, in republishing in such excellent style, the works of Cooper and Miss Sedgwick—and we hope doing also a good work for himself and the authors.

The Divorced Wife, by T. S. Arthur, is on the whole about as slim an affair in the line of fiction as we ever encountered. There is no ingenuity or originality in the plot, no power of imagery, no special beauty of style, and not even a tolerable moral to redeem it. T. S. Arthur has a too valuable reputation to risk it by associating his name with such trash as this. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, and sold by Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune Buildings, New York.

The Island World of the Pacific: Being the Personal Narrative and Results of Travel through the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, and other parts of Polynesia. By Rev. Henry T. Cheever, Author of "The Whale and his Captors." New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a very interesting, and indeed brilliant record of the personal experiences and observations of the author, in the "Isles of the Sea." A large amount of valuable information concerning the past history and present condition of the islands is also given.

A Practical System of Modern Geography, is the title of an excellent little school-book, prepared by Mr. Andersen, of Ward School No. 16, of this city, and published by J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall.

Salander and the Dragon: A Romance of the Hartz Prison. By Frederick William Shelton, M. A. Rector of St. John's Church, Huntington, N. Y. New York: Samuel Hueston, 139 Nassau st., George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This little allegory is one of the most admirable productions of the kind with which we have ever met. It illustrates most effectually the danger of uttering or of lending ear to the unkind word or insinuation, a failing against which the best of us need to be often warned.

No. 152 of Harper's "Library of Select Novels" contains *Henry Smeaton*, or a Jacobite Story, of the Reign of George the First, by G. P. R. James. The name of the author may be possibly recognized as being connected with a novel or two before this one.

The extensive publishing house of Firth, Pond & Co., of Franklin Square, have presented us with copies of their newest issues of music, among which we notice the following beautiful songs, as sung by Mlle. Jenny Lind, viz:—"Jenny Lind's Serenade," "Swedish Carrier Dove," The beautiful "Bird Song," and The "Mountaineer's Song." These pieces are published in a very superior style. The same publishers have recently issued "Always with me," a Song, by Walter Maynard, "Ben Bolt," music by Sinblair, "Take me home to die," by the author of "Strike the Harp gently."

We would call attention to the discourses of William R. Williams, D. D., published in a volume entitled "Religious Progress; Discourses on the Development of the Christian Character." Dr. Williams, the pastor of the Amity street Baptist Church, has hardly his equal in the country for mental power, philosophical insight, universality of literary attainments, and deep, devotional earnestness of christian character. His writings charm by the purity and richness of their style, while they quicken the mind by their abundant thought, and move the soul by their fervent expression of religious feeling.

This work is published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston, and for sale in New York, by L. Colby, 122 Nassau street.

George P. Putnam has published "Addenda to the World's Progress," a pamphlet of 24 pages, designed as a supplement to the statistical work by Mr. Putnam, which was noticed in the January number. We would take this occasion to call attention the second time, to this work so exceedingly valuable as a book of dates, biography and statistics.

"First Lessons in Botany," is a book designed for initiating children into the first mysteries of botanical science, prepared by "Theodore Thinker," and published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

To Love and to be Loved, a Story by A. S. Roe, is written with great beauty, and produces the right kind of impression on the heart and mind. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

W. F. Burgess, 22 Ann St., has published a cheap and good edition of David Copperfield, which work has been fully reviewed in our columns.

We have only room enough in reserve to remind our readers of the republication by Harper & Brothers of THE BARDS OF THE BIBLE, a work of great power by George Gilfallan. The poetry and poets of the sacred writings are discussed with rare discrimination and insight.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE omitted to give in the last number as we fully intended, a necessary explanation concerning the superior criticism on Goldsmith and Irving, by Edward P. Clark. Mr. Clark, was graduated at Yale College last year, and won the prize for English composition by an article on Goldsmith and Irving. This we had the pleasure of seeing and were so much interested in it that we solicited the liberty of publishing it in Holden's. It so happened, however, by mischances "too numerous to mention" that we failed to obtain an exact copy, and to supply the deficiency Mr. Clark wrote for Holden's the article which we published. A portion of the original article appeared in the "Yale Miscellany," a periodical of local circulation. To the readers of that magazine and to those connected with Yale College, this explanation is due.

Mr. Clark is only 19 years of age, yet he has already written articles which have won the attention of some of the first literary men of the country. If his health is spared, and he is true to himself, we have no doubt that he will be "heard from" in after years.

... It seems that some of our friends have "marvelled greatly" at the notice we gave of "The Night-side of Nature" in the preceding number, in which we used the following language:—

"After all the investigations, discoveries and sciences of the last century, the fruits of an activity of mind greatly quickened, there still remains much that is mysterious, much that is unexplained. There is a "night-side of Nature," and the stars that twinkle in it seem as yet but to reveal the unpenetrated darkness. Yet there is hope that some progress is making towards a better understanding of that department of natural phenomena of which this book treats. In the mind of every one, we think, there is a suspicion, ill defined though it may be, yet acknowledged to oneself, that there is *some* truth in apparitions, second-sight and fulfilment of dreams, that there is a reliable essence, a genuine fact, underlying all the mysterious, ill-authenticated stories of ghosts and ghost-seers, of remarkable presentiments and portentous visions. In some this suspicion is developed into a fear that there *may* be truth in them or a desire that there *might* be. A few, and those not superstitious or unenlightened, have full faith that there is a great department of truth yet undiscovered which is to be gained through the gate of dreams. This is a strange age—an age of marvel, of unrest, of wonderful discoveries and unforeseen accomplishments; and it is well for every one to have an hearing ear, and an open mind. If all that is narrated concerning the night-side of Nature be false

and fabulous, investigation will not injure us while it will dispel the fog of error, and if perchance there be truth where some have only looked for delusion, it is sad to turn away and lose it by inattention or skepticism. Let us regard the new theories and professed discoveries with patient attention, for thereby error is overthrown and truth is established. And we should bear in mind that 'it shall come to pass afterward, that your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.'"

The truth is, that without being specially superstitious or credulous, we confess to an *interest* in the subject of presentiments, dreams and second-sight. We are not ready to say that we *believe* that the future is revealed, or the distant made present in a supernatural way to the sojourners of the 19th century. We would rather say with Dr. Johnson, that "I never could advance my curiosity to conviction, but came away at last only willing to believe." In regard to presentiments we think there may be "something in them." In some instances in which the reasons for and against a particular cause of action have seemed exactly balanced, we have decided in accordance with a clearly defined "presentiment" felt within us, for which we could give no reason, and always with the happiest results. At other times we have neglected to obey this presentiment, and have not waited long for cause to regret it, yet these may have been remarkable coincidences and nothing more.

But why may not it be an arrangement in the vast system of intelligences whose head is Jehovah, that each pilgrim along the darkened pathway of this life should have appointed unto him a guardian angel to whisper to him the better course? Who will say that the Father himself of infinite care and tenderness for his creatures does not in compassion for their blindness reveal by a "still, small voice" not only the way of duty, but also the path of safety, success and usefulness?

Of remarkable presentiments we give one instance out of a number which we know to be authenticated. Many years ago, before the time of steamboats, Rev. Mr. K. stopped at the house of his friend Gov. L., who was living near one of the villages on the Hudson River, and said with the first greeting, "I had hoped, governor, to get to Albany to-day, as I *did* wish to die there, but the wind has been against us," (he had landed from a sloop bound up the river) "and I have stopped to die with you; I shall die at 12 o'clock to-day." "But why do you talk so, Mr. K.? You are looking very well." "Yes, I am very well—have not been better for years; but I tell you, my friend, I

am to die at 12 o'clock to-day." Gov. L. tried to turn his attention to other things, and finally persuaded him to lie down, hoping that he would fall asleep and sleep over the time. But he soon knocked on the wall, and to the person answering the summons he said, "I want to add a codicil to my will; I must have some one to witness it, and it must be done immediately." In order to divert him from his purpose the person remarked, "The men are all in the field, you had better wait till they come in to dinner." "No," Mr. K. said, "no, no, that will be too late—it will be after twelve o'clock." Finding that he could not be swerved from his purpose, the necessary materials were brought him, and he sat up in the bed and wrote the codicil, signed it, and it was witnessed as he desired. He then laid quietly and calmly down, and as the clock struck 12 he gently died!

In regard to "second-sight"—which we understand to be the power of seeing occurrences which are not visible to the natural eye—we might mention a number of instances which we know to be facts, and which are very difficult of explanation, according to natural laws.

In respect to dreams during sleep, we would say that we have little or no confidence in them as mediums of revealment concerning the future. We regard them only as sources and important sources of rich, rare happiness.—Yes, happy must be the real life of that man who can say that he has not enjoyed more in "thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on" him, than in the actual experience of waking hours. Who has enjoyed a social life as intensely delightful as that vouchsafed to him in sleep? Who has heard strains of music from living lips equal to the heavenly harmonies that have floated, and swelled, and trembled in his sleep? Who has seen such beautiful sights, lived such marvellous experiences, visited such wonderful places, heard such overpowering eloquence, listened to such touching poetry as he has seen, and lived, and visited, and heard in sleep?

We are not superstitious—we were not educated to believe in ghosts or fear them, by nursery stories, told to hush our infantile cries into a frightened silence—we do not believe in the "Rochester Knockings," as our readers would probably judge from the rapping *we gave them* in the September number of last year, and indeed we have no doubt that there is in the world, a vast deal of ridiculous confidence in signs and coincidences, and any amount of deplorable superstition; but yet we think there are some things that have not as yet even been *dreamed* of in our philosophy.

....We did not make a miserable, forlorn attempt in the atrocious act of punning, in the paragraph printed under the engraving of Tigré Island

in the last number—we did not intend any disrespect to a representative of the United States Government—we were not in that unfortunate sentence, "familiar on short acquaintance,"—no, indeed. It was a typographical error; a bad one, to be sure, but one of those "mistakes that will occur in the best regulated" magazines. We wrote "Mr. Squier," but our printer did not read it so—and happening to be out of the city, we did not see the proof. "Nuf sed."

....Looking at Bingley's "Stories about the Instinct of Animals," we were reminded of the deed of a noble dog whose acquaintance we had the honor of making last summer during our travels, and who certainly deserves an apotheosis. His owner is a large wholesale merchant in the city of Rochester, and in his business occupies a warehouse for the storing of goods, distant perhaps 40 rods from the main establishment. The dog has been connected with the concern in the capacity of private watchman for many years, but being now far beyond the meridian of life, he has retired from active service and enjoys a green old age, blest with the consciousness of unwavering faithfulness and the grateful attentions of his appreciative employer. He has not however retired from business to a country seat, but still retains his old place at the "store" and spends the day in exercising a general supervision of the establishment, and occasionally walking leisurely over to the warehouse to see that all is snug and safe. One Saturday evening the dog was missing from the store, out of which he had not spent a night for years. The clerk, who slept in the building, whistled for him, called him, but no "Watch" was to be found. When morning came he was still absent, and to a more thorough search and a louder call, there was "no voice nor any that answered." Monday morning came, but with it no "Watch" made his appearance. The clerk opened the store, wondering at the dog's absence and mourning at his dreaded loss. But on going over to the warehouse, the first object that met his eye was Watch, stretched on some scattered straw, across the entrance to the outer cellar door, which by an unaccountable negligence had been left open the previous Saturday night. Watch, on going his usual rounds to see that all was safe, had discovered the open door, and as the only resource to ensure the safety of the goods inside, had planted himself as guard, and unrelieved by any assistant had never left his post from Saturday night till Monday morning. This is evident from the fact that for years he has never left the store except to go to the warehouse—and never before had been missing at the closing up for the night. He must have heard the call of the clerk, but he would not leave his post. There is intelligence for you! Tell me that dog did not reason! and reason well

too, and prove that he had a noble, self-denying, faithful spirit, of which many a *man* might envy him the possession. Good fellow, Watch ! you would have starved to death, before you would have betrayed your trust.

....How many precious things there are in this world, that the world knows nothing about! The flower that "wastes its sweetness on the desert air," and the "gem of purest ray serene" have become notorious, but we do not mean flowers or gems—but how many beautiful sayings are uttered that the world never hears; how many glorious thoughts are unuttered that *nobody* hears; how much of poetry—poetry of the most exquisite character, that never gets into the magazines; wit of the keenest edge, and humor of the most sparkling effervescence that is unsheathed and uncorked for only one or two, eloquence that is never reported, wisdom that is never written, ideals of beauty that are never embodied in Art, celestial harmonies that are never arranged on a Staff! The treasures that are thrown away are more excellent and more valuable than those that are preserved.

So we thought as we read the letter which follows this sentence, and observed how nearly our attentive friend came to *not* sending that poem of Tupper's, and by how many contingencies it came to us, and how we should have never known about it if it had not been sent us, and how many excellent things there are, all about us, that never do come to us, and that we never know anything about, and how we ought all to be seeking to disseminate the good we chance to have as widely as possible, and how we ought to be ever awake to the quiet good that is hovering about us—perhaps within our grasp, and how, if this plan of imparting more and multiplying one's own treasures a thousand fold were acted on, the world would be a great deal happier and better than it is. Ah, no! *mon amie*, have no fear that it is "not quite right" to give that poetry to the world. The world have a right to the property that is not injured by the general using.

"MR. EDITOR,—

"I believe it is scriptural, and know it is delightful to share one's cherished possessions with one's friends: what a charming time that must have been, when the good people forgot *meum* and *tuum*, and held all things in common. Perhaps it is not too late to revive that apostolic custom in a measure. You wonder what is coming next, and you shall not be kept in suspense. A poem of Tupper, the world-renowned—a perfect little gem—hard perhaps, but clear, well-cut, and sparkling. "How did I come by it?" Oh, it came in a letter, the noblest, kindest, most generous letter possible, to your humble correspondent.

"It is too good to be buried in an old farm-house

among the hills. The woodland minstrels would not appreciate the royal swan's strains if they were poured in *their* ears; I doubt if the orchard birds would fully comprehend it. So I send it to Holden's, that repository of good things, as "like to like." I am afraid it is not quite right to let you publish it. The gifted author did not mean it should be; and I would not send it, did I not know how warmly Tupper's generous heart glows towards America. I think he will forgive me because I am an American. And since I am going to copy the poem, let me also give a paragraph from the letter; inasmuch as it is a well-known aphorism, that the legal penalty inflicted upon the felonious abstractor of a juvenile member of the fleecy flock is just as severe as that imposed for the aggravated offence of appropriating to one's individual use the aged parent of said flock.

"Hear what he says—

"The world, thank Heaven, has found some good food in my plain Philosophy, and yields me much love, and no small consolations, both for living and dying, by way of kind return. * * * There is boundless pleasure in such universal good doing as accompanies a blest book; here, even in apathetic England, 20,000 copies do God service; and in your more cordial country, you may multiply that amount by 100. How much do I not owe to the Bible, which inoculated me with its glorious style, and words, and imagery, to the grace which gave me a mind to love it, and, (as among men) to that wonder, the printing press which has multiplied by a thousand fold the good a poor unit can do! A true book, like a new star, has a beginning, indeed, but who can say when its brilliancy and usefulness shall end. Aye, and eternity will be a happiness to thousands who have entered it through the door of a good book. *Amen.*

"I send you a thing I ticked off yesterday, on the back of a letter; a touch of rebuke to our cold eastern apathy.

NOBODY CARES!

The world is dying, its heart is cold,

And well-nigh frozen dead—

A sorrowful thing it is to grow old

With all the feelings fled :

Dull are its eyes, and dismal its voice,

And a close grey cloak it wears :

All have forgotten to love or rejoice,

Nobody feels or cares !

Time was, when zeal and honor and joy

And charities cheering life

Mixed grains of gold with the lump of alloy,

And starred this night of strife ;

But now it is all for a man's own self,

Not how his neighbor fares,—

Except for pleasure and pride and pelf,

Nobody feels, or cares !

Be wise, or a fool,—be good or be bad,
To others it's much the same,
They heed not a whit if you're merry or sad,
Or worthy of praise or blame:
The world is reaping its broad east seed
Of briers, and thorns and tares,
And the only word in which all are agreed,
Is—nobody feels, or cares!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

"Best, sweetest, truthfullest of England's poets ! If this doth displease thee, pardon me. Had I loved thee less, I had feared thee more. The whole heart of my land is warm toward thee, and every word of thine is caught up and preserved like a life-purchased pearl!"

....It is a source of real gratification to know that Mr. J. H. Green, the "Reformed Gambler," is being sustained in his self-denying and arduous labors by the association of a number of gentlemen of standing and wealth, in the form of an organized society. Mr. Green has enlisted an uncommon interest in his statements and in himself throughout the country. We do not wonder that many persons who do not know him personally, and have not observed with minute attention his course of life since his relinquishment of gambling, should hesitate in giving him their unreserved confidence—that the shadow of his desperate early-life should stretch far over, on to his later course. But when a man relinquishes a profession that was certainly lucrative and not toilsome, and, year after year, unwearied and undiscouraged, works early and late for a recompense so meagre that he is compelled to deny himself the luxuries and some of what most of us would call, the necessaries of life, patiently enduring the distrust of many good people and the hatred and evil plottings of the bad; when, for eight years, more or less, he maintains a good and regular standing in connection with a christian church, while under the suspicious scrutiny of friends as well as foes, we say that that man gives pretty good evidence of his sincerity. We do not believe it to be in the nature or in the power of a designing speculator in the confidence of the good to lead such a life of self-denial, or to lead any sort of a life so public as Mr. Green's, for so many years undetected. Of the society to which reference was made, the *New York Evangelist* thus speaks:

"We have seen the constitution of a society, originated by the efforts of Mr. Green, for the suppression of gambling. Connected with it are some of the most respectable and philanthropic gentlemen in the city, and those who have examined it are confident that not only will it not secretly subserve the cause of vice, but prove a most effectual means of lessening this secret but most ruinous vice. The plan adopted for the purpose is ingenious, and Mr. Green's resources for carrying it

out are abundant. His energy in procuring statutory prohibitions of gambling in several States, and the hostility of the gambling world, are the best proofs of his fitness for and fidelity in the enterprise he has undertaken. Every moral citizen must wish him abundant success; and those feeling an interest in it, can acquire all needful information by calling at the office of the society, corner of Chatham and William streets."

....In the article on Gymnastics published in the January number, we should have stated our experience in regard to walking as an exercise. We have never found it of much benefit. The exercise of the muscles of the upper part of the body, particularly about the chest seems to be essential to impart vigor and health to the system. Walking wearies and exhausts; gymnastics invigorate, strengthen, refresh. It is not an unusual circumstance for us, after a day of more or less walking to refresh and rest our body by an hour of severe exercise at the gymnasium. Yet we would not discourage the practice of walking in the open air as a promoter of health. It is immensely better than nothing, and should be practiced every day "without let or hindrance" by those who have not the advantage of a gymnasium. And the experience of others in regard to it is often different from ours. Some thrive better even on walking, than on gymnastics. But the general rule is that the muscles must be put to that universal and thorough tension which they get at the gymnasium to secure the due amount of bodily and mental elasticity. And we would urge again upon our friends this matter of exercise as one in which they have a deep concern, ever demanding their attention, their investigation, their devotion. Some of our friends have written us that they have begun to act on our advice, and are already profiting by our experience. We trust there are hundreds such. It would be a good idea for the readers of Holden's to be distinguished by the roundness of their forms, the elasticity of their step, the vigor of their muscles and the gladness of their spirits.

....Dear reader, did you see a "Christmas Tree" on this last anniversary? It is late in the winter to ask you, but this is the first chance we have had. If you did, we congratulate you. We didn't. We heard of one particular tree that had been growing, for many weeks, more and more beautiful and stately day by day. We were apprised that it had put forth elegant blossoms, and that, in all probability, by the evening of Christmas, it would be laden with luscious fruit. We started on a journey in quest of this wonderful production, fruit-bearing in December. But alas, we never reached it! Hard-hearted Winter, enraged and mortified doubtless at the transgression of his laws by this Christmas tree, resolved that we should not be the witness of this contempt for his supremacy,

and marshalling his entire standing army of storm and snow, bore madly down upon us, fought us at every step of our advance, and finally compelled us to sound a retreat when within 15 miles of the Tree. Our only solace was in receiving a few days after, a rich cluster of the fruit and an invitation to come in the spring, when winter's power shall have passed away, and see the place where the tree was. And this was a great solace, we assure you. Do you doubt it? Then read the invitation, which we will subjoin, and say whether you ever received, or have a friend that ever received an invitation equal to it.

"Come up to the hills when the May brooks are leaping,

Come when the violet has waked from her sleeping,

Come when the blue-bird his gala is keeping,

And Heaven's bright canopy bends over all.

Leave to the city its false care and pleasure—

Leave those who will, to be heaping up treasure—

Fill joy's bright chalice with o'erflowing measure—

Hear how the voices of wood and field call.

"'Be glad,' shout the streams as they dash on in brightness—

'Be glad,' sings the bird, on his pinion of lightness—

'Be glad,' you may read on the cloud's silvery whiteness—

Sweet winds shall kiss the dark locks on thy brow.

Die! the pursuit of the same-draught that madden,

Die! the reflections that mortal hearts sadden,

Live! the young hopes and the gay dreams that gladden—

Heed not to-morrow, seize happiness now.

"Where low on the meadow-knolls wind-flowers are springing,

Where clear in the orchards the oriole's singing,

Where down 'mong the willow-buds wild bees are winging,

Thou shalt recline on the soft vernal grass : where old Kannameek's rugged cliff's towering,

on the slate where the columbine's flowering, where the maples their tassels are showering, Fearless and buoyant thy footstep shall pass.

"The spotted snake creeps from her cleft in the ledges,

The muskrat comes out from the dark matted sedges,

The lake's tenants croak from its green, plashy edges,

The field-mouse and squirrel no more hide away.

Thou, too, shall come from the city's clear prison,

Breathe the sweet breath of the flowers newly risen,

Deep in the dells to the brown thrushes listen, Hear the red robin's warble and song-sparrow's lay.

"Fleet are the black horses fetterless grazing, Where hills over hills their green crests are upraising, [praising—

They toss back their heads to their master's proud They shall bear thee sure-footed as erst they bore me.

The Kaatskill's vast chain in the distant west lying—

The dark, gloomy Helderberg, tempest defying— The blue Sacondagas undaunted replying [see.

To Graylock's rude challenge, thy vision shall

"Oh ! clear is the star-light at even-tide given— Oh ! glorious the sun when the darkness is riven— Who stands on these hills, he is nearer to Heaven

Than the river-girt city by night or by day.

Then come when the violets the road-sides are paving ;

Come when the brooks the green pastures are laying ;

Come when the hemlock's fresh tassels are waving ;

Come with the blue-bird—and stay with the jay!"

Will we not go ? Most certainly we will.

. . . We intended to review this month the three remarkable books of the season, *THE LORGNETTE*, by "John Timon"; *THE LITERATI*, by Edgar A. Poe; and *REVERIES OF A BACHELOR*, by "Ike Marvel," but we are prevented by want of room. They are books, that every one should not only know *about*, but know *personally*. We would wish especially to impress on our literary friends, the fact that these three books must be laid hold of and *read*—the first for the most admirable specimen of good humored satire admirably played on those crudities, absurdities, inconsistencies and shams in real life which deserve to be satirised ; the second, for the criticisms by one of the most brilliant as well as most erratic geniuses of the age, criticisms of the keenest edge, but pointed quite as often by personal malice, as guided by correct judgment, yet interspersed and accompanied by thoughts on Art, on Literature, on real life, of fascinating interest to the reflective reader; and the last, the "Reveries"—how shall we describe it? Dear reader, take that book and some night when you have graduated from all the cares and toils of the day, when your room is so quiet that the ticking of your watch is heard, when your mind is free from anxiety, and your heart open to impressions of delicate minuteness, read the first part of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and if you ever forget that evening, or ever lose the effect

in your soul of that reading, then we have misestimated—not the book, but your discernment. The *Lorgnette* is published by Stringer & Townsend; the *Literati*, by J. S. Redfield, and the "Reveries" by Charles Scribner, late Baker & Scribner.

.....The strong attachment which is felt for a periodical by its conductors is hardly surpassed by the love of a parent for his child, and hence it is with unfeigned sadness that we announce to the friends of Holden's Magazine, that our connection with it as Editors and Proprietors will close with the present number. The reason for this separation, which reason we think, will commend itself to the good sense of all, consists in the fact that the mercantile business of Mr. Dietz has become so extensive—having doubled since he became the proprietor of the Magazine—as to engross entirely his time and attention, and giving him no opportunity to promote the interests of Holden's. It is necessary for him to relinquish either this business or the Magazine, and there is no doubt of the propriety of his continuing in that occupation in which he has been engaged from boyhood, and in which he has met with gratifying success.

He became connected with Holden's for the sole purpose of assisting, by capital, worthy industry and energy, and after the death of his friend, Mr. Holden, he continued the connection because of his interest in the success of the enterprise, and his determination to sustain it. He feels that this end is now accomplished, that the object of his care is now established on a firm basis, and in consigning it to the brothers Duyckinck, he has secured its right conduction, its permanency and its increasing prosperity.

The present arrangement has met with the most cordial concurrence on the part of Mr. Fowler, who, while he cannot regret the opportunity which is now afforded of devoting himself entirely to the prosecution of studies which forms a part of his plan of life, will ever regard his editorial term with the greatest pleasure, as a season of agreeable occupation, manifold advantages, and the generous expression of cordial good-will from the patrons of Holden's, for whom he will always entertain the heartiest friendship and gratitude.

Our sorrow in bidding adieu to the large circle of well-wishers that have gathered around Holden's, is mingled with warm gratulation that we are to commit its interests to gentlemen of such high standing and acknowledged talent. Most favorably as well as universally known as the conductors of "The Literary World," we incur no risk in warranting them a happy increase of prosperity and influence, by this enlargement of their sphere of action, and in promising our readers a satisfaction much more fully and far better deserved in the Monthly of their choice.

FOWLER & DIETZ.

....The popular favor with which Holden's Dollar Magazine has been steadily received by the press and public of the country, renders it unnecessary for us at this time, to enter upon any explanation of its general plan. This, we may say, is of so comprehensive a character as to admit of any novelties which ingenuity can devise, or activity successfully present to the public. With a large and various subscription list drawn from all quarters of the country, and all classes of people, we engage in the enterprise with a resolution to extend it still farther, by furnishing the largest amount of popular reading of the best kind, at the lowest charge. The April number—to be the first under the new management—to which, we respectfully direct expectation will show that no province of popular literature or illustration has been neglected, embracing, as it will, contributions by the most eminent hands, Portraits, Fiction, Philosophy, Sketches, Poetry, Humor, Personal Reminiscences, Travels, Society in the city, country and wilderness, and the most complete Summary of the Conversation, Literature, Arts, Speculation and Agreeable News of the Month. In fine, with Pleasure and Novelty in their best sense, for a motto, it is our design to meet our readers monthly with the most tasteful, entertaining and harmonious Miscellany which ample resources, diligence, and a determination not to be outstripped by any competitor in the field, can achieve.

We ask, in this important undertaking, the continued good wishes of all the old friends of Holden's Dollar Magazine, and as many new ones as choose to join that numerous company.

We may add, in conclusion, that while the **DOLLAR MAGAZINE** will be strictly original, it will make the amplest provision to furnish its readers with a full representation of the spirit of the best products, intellectual and social, of the times throughout the world. Nor shall we be unmindful, in the hurry of contemporary interest, to withdraw to those thoughts and incidents of the past which are always living, and upon which what is purest and strongest of the passing present, now or hereafter, must ever be constructed.

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that this is emphatically an un-sectional Magazine for the whole Union.

* * We may mention, that our April number, with other novelties and varieties, will contain

—AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT AND BIOGRAPHY OF A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

—AN INTERESTING LOCAL LEGEND.

—A CONTINUOUS STORY.

—A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH.

—A GROUPING OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

—ENGRAVINGS OF SCENERY, &c., &c., &c.

E. A. & G. L. DUYCKINCK.